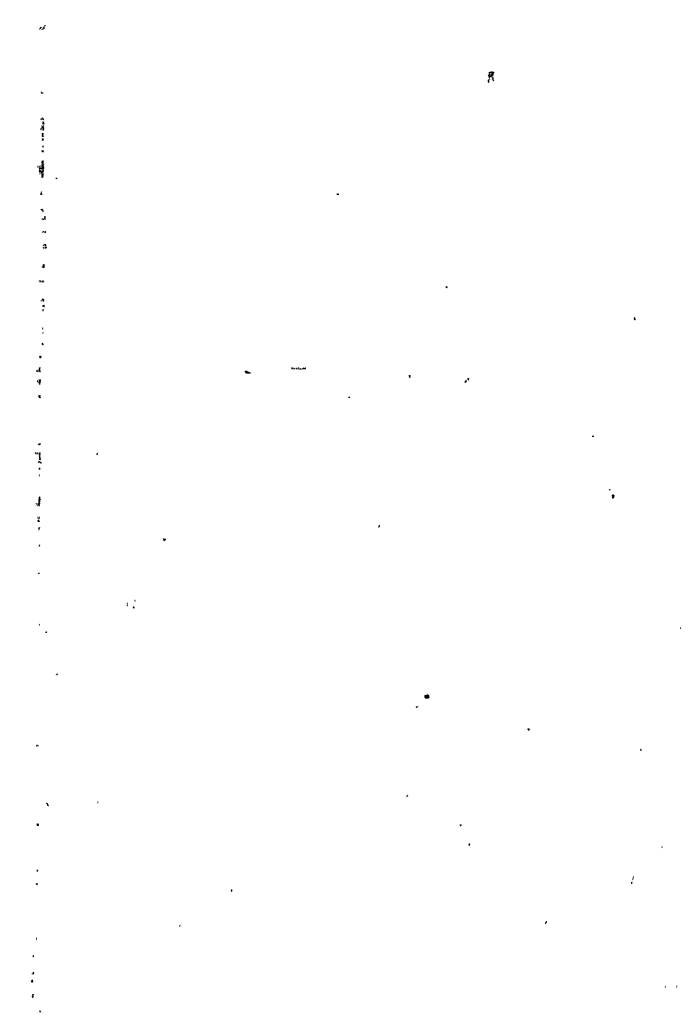
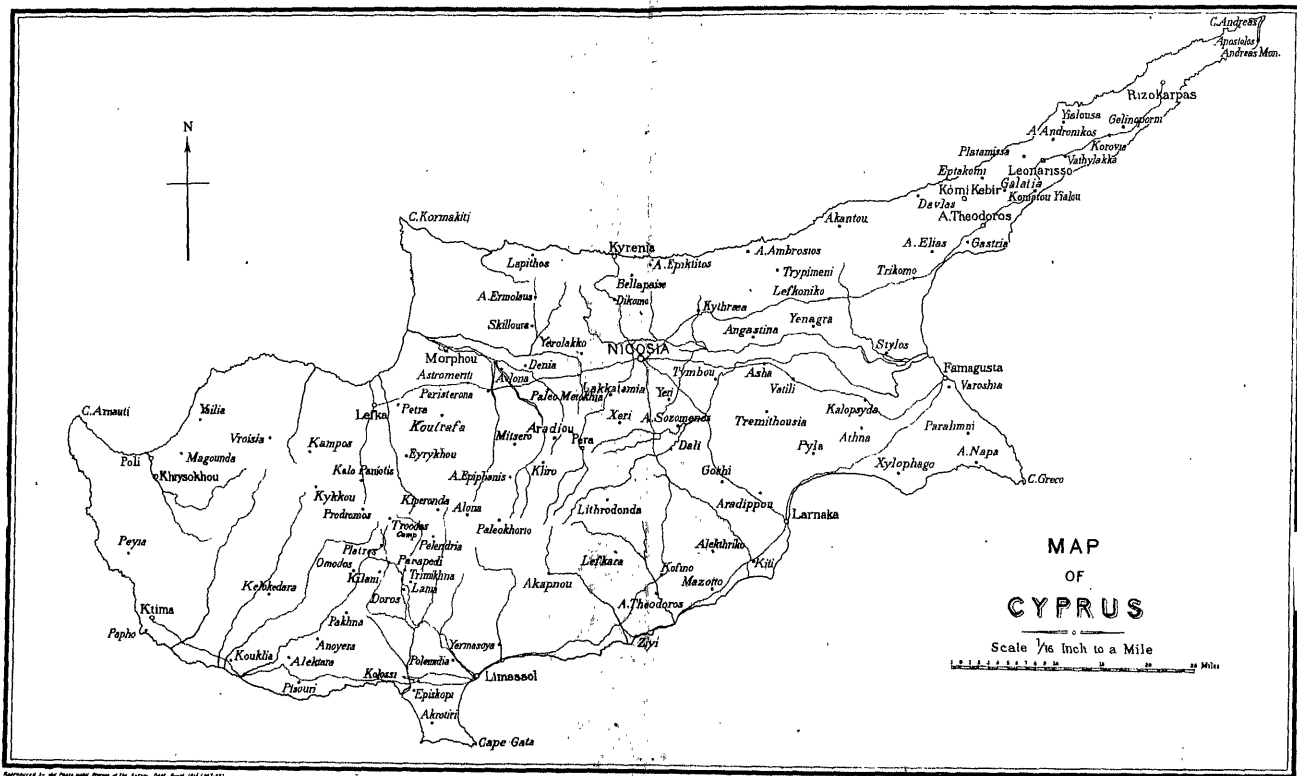


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CATERINA CORNARO, 1474-1489 QUEEN OF JERUSALEM, CYPRUS
AND ARMENIA.

[By Tiziano, Uffizi Gallery, Florence.]

LOVE'S ISLAND

BY

HELEN CAMERON GORDON,

Author of "A WOMAN IN THE SAHARA,"

~~14638~~

"Nous avons trois patrons supérieurs à tous les
autres, S. George, S. Lazare et la Sainte Mer"
(i.e. Aphrodite).

Bérard.

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To

ALISON RUSSELL.

Souvenir.

11th October, 1916.

GLOSSARY.

Acraia, at the very end.
Ammochostos, hidden in the sand.
Anadyomene, who comes out of the water.
Arodaphnousa, oleander.
Aspro, white : white wine.
Athousa, orange blossom.
Ayia (f), saint ; holy.
Ayiasma, holy spring.
Ayia napa, holy napkin.
Ayia petra, holy stone.
Ayios (m), holy ; saint.

Bailo, Venetian ambassador at the Porte.
Bakshish, a tip.
Bamboula, a small hill.
Buyuk Medreseh, Mussulman Library lit. College.

Caisha, Cyprus apricot.
Camilaris, camel driver.
Carob, the locust bean.
Cavass, an orderly ; a messenger.
Chaoush, an orderly.
Cherchaf, lit : a sheet. The cloak which enshrouds a Turkish woman.
Chiftlik, a farm.
Chionistra, snow peak. Troödos.

Dilis, prayer between noon and sunset.
Divan, a seat ; a council.

Effendi, Mr. or Sir.
Ekklichia, church.
Elcousa, compassionate.
Emberazi, never mind.
Enosis, union with Greece.

Hadji, pilgrim to the Holy Shrine, Turk or Greek.
Haloumi, Cyprus curd cheese made from goat's milk.
Hanappi, pocket cup carried only by the rich.
Hierodouki, slaves of both sexes attached to temples for
the rites of the Gods.
Hodja, learned man. Wears a white turban rolled round
his fez.
Hora, the big village, *i.e.* Nicosia.

Ikon, a picture.
Ikonoastasis, the screen covered with sacred pictures in a
church.
Izar, cloak covering a Turkish woman from head to foot.

Jami, a mosque.
Janissaries, Turkish troops, guards.
Jelet, a guard.
Jemul, a camel driver.
Jiarni, marble.

Kadi, Turkish judge.
Kafzia, a measure for grain like a box.
Kalifa, a shelter of upright poles thatched with boughs.
Kapnisma ayion, holy incense.
Khan, an inn.
Khanoum, Turkish lady of rank.
Khrousa, ancient money.
Koli, night police.
Koulouri, wheaten roll with sesame seeds on top.

Lambadisto, glittering crown (Troödos).
Larnaca, cinerary urn.
Loukoum, Turkish delight.
Loukmades, golden drop cakes.

Machuera, sword ; knife.
Mandili (s.), *mandilyia* (pl.), kerchief worn over the head.
Mandis, tinker.
Mandra, sheepfold.
Mavro (m.), *mavra* (f.), black; Cyprus Port wine

Mesjid, small mosque.

Mih'rab, niche in a mosque pointing the direction of Mecca.

Miloskis, chimney corner.

Mohassil, high official (Turkish).

Mosfila, small fruit made into jelly.

Mouhalabi, a Turkish sweet dish.

Muderi, Turkish title.

Mufti, official counsel of the sheri court who gives a canonical opinion.

Mullah, Moslem preacher.

Oke, a measure = $2\frac{1}{3}$ lbs. avoird.

Ovino, sour.

Palikhuri, a strong fellow ; bully ; the village Don Juan.

Palikharia, fair play : "cricket."

Panayia, Holy Virgin.

Panayiri, festival ; fair.

Paploma, quilt.

Pappa, priest.

Para, small copper coin : 30 paras = 1*d*.

Parici, lowest social class under the feudal system.

Pastelli, sweetmeat made from the carob bean.

Pediauli, shepherd's reed pipe.

Phaneromene, he to whom the light has been restored.

Piastre, copper coin = $1\frac{1}{3}$ *d* : 9 = 1*s*.

Pic, a measure of length = 2*ft*.

Pila, scone made of flour, water and salt.

Ploumisma, money present given at a wedding.

Prunelle, plum tree.

Rothou, rose.

Rossoli, very sweet syrup.

Rum, Christian ; stranger.

Saki, bag thrown across a mule or donkey.

Sandouka, chest ; box.

Sesame, seed of oil plant.

Sidero, Indian corn.

Soulima, poison.

Stavros, cross.

Stratouri, Cypriot mule saddle.

Synaxaria, legends of the saints.

Tapatsia, basket in which bread is kept slung up with ropes out of the way of mice and insects.

Tassi, bowl.

Tekke, lit : alone ; a Moslem shrine.

Tellali, town crier.

Teratsomele, carob syrup.

Terlike, turban.

Tsiakka, big knife.

Umm Haram, honoured lady or mother.

Vasilika, Basil.

Wourka, leather wallet.

Yaourt, a kind of junket.

Zaimy, Turkish woman of good class.

Zantouri, Persian musical instrument.

Zaptieh, orderly of Cyprus Military Police Force.

Zimbili, a satchel.

Zimbouni (s.), *zimboundia* (pl.), shirt.

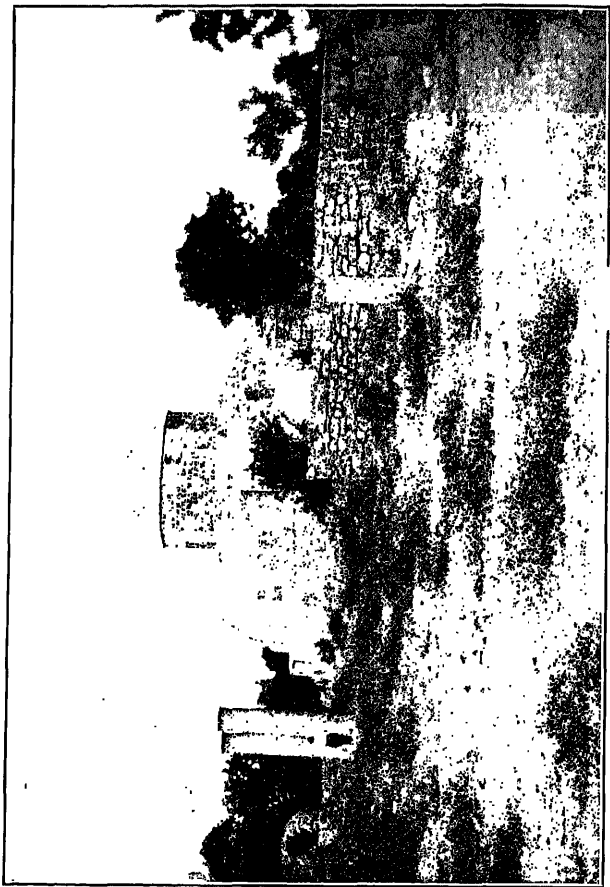
Zoujuki, sweetmeat made of grape juice and almonds.



RUINS OF THE TEMPLE OF APHRODITE AT KOUKLIA.



NEW PAPHOS HARBOUR AND TURKISH FORT.



LOVE'S ISLAND.

IT lies anchored in the most exquisite of the waters under heaven: in a tideless sea, green—as the weed it flings ashore—when winds blow gustily and clouds are grey; but, beneath a glowing sun, sapphire, touched in with broad lines of purple where foam flecked wavelets ripple melodiously over the reefs.

When the world was too young to have a history, from which adjacent country did “this sweet island” of the local poets float out, its beauty all undefended, into one of the world’s great arteries of traffic? Was it from Asia Minor to the north, the bends and indentations of whose coast would seem to fit it like a jigsaw puzzle, or from Syria? Did some terrific earthquake or some volcanic shock cause a subsidence of the surrounding plateau and thus detach it from the motherland? Who knows? Tradition says the Euxine forced a passage through the Thracian Bosphorous, and flooding the Archipelago, washed its way across the neck of a peninsula over against Antioch. ¹ Then Cyprus stood alone: prey of Arab corsairs; sport and spoil of ancient Empires; dowry of a Queen of Egypt and later of a Turkish khanoum. ² “Battle-field of the Near East” on its plains has been spilt the red blood of both hemispheres: a huge graveyard, its shores are lined with tombs, their soil fertilised with the mingled dust of conquerors and conquered.

“Its shape,” to quote an old chronicler, “is that of a bull’s hide set lengthways with the tail

¹ Appendix, Note 1. Diary of principal events and their dates.

² A Turkish lady of high rank.

in the air." A long strip of land this latter, called the Karpass, between two seas, sometimes less than three miles in breadth and never more than ten; with a range of hills on the one side, their height gradually lessening till the tip is reached, which resolves itself into a knob of islets called "The Keys of Cyprus." So ends a natural break-water which admirably protects the bays of the eastern coast: Salamis, where St. Paul and St. Barnabas landed in the year 45; and Famagusta, six miles further south. Famagusta was a harbour of the Middle Ages, so neglected by the Turks that it was almost blocked with sand. It has been greatly altered and improved since the British occupied the island, but unfortunately only by tampering with the splendid fortifications of a strange old town and generally spoiling the landscape with unnecessarily hideous sheds. In spite of these, Famagusta, "hidden in the sand,"¹ with its Turkish inhabitants, its shrouded women dwelling amongst the ruins of Gothic churches, is absolutely unique. From outside its massive stone girdle stretches—right across the island to Morphou—the great treeless plain known as the Mesaoria.

In the springtime when the corn and the bearded barley are ripening for the sickle and the poppies are as scarlet as can be against a blue horizon and a sapphire sea; when white lilies are in bloom along the shore; and the scent of orange flowers and jasmine is carried on the warm soft air, the Mesaoria is a goodly place to visit. In April summer comes and the golden ears fall beneath the encircling blade; but the plain is gay for some weeks still, for each village has its threshing floor. Women and children and old decrepit men

¹ From the Greek name Ammochostos.

drive round and round and round again behind the ox that treadeth out the corn, drawing sledges that have sharp flints below them of a model invented many centuries ago. Strong breezes blow in from the sea to winnow the grain from the chaff. Then come a file of camels with a jingle and a jangle of soft toned bells, who kneel, groaning, for their loads of broken brittle straw. When they have borne away the last of the year's golden glory the Mesaoria is a scene of desolation. The sun's rays have beaten on it so fiercely by July that, parched and arid, its beauty is all gone till the springtime comes again to renew its verdant freshness. And this, despite the high Canadian waterwheels which gradually increase in number and are, for the moment, the salvation of the plain at Famagusta. Only by some more comprehensive scheme of irrigation can Cyprus be a mass of greenery as in the long ago before men's ruthless hands cut down the giant oaks and cedars to build ships; mutilated the pines for their resin; and destroyed the woodlands round copper and asbestos mines. Fig, olive, and caroub trees, "sent by God,"¹ spread a welcome shade over plains as well as hills in the sweltering heat of those bygone summers. The terebinth with far reaching branches and the pepper tree with drooping graceful foliage sheltered the first Cypriots of the Mesaoria at noontide. The Adam of this Eden, it is said, dwelt in leafy huts or in the trees themselves. Certainly the formation of a prehistoric skull now reposing on a shelf in Nicosia Museum tends to confirm, may even have suggested that idea!

South of this broad and central tract, which measures sixty miles from coast to coast and ten to

¹ Self-grown.

twenty miles in breadth, lies the island's watershed ; its loftiest mountains, sending out innumerable spurs towards the sea. They culminate in the summer resort of the Government and end in the isolated peak of Stavrovouni,¹ the "Olympus" of Strabo's times. There the Gods of Greece loved to foregather and hold solemn conclave, till St. Helena drove them away, carrying in her reverent hands the Cross of Christ. The beauty of these mountains is in the green of the woods which clothe their rounded summits ; in the cone-bearing pine trees of Troödos ; in the red earth and the bracken ; in the vine covered slopes of intermediate hills ; in the cedars of Lebanon near Kykko, still in their first youth, though their sombre loveliness has been already briefly hidden under a hundred snows.

North of the Mesaoria, a different vista ! The hills of Kyrenia, less grand perhaps and certainly less lofty than the Olympian range, but forming one superb indented and unbroken chain, for a hundred miles and more bar out the sea. Their heights are crowned by grey stone peaks and pinnacles, or by ruins of mediæval fastnesses raised by almost superhuman effort. Looking up to-day northwards from the *Hora*² it is hard to tell at first which is Nature's handiwork, which man's. Then the glowing sunset bathes the distant hills in hues of rose and amethyst and outlines the walls of Buffavento and illumines the five fingers of Pente Dactylon. At its foot lies an oasis ; a long, irregular, refreshing patch of verdure in the Mesaoria the long summer through ! No matter how burnt up and brown may be all the surrounding vegetation, the vines, the mulberry and olive trees of a pretty

¹ The Holy Cross.

² The "big village." The Cypriot peasant's name for Nicosia, the capital.

village, straggling up the valley are ever green. They are watered by a perennial spring which the wise people say comes from a subterranean reservoir fed by the winter rains collecting in the hollows of the great hill. Perhaps! Tradition has a story to tell of a wonderful river, "the rainless river born out of the world," which comes to Kythraea from the Taurus mountains of Cilicia, forty miles under the bed of the sea. Wherever its source the ancients knew best how to utilise this bounteous stream. It was guided over the plain, some twenty miles as the crow flies, to Salamis, for the well-being of the inhabitants in that once famous city on the eastern coast. Now and again may still be seen on the Mesaoria a solitary arch, broken and defaced, which shews the course of that old aqueduct. It is one impress of Rome, most practical mistress of the world: another is the road which encircled the whole island: and yet another is the newly excavated Forum at Salamis, the largest known.

The early tree dwellers, as may be imagined, were not left long in sole possession. Never a great nation whose boats and galleys sailed the blue highway of the Mediterranean but sent them to Cyprus ports to colonise, to conquer, to leave some imprint on the country, or on the manners, customs, or religion of her people. Whether the descendants of Noah's son Japhet were real immigrants or only mythical, certain it is that the social laws enjoined in Leviticus and Numbers have been handed down from the earliest times—long before history tells us of Jewish settlers—and still survive amongst the peasant population. Hebrew traits of character and Jewish features are observable in many a Cypriot.

The population of Cyprus is estimated at 320,000. Of these about 250,000 are Orthodox Greek-Christians and 60,000 are Turkish Moslems. The remaining 10,000 are of various nationalities and creeds.

To be considered of pure Hellenic descent has been for some time past the Christian Cypriot's highest ambition, and among the greater number of the dwellers in the towns union with Greece their daily prayer. They and their children on festal occasions, such as in the recent past, the birthday of King Constantine, sport rosettes of white and blue; the Greek colours float over schools and monasteries and churches. Portraits of King George and Queen Mary might adorn parlour walls, but those of their Greek Majesties were in close proximity: "our rightful sovereigns." It is passing strange to one who merely looks on and is outside the controversy, for Cyprus, in all her vicissitudes of fortune, has never yet been included in the scattered fragments of the Hellenic kingdom. "Her destinies have been bound up with those of Syria and Egypt, and not with those of Greece and the Archipelago." This fact is seemingly quite beside the question: also that the majority of the children who have been so assiduously educated in Hellenic ideals are of Albanian, Syrian, or Slav descent, which gives a touch of comedy to the situation. But it is urged that the Greek settlers who established themselves in districts not already occupied by Phœnicians impressed their nationality for ever on the inhabitants by their legacy of a dialect belonging to the Arcadian group. The earliest known syllabary is traced by philologists to Asia Minor, but this was superseded in classical times by the Greek character, and the meaning of the ancient symbols was entirely lost until

Mr. George Smith discovered the key to them about 1872.

The similarity of language is, therefore, one link. Another, stronger still perhaps, the similarity of creed as formulated by the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church—commonly called Greek. Yet it is unthinkable that the Church of Cyprus, which has so stoutly maintained her independence since the early half of the 5th century would consent to acknowledge any interference outside the island, even from Athens, and under Great Britain her privileges are not only unassailed but safeguarded.

Forty years ago, shortly after the Christian Cypriot had been relieved from the Turkish yoke which galled him sore, he was a more than contented being. British rule had brought him security, prosperity, justice. It is the present generation, spoiled children of Great Britain, that has revived Hellenic ideals.¹ The popular control of the schools was the main cause of the spread of these aspirations. This control was seized by the politicians for the propagation of Hellenism: the essential qualification for a schoolmaster who wished to retain his post was the manifestation of unqualified enthusiasm for "Enosis." The choice of histories and other school books also lay with the local school committees; and, until recently, the English language and any subject connected with the English people were placed strictly on the school *index expurgatorius*.

The schools are now under Government control, and the schoolmasters are paid a decent wage instead of a miserable pittance which a lapse from grace with the politicians might at any moment deprive them. A schoolmaster who does his teaching work well is secure from the passing whims

¹ Appendix, Note 2.

of politicians and villagers and the cause of education has been immeasurably benefitted.

There is no doubt that in the chief towns, at least, there is a genuine and even a passionate aspiration among the Christian population towards a union with Greece; and it is impossible not to feel sympathy with this aspiration, even if it may be conceived not to be entirely in accord with strict historic facts nor in the best interests of the island. It is not easy to estimate the force of this aspiration among the peasantry, who are by far the most important class in such a purely agricultural country. Nor is it certain that the politicians are accustomed clearly to point out to the peasants that union with Greece would mean double taxation at least: compulsory military service out of Cyprus; and administrators from Athens who might not deal with them so impartially or with such integrity as their predecessors. It would not be unfair to say that the Christian Cypriot conception of union with Greece impliedly contains continued defence by the British fleet. The Cypriot is essentially a politician, and even if the island were united with Greece there is little doubt that agitation against the union would at once arise as it has arisen in other recently united islands. The political and other propaganda towards the union are carried on for the most part with good manners, and the few lapses from the courtesy which is characteristic among the Cypriots are the more marked from their rarity.

Apart from naval and military considerations, the main obstacle in the way of union with Greece is the fact that sixty thousand Moslems live in the island. The greater number of these Moslems have been born under the British flag, and that the

island may be preserved from union with Greece is their daily prayer. It is impossible not to sympathise with them; for to hand Cyprus over to Greece would be to hand these Moslems to their ruin. The greatest Moslem power in the world will consider whether the claims of the Hellenic ideal are sufficiently urgent to require that this should be done.

Of the naval and military importance of the island it would be an impertinence here to speak. Yet its unique situation over against the angle of the coast of Asia Minor is obvious to the most unlearned. And there, secure from all attacks from the sea, overlooked by the precipitous Kyrenia hills, and guarded by the great Troödos mountains, lies the plain of the Mesaoria—a safe harbour for the flying fleets of the world.

The possession of Cyprus would have formed an integral part of a German Empire of Asia Minor. "To what wealth, what splendour and prosperity," wrote Dr. Ludwig Ross in 1852, "might these places¹ not rise again.....if a German Prince set on his head in the cathedral of St. Sophia the crowns of Cyprus, Armenia and Jerusalem." In May, 1914, the Göben manœuvred around the island and lay at anchor in Famagusta harbour. Her officers were hospitably entertained by the inhabitants and were charmed with the kindness of their reception. "Good-bye," said they when their observations had been taken. "We shall be back again in November." But they had made an error in their calculations: the Göben will not come to anchor again at Famagusta.

A chapter in history has just been closed: an awful record of strife and massacre. It is a sign of

¹ Nicosia and Famagusta.

Allah's wrath, say the Moslems at such times. It is he who holds the thread of every nation's life within his fingers and has plucked at the nerves of all His peoples because of their indifference.

The pendulum of Europe's clock has been swung violently. The pendulum begins to swing more slowly, normally. One happy sign since the rejection by Greece of the bribe of Cyprus was an expression of loyalty on the part of the leading Christian Cypriots to which His Excellency the High Commissioner at that time made a dignified response which was also much to the point.¹ Perhaps one day the Union Jack will fly over the monasteries and schools. St. George, patron saint of England and Cyprus, chose to wave his banner over both countries when the world was young.

Isle of Desire! Such a dainty fragment of the world that all the world has been ready to fight for it at some time, save Greece!

Union with Greece would indeed bring disaster to the Moslems. Their slender minarets would surely topple and fall with a great crash to earth. Seen on the skyline, in company with flat roofs of closely built houses and the feathery crowns of the palm trees, they give the Capital and Famagusta all the appearance of purely oriental towns. In the narrow streets that first impression is sometimes confirmed and sometimes flatly contradicted. A stranger, wandering through them, so silent and deserted, thinks himself in a walled city of mediæval Europe: but no! here is a Bazaar of a sudden, "many voiced, colourful." The effect is odd and bewildering, like that of two photographs taken in error on one plate. Do not imagine for a moment that the views ever blend into one harmonious

¹ Appendix, Note 3.

picture. How can they ? being each of a different hemisphere : side by side, but always totally distinct and individual. Here, a superb Gothic Cathedral, and in close proximity the long low walls and rounded eastern dome of the *Buyuk Medreseh*¹ housing a precious store of oriental manuscripts. Again ; sheltered by an overhanging fig, a stone gateway, slightly open, with a Crusader's coat of arms above : but the woman peeping out is shrouded—head and face and figure—in an *izar*² bronze-coloured shot with green. How incongruous and bizarre this pell-mell of buildings, of nationalities, of epochs ! Cyprus has even dared make sport of Father Time : tried in the 16th century to expel him altogether from the island and, for a while, was really quite successful. All the accepted canons of civilisation, of suitability, of art, seem to have been broken : the well ordered mind is shocked and recoils. Then it is roused to interest, and straightway falls a victim to the charm of Cyprus, her infinite variety.

Would you have the keys to unlock her fascination ? They are her stones and her peasants.

True, in the towns and big villages both are altering and altered. It is difficult to connect the Cypriot Greek of yesterday in his voluminous trousers (dating from the Turkish conquest), striped shirt and coloured handkerchief as headgear, with the young man straw-hatted, in European clothes, who has learnt English in Nicosia Gymnasium. The peasant women, too, are rapidly discarding their more picturesque costumes in favour of skirts and blouses and high-heeled shoes, even if they still cling to their dark green or maroon *mandilyia*.³ They are rarely pretty or even good.

¹ The Turkish Library.

² Cloak from head to foot.

³ Kerchief edged with tiny silk lace flowers.

looking : heavy of feature and clumsy of form and their voices are harsh and shrill, but how could any woman be beautiful, who works from sunrise till dark for a few piastres¹ a day. When a local photographer needed a mannequin to sit for him in the Cyprian national dress, he chose an English woman.

The men, however, are often fine looking and well set up (though they lack stamina) and on fête days they are picturesque. The darker clothing of the Cypriot Christian, generally blue or black, is an excellent foil for the Cypriot Moslem who is gorgeous from top to toe in the rainbow hues beloved of Asiatics. His women folk are rarely in evidence except on Fridays and then muffled up to the eyes in *izar* or *cherchaf*.

At first sight the peasants are far from attractive : stolid and sulky looking, with uncouth manners, but they improve on acquaintance. An openly avowed interest in themselves, their language and food brings a ready response and a rare smile which lightens up their faces in quite a surprising way. Especially is this the case in isolated districts, where they are most hospitable, and friendly ; unspoiled as yet by the imported civilisation which is always a dubious blessing to sons of the soil.

The contents of their minds—such a queer jumble—as revealed in their folk lore and traditions is a volume well worth reading. “Every race wrote in passing a line in the book,”² and the lines have often materialised in tablets of stone.

For, as surely as the life history of other countries has been set down in print, the Book of Cyprus is written in her stones : piles of them that “the hand of God” has shattered into fragments ;

¹ Nine piastres=one English shilling. Wages have been raised since the war and the women are growing more comely.

² Victor Hugo.

solitary columns half buried in the earth ; ornate capitals broken and defaced ; tombs of the great dead rifled of their treasures ; ruins of cities, temples, forts and churches. They, too, are changed, often beyond recognition : some used long ago for one purpose now fulfil another. Antiquarians and archæologists fight for them, lamenting their degraded state. Then they quarrel over them : some assigning them to one period and some to another, but that's where the excitement and the fun come in. Many are too mysterious for us moderns to decipher. We can but guess at their significance : the sacred symbol of Aphrodite ; the huge prehistoric monoliths of granite ; the upright rude blocks which play their part to-day in village life and village tragedies. The ancients and initiates alone knew the meaning of these hieroglyphics.

Then a different race came, took of the primitive alphabet certain letters, made their own words with them in a less archaic sense, more intelligible to those who have followed after. In time the root idea was revolutionised and the stones took on other shapes : "*la pensée humaine en changeant de forme allait changer de mode d'expression.*"¹

Another civilisation arrived and contributed a long series of tablets, each beautiful and complete in itself. They are fine monuments of an ideal, of a great force and a great art ; the most perfect specimens of architecture in the Stone Book of Cyprus : but they have all the appearance of being set down on soil to which they are foreign. They are, in effect, pages torn from the history of the French people when they and Richard Cœur de Lion forcibly made of the island an "outpost of Western Christendom in the East." "*Les édifices* :

¹ Victor Hugo.

et les inscriptions de Chypre," says Enlart, "parlent notre langue dans toute sa pureté native."

The symbols which helped to build up these superb Gothic churches were abhorrent to the victorious Moslems; letters they dared not write themselves and would not read. Not a fragment did they leave of the painted windows alive with figures of Christ and His saints. To them graven images were forbidden by their creed: were anathema, for on the Judgment Day these statues would hurl reproaches at their makers, crying: "We have no souls! Eyes, nose, mouth you have made for us, but a soul you could not create." The Turks tore them down from their pedestals and blotted out for ever the dumb accusing features, which the genius of some Frankish sculptor had chiselled into life and beauty. With rude, unsparing hands they erased whole sentences and rewrote backwards. They made what they would of the sacred buildings, turning them into granaries and stables. In every town the largest was rifled of its contents, its altars removed, its walls whitewashed; a *mih'rab*¹ pointed the direction of Mecca: towers were replaced by minarets. To all intents and purposes the churches became mosques, and are so for the Moslems; but their original characters are indelible, written in the language of St. Louis, and no power on earth could orientalise them. So certain is this that the two great Cathedrals to this day bear the name of a Christian saint and are both called, even by the Moslems, "*Jami Ayia Sophia*,"² though the one at Famagusta is more properly St. Nicolas. They emanated from the west: sacred books of a ritual that never took firm root in Cyprus, which is of the east and had her

¹ Niche

² Mosque of Saint Sophia.

own prescribed religious ceremonies before ever the Crusaders set foot in the island.

Christianity, first preached by St. Paul and St. Barnabas had been gradually ousting paganism from the date of the Roman Pro-Consul's conversion at Paphos, which was noised abroad and made a great stir. It was natural that the form of creed adopted in the island—then under Byzantine rule—should be that of the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church, though as an independent branch. This latter most important point, however, added considerably to the troubles of the Church of Cyprus and she had a tremendous struggle for life and freedom. First the Jews persecuted her until their expulsion from the island: the Patriarchs of Antioch resented and frequently threatened her independence: the Latins, her most bitter enemies, harassed her for years with the utmost malignity and by every known means, desiring to establish in Cyprus the supremacy of Rome. All to no purpose! "The Church of the Greeks," said Innocent III. on the fall of Constantinople, "notwithstanding its persecutions, ... notion of returning to its obedience to the Apostolic See." Nowhere was this truer than in Cyprus: attempts at coercion and efforts for conciliation failed signally: she survived. When the Moslems had satisfied their rapacity by robbing her sanctuaries they adopted an attitude of contemptuous indifference to the Church of the people they had conquered, so that she lived on and triumphed; being representative now of the dominant faith. Fulfilling as she does, the spiritual and temporal needs of the Greek Cypriot this was inevitable. The mysterious ceremonial behind closed Holy Doors, where none but priests in gorgeous vestments enter, awes and appeals to a

primitive mind, and the blaze of lights before a great screen where brightly coloured pictures are set against a gilded background framed in black carved oak. Think too of the temporal benefits bestowed by the sacred *ikons* that call down from heaven the precious rain on parched fields when drought threatens : that can crown a woman with the great blessing of maternity : that can heal the sick, make the blind to see, the deaf to hear. It is the *Panayia*¹ and the Saints who work these miracles for the poor and suffering. The churches raised in their honour are built with the hardly earned *piastres* of the people : stone tablets of prayer and praise and thanksgiving. Externally they are not as a rule beautiful ; heavy and uncouth white-washed masses rather, but they suit the landscape and are a part of it. The monasteries which have grown up around the most noted are the people's hotels and rest houses ; where they flock in summer for change of air and scene, when the sun has burnt up the Mesaoria and scorched the air out of being. There they sell their goods and their produce, buying from each other according to their needs and purses : holding simultaneously a Fair and a Festival on the Saints' days of the Christian Year.

¹ Holy Virgin.

THE BOOK OF STONES.

PART I.

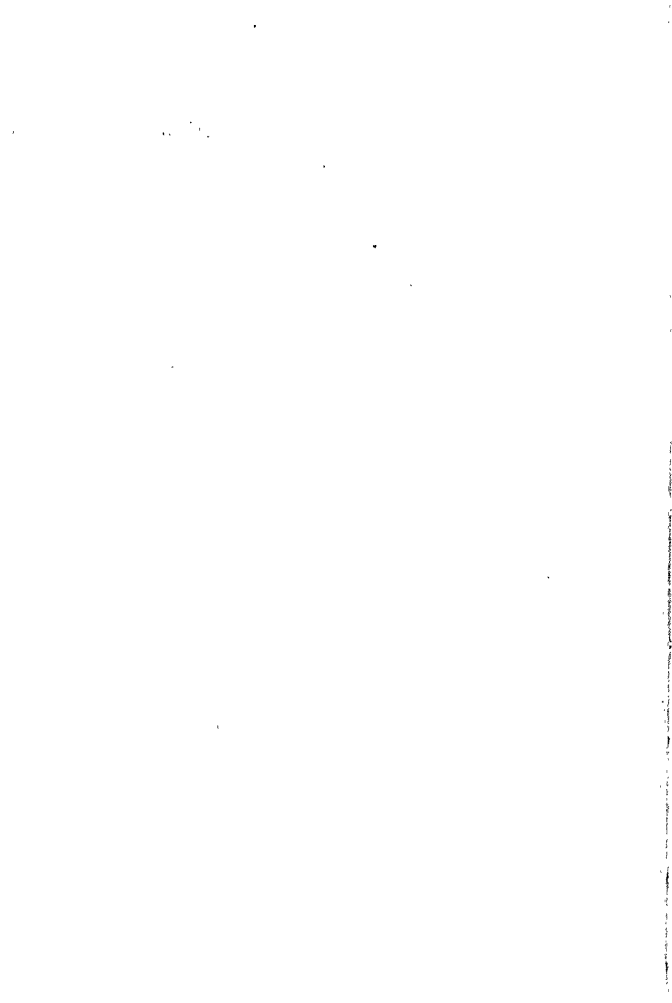
HOLY STONES.

(*Ayia Petra.*)

*"As we learned from the unwritten word of our
ancestors, so we believe."*

Synaxaria.

1. AYIA MAVRA (prehistoric).
2. ST. PAUL'S PILLAR (1st century).
3. THE TOMB OF ST. BARNABAS, (1st century).
4. ST. CATHARINE'S PRISON, (prehistoric) AND
STAVRO VOUNI, (4th century).
5. PHANEROMENE, (prehistoric and mediæval).
6. THE TEKKE OF UMM HARAM, (the Shrine of the
Honoured Lady, about 649 A.D.).
7. MONASTERIES OF THE ELEOUSA, (early 12th
century).
8. THE ENKLEISTRA, (early 12th century).



HOLY STONES.

I.—AYIA MAVRA.¹

To-day, the 31st October,² all the little world grouped in the south-western corner of the island celebrated the festival of St. Luke. This is held annually on Kouklia Hill; in reality a sloping uneven plateau some hundred yards distant from the sea and nine miles away from the harbour of New Paphos where the mail steamer came in at dawn.

The saint has duly borne in mind this year that Cypriots are not overmuch given to labour and he has treated them royally to a "lazy man's summer." Never before has it been so hot in October! How impossible to plough under a blazing July sun when the clods of earth are like stones. Work in the fields is joyfully postponed and there was a larger gathering than usual at Kouklia Fair.

All yesterday, forenoon and evening, peasants streamed in from the North road, which runs for miles by the river, and climbing a high hill could see their destination stretching out in front of them on a low promontory, beyond a wide avenue of sparsely planted trees. Their villages lay behind them dotted along the valley: straggling patches of green trees with mud houses on either side a broad stony bed, that a fortnight ago was still uncovered by the water on which their lives depend.

The past six weeks have been such busy ones: it is good to have a holiday! There was the vintage at Kilani, forty miles off, near the source

¹ St. Black (stone).

² New style=18th October. old style

of the river. It is on the borders of Limassol district, almost hidden from sight by vine-coloured slopes: a veritable shrine of Bacchus. Perhaps the villagers offended the god, for the locusts, mustard coloured lumps of destruction, came from Syria in their thousands, stripping the leaves and ravaging the country side. The women lit fires from which the smoke belched out to deaden and stupify their dreaded foes, but still they darkened the air in thick clouds and obscured the glory of the sun as it sank behind the Olympian Hills. The fruit was gathered in hastily and the wine press dragged into the middle of the living rooms and set in motion. An antique primitive machine, like a big square money safe, which emits breaths of warm sickly air as a trickle of thin reddish juice dribbles very slowly into a bucket set beside it on the ground. No man can say of the Cypriot that he has "need of patience." Never would he devise a scheme to make anything go quicker except his still more patient beast, which can be hit or prodded with a stick.

At Ayia Nikola grapes were being converted into raisins. The tiny village with the name of a Greek saint is entirely peopled by Turks to whom wine and wine making is sternly forbidden by their Prophet. There is still a forlorn little Christian church, with its *ikons* peeling off the walls, and a *pappa*,¹ but no congregation. "Greeks in Ayia Nikola finished!" a passing muleteer will say, using his pet English word with an expressive gesture of one palm flipped up over the other as if washing away his own co-religionists. The Moslems covered the flat roofs of their houses with luscious purple fruit and half ripe Indian corn

¹ Priest.

and the sun obligingly finished both jobs without further effort of any one else.

Along the road side the wild olive trees were picked of their fruit and at Mamonia even the *Zaptieh*¹ lent a hand in his spare moments to help in the crushing and pressing. The apparatus was conveniently at hand just outside the picturesque police station on raised ground near the church, to which it belonged, and everyone took a turn, men, women and children. Some of the villagers were away in the fields stacking *sesame*² and the *Mukhtar*³ with his family camped out at the furthest corner of their little demesne to assist, and superintend other operations as well, taking refuge under a *kalifa*⁴ at high noon. By the end of the month the produce was ready: they mounted their mules and donkeys and hied them to the Fair.

From the other side of Kouklia, by the road that follows the coast, the people came in with their wares by the light of the moon. Clouds of dust filled the air and whitened the pepper trees in the Commissioner's garden, as the straggling files of camels, and bullocks and peasants passed along noisily through the night. They were all bound the same way from the half deserted village of New Paphos and from the larger town of Ktema, built higher up on a ridge 200 ft. above the level of the sea. The Bazar, where Cypriot Greek and Cypriot Turk live side by side in more or less amicable confusion, had emptied by eleven: its inhabitants took their ten-mile walk in the cool hours before dawn. It is "the best of all ways," when travelling in Cyprus, "to steal a few hours from the night." Even at the end of October the

¹ Policeman.

² Oilplant.

³ Village headman.

⁴ Shelter.

sun gets up early and by nine o'clock on St. Luke's Day he had already transformed the deep blue of the sea into a dazzling mass of gold sparkles.

The scene, looking up the hill from the widow Yanni's¹ house, was quite a brilliant sight, for the Turks were in great force in their best and brightest many hued garments, putting the Greek villagers quite in the shade. Eagerly bargaining over some beasts or great sacks of food were many rainbow coloured groups. White baggy trousers predominated worn with shirts of crimson, rose pink, royal blue or orange satin, or of green velvet, bound round the middle with a wide sash contrasting vividly with the *zimboundi*² and preferably red. The men looked sturdy and strong, but it was only their clothes that mattered: the red fez tied at the lower edge with a white *mandili*³ worked in silver or gold and the stockings they wore, which were truly wonderful! They are knitted by their wives in every variety of colours and geometrical designs and they put the finishing touch to a costume eminently suitable for a fancy dress ball.

Then there were gypsies; draped women wearing their tattered garb with a certain dignity; darker skinned, and finer featured than the Cypriots. One looked her role of soothsayer to perfection with her "luck" bound to her forehead, which she resolutely declined to part with for 2s. It was only a little triangular piece of red cloth sewn together at the edges, with magic verses inside and King Solomon's Seal, but it meant so much to her! Every Greek peasant woman also wears something of the kind round her neck, in a silver case if she be rich enough, which is not often nowadays. If not, she has hidden away in the folds of

¹ John's.

² Shirt.

³ Kerchief.

her bodice, or under it, one charm at least written for her by the Greek priest from the Testament. There may be another as well, with verses from the Koran, which she quietly obtained from a Turkish *Hodja*¹ so that she might be quite safely on the right side and even with all her neighbours! Such things are naturally too precious to be ever obviously on sale, but for anyone who owns animals there are special bead necklaces which can be bought in the Bazar for them at 60 *paras*² apiece. The evil eye is always blue and is best attracted off the beast by its own colour. Therefore the beads are also light blue, divided here and there by fanciful knots and ends of red and yellow wool. Strung up with them is a weird greenish stone with a dark blob and circular lines, guaranteed to be extremely efficacious in repelling the dreaded glance. When the Great War was raging the necklets were a luxury even at twopence, and the little Paphos ponies seemed to be managing without any adequate means of protection from the malign influence of the envious.

At the best of times Ktema is poor. "Forty miles from everywhere," a steamer only now and again, and mainly mule transport by road, tend to isolate the chief town of Paphos from the rest of Cyprus and the greater world beyond. Besides everyone says the Greek Cypriot is a lazy fellow, eating and drinking, and idling in the cafés whilst his wife works for the family. He takes no thought for the morrow. If it be a rainy day, for him it is indeed a deluge; but poverty as it is known in the great cities of Europe—the terrible awfulness of destitution in snow and bitter cold—hardly exists

¹ Learned Moslem who wears a white cloth round his turban.

² About 2d.

in a country where the God of the Day and the Sunshine has his being, despite creeds that fain would banish him from the memory of man.

At Kouklia Fair the Greek Cypriots were in the minority and most of them had a wide white patch across the backs of their shirts below the armpits. By that mark, so to speak, one knows a Baffo¹ hill-man and there were obviously few strangers to-day at St. Luke's Festival. There is no monastery just at hand to give them hospitality, though at the edge of the village there is the little Christian church of the Holy Virgin, *Panayia Chrysopolitissa*, built up of all sorts of strange stones, which seem quite out of place in its walls. To be sure one does bear rudely carved on it a double cross, but a near neighbour is covered with Phœnician characters : and below is a Greek inscription, still wonderfully clear despite the ages, in honour of the Paphian Aphrodite, whose great Temple once fronted the sea. Is it any wonder that less than a century ago the peasants were so confused in their ideas that they called the Holy Virgin, *Panayia Aphroditissa*, to the dismay of their Greek priest ? Perhaps that is the reason why the little church, with its dedication to Aphrodite, has been re-christened in honour of a male saint that there may be no possible chance of such a scandalous mistake again, for it is now known as *Ayios Loukas*. It is situated on a rocky slope where once stood a palace of the priest-kings who served the "fragrant altar" of the Greek goddess, after that dread age when the earth was icebound and slowly emerging from a frozen winter's dreariness which had pervaded all the world. So it had been also with the minds of men and was still thus, so gradually

¹ Vulg : for Paphos.

did they begin to realise some great unknown force outside themselves. Earthquake, tempest and other strange calamities of nature and the alternation of birth and death were surely the design of some terrible deities, more or less like human beings, but greater. They must be propitiated, and for these reasons, man enough the beginning of personification was a stone. It was often black: perhaps meteoric, for then it had certainly come direct from Heaven, a thunderbolt of Jove. Of such was the symbol of Astarte, whose mysterious cult the Phœnicians brought with them to Cyprus. It was they who built the great Temple with monoliths piled one on top of another, kept in place by their own enormous weight: giant blocks, as if the founders would have the yet unborn believe this immense edifice was raised by gods—not men.

Meanwhile out of the west came the *Ægean* earth mother and sailing swiftly over the blue waters she sank: to be born anew as Love on the shores of Paphos. Rising from the white foam of the wave, by the perfection of her beauty and her low sweet laughter she made herself Queen over all Cyprus. For the first time Spring came into the whole world and filled it with gladness; with the joy of youth, of love and of life. Flowers sprang up beneath the footsteps of the goddess as she possessed herself of the sacred stone of Astarte. The air of the sanctuary was filled with the scent of roses and of aromatic plants placed on the high altar which was never soiled with blood. Incense was burnt before the cone shaped idol: it was anointed with oil at the great festivals and carefully dried with towels by the priestesses, who, with joined hands and flowing veils, performed a

mystic ring dance around the symbol which was kept veiled. The rain left it untouched although the court where the cone stood was open to the sky. There were other mysteries. The oracle of the goddess, "very famous, whither flocked from all parts crowds of men blinded by their hopes." The sacrificial altars in the outer court were purified by prayer and fire: the entrails of the kids used for divination: auguries were drawn from the flights of doves that found a home in the Temple precincts and became henceforward attributes of Aphrodite. This was the principal office of the high priests who were also kings: of that son of Apollo, the sweetest of all singers famed for his beauty and his wealth, who founded the royal line of the Cinyradæ. He, a splendid legendary hero, was a skilled worker in metals who invented the hammer, the anvil and tongs and who forged the famous suit of armour worn by Agamemnon at the siege of Troy. Tradition says we must also thank Cinyras for the beautiful Cypriot pottery of the early bronze age and the creamy tinted amphoræ of a later period. He certainly would have nothing to say to what is now produced in the island! All the beauty of the by-gone art is forgotten. What does persist, strange to say, is a debased model of a queen crowned with lotus leaves and towers. It is the head of Aphrodite with a crown¹ of towers, like that engraved on the obverse of the double staters of Nicocles who surrounded Paphos with fortresses when he plotted with Antigonus against Ptolemy. He had surrendered to Egypt and was forced to hang himself at night, the last Cypriot king of Paphos, though the

¹ As inscribed in an elegiac to Nicocles on a marble altar on the Temple site.

Cinyradœ still retained the priesthood and served in the Temple which had yet to reach the apex of its glory and become famed throughout the world.

Now, what a hopeless ruin ! So little of it left that to visualise its height and grandeur is well nigh impossible. Its stones have been scattered far and wide over the surrounding country. First partially destroyed by a terrible earthquake, it was rebuilt in 15 B.C. by Augustus Cæsar, and repaired in the reign of Vespasian, probably after a similar catastrophe which Eusebius mentions as having laid waste three cities in Cyprus. But its real downfall was due to the rise of Christianity and the consequent expulsion of the gods. The fortunes of Palæa Paphos were bound up with those of the Temple and when the city was no longer held to be the centre of the universe it ceased to exist. Where it stood in part is now only a little modern village of Kouklia which preserves in its name the memory of the priest king Nicocles and, in some curious superstitions, that of Aphrodite.

Strange customs cling about the giant monoliths left forlornly on the Temple site ; and, outside it, nearer the sea where the pilgrims, who landed at New Paphos harbour, probably halted to perform their first sacrificial rites before they entered the greater sanctuary of the Goddess. There stand on the shore near together, two immense pillars with rectangular holes, like little windows, about which antiquarians have much to say and to suggest. The peasants have their own ideas on the subject which are of a very different character. They call them " holy stones " and the women put their babies through the openings to make them well and strong ; or they burn incense of olive leaves before the "*Ayia Petra* " and hang some fragment

of their garments to the monolith to cure themselves of fever. Then a warm healthgiving breeze floats in from the sea and Phœbus Apollo sends his rays to kill malaria germs. So nature does her work and the holy stones get all the credit, a not unusual coincidence in an unjust world. They silently take their share in all the troubles of maternity and in that worse trial—when no child comes. For the normal woman in the West, this is a sorrow; but for any woman in the East it is a tragedy. The Cyprus peasant goes to the holy stone for aid and perchance a baby is born to her. If she has no milk to feed it, she repairs to the ruined Temple of the Earth Mother, and in the deserted central court its outlines suggested at the corners by cyclopean blocks, she seeks out the Galatera Petra,¹ a huge, uneven upright monolith sharply defined against blue sea and sky.

So it would seem, for the peasants at least, that the cult of Aphrodite still lingers at Kouklia amidst the fragments of her ancient palace; but the scholars are all agreed that her sacred symbol, which had been Astarte's, has completely vanished from the scene of its adoration. Is this really so? At the back of the great quadrangle, near the North-west corner, lies prone the most curious of all the holy stones in Cyprus. It is very dark in colour—a greenish black—and of a strange substance, which is neither marble, nor granite, nor like the wonderful cement which the Cypriots have quite lost the art of making and we have never known. Under three feet in length "*Ayia Mavra*," as the peasants call it, has a circular base, tapering to a point, and its angles and edges are rounded as if worn smooth by constant rubbing; it is even slightly polished

¹ Milk stone.

towards the end. This stone has only been uprooted within the last few years from its original position which, it is supposed, was never altered from the earliest times. Not even when the Roman Emperors rebuilt, or repaired the Temple, was this precious triangular block moved from its place. Did the Phœnicians bring *Ayia Mavra* with them when they came to Cyprus? Or did they, by any chance, find this strange black stone already embedded in the earth, and, hailing it as the personification of Astarte, raise over it where it rested a stupendous monument? Ah! Who knows?

It is probably by the merest coincidence that the Orthodox Church of Cyprus has appointed that the 16th¹ of May shall be kept in memory of a dark skinned martyr and has included an *Ayia Mavra* in her lengthy Calendar of Saint. T. . . . comes from Upper Egypt and is the wife of one Timotheos, a church reader. Twenty days after their marriage, being Christians, they were brought in chains before the Prefect of the Thebaid who commanded Timotheos to burn the Holy Books. This he refused to do and the office of the day gives in detail the horrible and ingenious tortures that "Prince" Arrianos inflicted on the unfortunate reader. When he still proved obdurate, the Prince turned his attention to the wife and first tried to cajole her into influencing her husband by kindness and flattery. However nothing could shake her determination to remain a Christian so he ordered that her hair and fingers should be cut off and she should be thrown into a bath of boiling water. Seeing that she was not burnt, Arrianos thought his orders had been disobeyed and he commanded her to scoop up some water in her hand.

¹ New style—3rd May, old style.

and throw it on his wrist. He was so scalded that the skin came off and as a natural consequence his temper did not improve. He then had the unhappy couple crucified against a wall where they hung for nine days and nights mutually supporting each other in their adherence to the Christian Faith. Then as *Ayia Mavra* was dying she was tempted of the devil who came to her with a glass of milk and honey which he offered her to drink, but she would not. He then took her down and carried her to a stream of milk and honey and again she was resolute in her refusal, saying she would drink only of the cup of Christ. Then the devil being conquered left her, and an angel took her up to Heaven and gave her a crown of gold and a white robe and a throne, but not in so high a place as her husband because she owed her salvation to him.

The pair really never had anything to do with the island, but the Cypriots adopted and martyred them on the banks of the river at Kilani where a fair is held every 16th of May at the church *Ayia Mavra* which is on the outskirts of the town by a plane tree. On that day milk is very dear and it is almost impossible to buy any, for the peasants take all they can saying, "Drink milk, drink milk, or you will become as black as *Ayia Mavra*!"

What does this curious story mean? Is it perhaps an allegory which illustrates the transition stages of worship, from the black stone of the Phœnician Astarte to that of the beautiful milk-white body of Aphrodite Anadyomene¹ killed by the Christian Faith? The foam of the sea is as ivory, but the waters are blue coloured like the robe of the Mother of God.

¹ Who comes out of the water.

II.—THE PILLAR OF ST. PAUL.

The great Temple at Kouklia was but one of many shrines raised to their Goddess Queen by the Cypriots and the pilgrims who thronged to the Paphian shore. Her worship extended all over the island. At Idalion,¹ in the interior, a sacred grove is still haunted by memories of the lover "that by her side lay killed," and the sanctuary at Amathus was founded in their joint honour. All the chief promontories Cyprus thrusts forth into the Mediterranean bear silent witness by some edifice that it was Love's Island: especially the Temple Aphrodite *Acræia*² at the extreme end of the Karpass, which must have been visible far out to sea. All that long, low, hilly ridge in the springtime is made exquisite by a far spreading carpet of anemones, flower of Adonis, which sprang up when his blood lay spilled. The queen of flowers Love claimed for her own and the golden quince apple, first planted in the Garden of Hesperides. Pine, cypress and cedar trees were sacred to her. With their stately mournful grandeur they guarded a shrine that o'ertopped Troödos, the highest mountain of the Olympian range. Another altar crowned the final peak, now called Stavro Vouni, which stands out boldly in the landscape of the plain, breast shaped. So numerous were they, so varied the ruins, so detailed the traditions of each spot that a Spanish traveller of the early 19th century was puzzled. For some reason best known to himself he was posing under the pseudonym of Ali Bey, as an Arab Prince of the Abbassides and descendant of the Prophet's uncle! Still, as he was careful to inform his readers he

¹ Now Dali.² At the very end.

"loved truth" and was always "ready to sacrifice to her any system which does not rest upon . . . uncontestable fact." He therefore offered them a suggestion only for what it was worth, which might explain the reason why so many cities and temples of Cyprus were dedicated to Aphrodite, at the same time expressing a hope they would at least consider it "*se non è vero, è bene trovato*." His brilliant idea was simply that there had been two Aphrodites: one the goddess of Idalion and Cythera: the other a mortal, a reigning and beautiful Queen whom poets and flatterers combined to call Venus. Needless to say he was quite wrong, but if a European long resident in Paris could become so deeply imbued with a belief in her personality, the deduction is equally obvious that Aphrodite, a century ago (and later) genuinely existed for the Cypriot. The Fontana Amorosa at Cape Acamas might certainly have been dedicated to a Goddess of Love, but surely it was Beauty incarnate who bathed at the springs of Yeroskipos and whose gardens at Kouklia sloped down the rocky incline to meet the sea. Here was her palace where she dwelt—Ali Bey was convinced of it—and "while contemplating the remains of this stupendous building ascribed to a woman" he compared her in his mind with Catharine the Great of Russia!

As to her other Seat, only nine miles away at New Paphos, he did not commit himself, having his attention occupied by the graves on the shores of that strange place. He mistook them for dwelling houses and really may be forgiven: they had perplexed other travellers of his time. Along that dusty plain close by the sea and intersected by excrescences of rock there *are* human habitations, built not for the living but for the dead. It is a

city of tombs without beginning and without end ; half under, half outside the earth, where a Turk fleeing from justice is said to have wandered for three days. It is "the semblance of a town" with its Doric columns, quadrangular courts, unroofed pillared halls and lo from the solid rock : but, in with niches, where each body rested when Charon came to fetch the soul and ferry it over the river. The "Tombs of the Kings" have been rifled again and again : successive races have been buried there. Phœnicians, who first planned them ; Greeks, Romans, Paphians have been lulled in their last sleep by the low hushed murmur of an inland sea. These subterranean chambers extend northwards to the ruined Temple site where is built a Christian church preceded by some Gothic edifice of Frankish times. Panayia Chrysopolitissa is a small, white-washed Byzantine structure with a dome and bell tower. It stands beside a low plateau in the Place of Stones.

Stones everywhere ! Piles of them ; broken and neatly stacked up to form barriers between fields that are flint strewn and paths through which they protrude at every step. Slabs of limestone and granite pedestals which have been placed by the villagers as seats outside the doors of their small dwellings of cemented stone. Carved capitals by the wayside, or supporting a fountain ; part of a beautiful fluted pillar on the ground, and, within measurable distance from each other, great columns, denuded of their ornaments, which rise for a few feet out of the débris that has been silting up around them through the years. A scene of desolation in all shades of white and grey and dust colour, that would be unbearably sad beneath a

leaden sky ; but the arch of heaven is an exquisite azure and the quiet waters an adorable blue.

What a magnificent Temple was once here !

Flush with the sea it stood, surrounded by a colonnade of grey granite pillars, which raised it high above the landscape, as if it had been set upon a hill. It is thought that there were over sixty courts within the precincts, now buried in the soil ; and that the portico, with its double range of columns faced towards the setting sun. The city lay on both sides east and west.

Amongst the giant pillars that are left unbroken there are two within a few paces of each other, close to the church Panayia Chrysopolitissa, which has a shorter one enclosed in its outside wall. This pair is very high, some fifteen feet at least above the ground and many more below unexcavated : doubtless they stood at the main entrance of the Temple. It is one of these that tradition has christened "The Pillar of St. Paul," asserting that on St. John's Day¹ in every year drops of blood run down it to the earth. On an earlier mission to Cyprus than that we read of in the Acts of the Apostles St. Paul was tied to this grey granite column and suffered flagellation at the hands of his own countrymen, the "forty stripes save one." His second and final visit was with St. Barnabas, a Cypriot and native of Salamis. After preaching the Gospel there in the synagogues, the two missionaries crossed straight through the island to New Paphos, knowing that there could be no better field for the work to which they were ordained than this wealthy and notorious pagan city.

For a hundred years and more Cyprus had been a Roman province governed as part of the district

¹ Appendix, Note 4.

of Cilicia, which lay along the opposite coast forty miles across the Caramanian Sea. Paphos was the second city in size and importance owing to the many pilgrims that flocked to the Temples of Aphrodite. Yet the greatest opposition to the new Faith came from the Jews.

Following on the arrival of Paul and Barnabas was enacted a scene so strange, so dramatic and so truly eastern that it immediately conjures up the vision of men in draped garments, of a shifting, idle, purposeless crowd grouped amongst the tall feathery palm trees, prickly pears and large leaved plantains which make the landscape around New Paphos the most oriental in the island. "They found a certain sorcerer, a false prophet, a Jew, whose name was Bar-jesus: which was with the deputy of the country, Sergius Paulus, a prudent man, who called for Barnabas and Saul, and desired to hear the Word of God. But Elymas the Sorcerer (for so is his name by interpretation) withstood them, seeking to turn away the deputy from the faith. Then Saul (who also is called Paul) filled with the Holy Ghost, set his eyes on him, and said, O, full of all subtilty and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness, wilt thou not cease to pervert the right ways of the Lord? And now, behold, the hand of the Lord is upon thee, and thou shalt be blind, not seeing the sun for a season. And immediately there fell on him a mist and a darkness: and he went about seeking some to lead him by the hand. Then the deputy, when he saw what was done, believed, being astonished at the doctrine of the Lord."

So it came to pass that Cyprus was the first country to have a Christian ruler and from that day forward the new Faith spread slowly but surely

in the island, for the conversion of so great a personage as the Roman Proconsul was soon noised abroad. Moreover, he was able to extend protection to the humbler followers of the new Faith, saving them from the persecution alike of pagan and Jew.

The years rolled on. There came earthquake, lightning and tempest terrible enough to overthrow the stupendous shrines erected for the worship of a stone. After great convulsions of nature, or great discoveries on the material plane, these changes take place in the mental and moral outlook of humanity: some parallel event occurs on the spiritual side of life. This is more frequent than most men think. Tradition ascribes the downfall of the great Temple to the prayers of St. Barnabas, his expressed horror at the rites and his appeal to Sergius Paulus to destroy it. Tradition is too literal, but in effect it is true. That the shrines to the Greek goddess were not rebuilt was due to the rise of Christianity, which replaced them with others of the new Faith.

The peasants call the Temple site at New Paphos the "Tomb of Aphrodite" and they are right; for in sooth she does lie buried there: she was crushed by the Pillar of St. Paul.

III.—THE TOMB OF ST. BARNABAS.

It is rather surprising for the average quick-tempered man to learn from Holy Writ that even Apostles quarrelled occasionally and with each other. Had it not been so, St. Paul would have journeyed again to Cyprus as he suggested to his erstwhile companion "to visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the Word of the

Lord and see how they do." St. Barnabás, however, was determined that his cousin John Mark should make a third in the expedition and there consequently arose a contention "so sharp between them, that they departed asunder one from the other: and so Barnabas took Mark and sailed unto Cyprus."¹

According to an apocryphal work of the 5th century, the authorship of which is attributed to John Mark by tradition, the cousins landed at Krommyon (Cape Kormakiti) at the extreme northwest point of the island. The Kyrenian mountains run right up into that remote corner and the kinsmen directed their steps over the hills to Kromiakies which may have been the more ancient Kermia. In so doing they must have skirted an immense far stretching cemetery of Phœnician tombs, of which distinct traces still remain in the neighbourhood of the modern village of Ayia Irini. In 1845 a traveller found there, in a peasant's house, a statuette of a woman with a squared pilaster at the back showing Egyptian influence, possibly a relic of the pagan temple at which the missionaries made their first halt on their journey south.

They were hospitably received by two *hierodouloi*² Aristion and Timon. The good seed was sown on that rocky soil by the conversion of the latter who was sick of a fever which St. Barnabas miraculously cured; and in time to come, as has been invariably the case on Cyprian headlands, a Christian Church rose up on the site where heathendom had flourished. It was built by Maronites who fled from the Lebanon when the Franks lost the Holy Land. The refugees colonised the promontory and held their services, as they do at the

¹ Acts xv. 36-39.

² Temple slaves.

present day in Cyprus, according to the Latin rite but in the Syriac tongue.

Accompanied by Timon, Barnabas and Mark went on to Lapithos, a famous city at the beginning of the Christian era. Now it is only a small Cypriot village delightfully situated between Kormakiti and Kyrenia, but by virtue of its indisputable beauty it should still bear its ancient name of Imeroessa (charming). Its houses are distributed irregularly over a hill which rises 3,000 feet above the sea; up beyond a plateau where a modern Greek church of the latest pattern stands boldly out, dominating the plain below. The climb to the summit is long and tiring, yet even in tropical heat it is repaid by seeing the famous source of a life-giving stream gush forth from its stone-covered cavern that protects the fount. Then the rivulet races madly in headlong flight downward, freshening all the air. The sun's heat is tempered, as burning rays find only a fitful passage through thick leaved boughs to brown the pebbles strewn on the narrow grass grown paths. Ferns, green and luxuriant, arrange themselves into arched bowers wherever the aqueduct grants them a chance foothold. They might even cheat a Devonian into the belief that he is in his own loved country, where the wild maidenhair likewise fills every crevice with its sprays, were it not for the heavy fragrance of orange flowers and the scent from the lemon gardens, which are the pride and glory of this hill. The little scene Nature has borrowed from a Western clime is betrayed by the exotic perfumes of the East.

Lower down the tumbling water is caught and imprisoned to turn mill wheels and to help in the pottery works which, says tradition, were founded by Cinyras. If that classic hero of Cyprus were

really responsible for the old graceful shapes of the earthenware jars why did he forget to throw his mantle over his successors ?

The ruins of the ancient city, which Strabo tells us was built by Laconiaus and Praxander, lie far down along the shore. It had a roadstead and docks in those days, but now hardly a vestige is left of the trading done there, except a sort of landing place for boats.

Graves there are in plenty, extending to Karavaa, which have been rifled of their treasures. Of these a few beautiful silver dishes in Nicosia Museum have been saved for Cyprus, but by far the greater part, and most valuable, were smuggled out of the island and sent overseas to Mr. Pierpont Morgan. It is said that thieves also found a fine sarcophagus in a rock tomb pierced with catacombs, but fearful of being caught red handed, and ignorant, probably, of its real worth, they smashed it to atoms in order to get quickly at the more portable contents.

This burial chamber stands up out of a quarry near a headland which juts out to sea where memories of ancient days linger only in names. For instance, there are some fragments, altered out of recognition, which the Cypriots call *franco ekklichia*. Doubtless they did form a chapel of the Franks ; a place of pilgrimage when Lapithos was a royal possession of the Lusignans, belonging to the fief de la Pison, with sugar cane growing in its water meadows and a population of 10,000 souls.

Dating much further back, to the time of Barnabas and Mark, is the title given to the green trailing spirals and even to the flowing waters themselves in an adjacent rock grotto. "The tresses of Venus" almost intermingle their freshness and charm with

the salt waves that kiss the shores. There mermaids surely gather in the moonlight rehearsing their sweet songs to enslave the hearts of men outside the forbidding austere walls which shut away the monks. For this cool grot is near the threshold of Achiropietos and lies northwest of its façade. The Church of the Virgin stands in the centre of a large pillared court to enshrine a miraculous *ikon* of the *Panayia*. This picture has inset a piece of the holy handkerchief "made without hands" which was used to wipe the sweat from the Saviour's brow, as we have learned in the Latin story of St. Veronica, and is called in Cyprus *Ayia Napa*.¹

As it stands at the present day the Monastery is by no means an ancient pile. Its two-storied cloister is quite modern, but the building must include many fragments of the pagan temple which covered that headland in the time of Barnabas and Mark.

The idolaters were offering sacrifices to the gods when the travellers arrived and had refused to accept their mission to Cyprus for they refused them entrance to the city. So they journeyed on perforce, and, Timon being still with them, set their faces towards his home at Lambadisto in the Mountains of Olympus. The village, from its name, must have been on the slopes of Troödos, the "glittering crown" which towers above the entire range. Go where you will in the Mesaoria, on the road Paphos to Limassol; aye, even from the heights of St. Hilarion in Kyrenia, somewhere in the landscape, "Chionistra" "the snow peak," pride and glory of the Cypriot, rears its head,

¹ The holy napkin.

white capped the winter through, when other hills are black beneath lurid, snow laden clouds.

The missionaries did not tarry long in the mountains, Barnabas having ever in his thoughts that stronghold of the Goddess Aphrodite, where Kouklia now stands. Arrived there, they found another Temple slave to convert, but their old and most determined enemy, Bar-jesus, heard of their coming, and Palæa Paphos closed its gates against the unwelcome intruders.

Then Barnabas and Mark, turning eastward, sought the famous shrine of Apollo, whose worship vied with that of Aphrodite in the south of Cyprus. It lay near the royal city of Kurium which the Argives had built on a rock, forcing the latter into a shape of their own choosing. Thereabout the shore rises high above the softly murmuring waves. Promontories jut out with bays between and sheltered creeks, whilst the land beyond the scanty fragments of a stadium, now barely visible, is varied and gently undulates.

An immense concourse of people had met together for the races in honour of the Sun God. Naked and unashamed pagan men and women, worshippers of deities evolved from the glories of the sky and of the sea, were testing their fleetness of foot, when suddenly the missionaries of the New Faith stood amongst them.

St. Barnabas hurled forth his denunciations which echoed and re-echoed from those shelly limestone cliffs. Immediately, as if sound had materialised into a powerful force, the hill to the west of the city collapsed and a mass of tortured human beings lay crushed amongst the débris; suffering, it must be presumed, for their adoration of the handiwork of Him, Whose laws they knew not.

The tradition of their agony marks another step in the passage of men's minds from the worship of the actual to that of the idea.

Close on the heels of the Christians followed a mob of clamouring, furious Jews, headed by Bar-jesus. Once more Barnabas and his companions were driven forth to seek shelter from their pursuers in some distant mountain cave. Then, nothing daunted they bent their steps—still going eastward—to Amathus, another great centre of paganism on the further side of the Akrotiri peninsula, six miles beyond the modern town of Limassol.

Driving along the road by the shore, there is little enough to be seen of that great Phœnician city, probably the oldest in all the island. Spread over the hill tops are broken fragments of forts and habitations, of temples and tombs. Behind the Acropolis which crowned a summit two immense vases were found in comparatively recent days. One remained for long broken and half buried in the soil; the other was taken to the Louvre; the first European Museum to possess relics of this island. These huge antique vessels were supposed to be Phœnician and used for some forgotten purpose in the worship of the Temple.

During the first weeks of the New Year, when Troödos peak is under snow, turbid water courses rush down the mountain slopes and are caught together in a river that flows tumultuously to the sea. The landscape is bare and desolate, save for the flocks that shepherds have brought down for pasturage, carrying in their arms the feeblest of the new born lambs.

But in the days when Barnabas and Mark were bent on converting the Cypriots to Christianity, Amathus was at the zenith of its glory. The

Syrian Hercules (called here Melkart) "King of the city," had a shrine, for copper mines lay without and were a boundless source of wealth to a city noted for its metals.

Famous too was the other great Temple that was dedicated to the mythical lovers of the Ægean, to Aphrodite and Adonis, whose rites were being celebrated with pomp and glory when Barnabas and Mark drew nigh the precincts.

They managed to enter the town and for one short hour found rest and hospitality beneath the roof of a poor widow, but Bar-jesus who persistently dogged their footsteps, soon overtook and inflamed the Jews against them. Shaking the dust from off their feet, friendless and pursued by a relentless hate that followed and enwrapped them as a lowering cloud precedes the coming storm, the missionaries went swiftly on their way towards Kition. Already an excited multitude had collected on the race-course to await their coming, and the hum of their fury filled the air. Forced to turn aside, Barnabas and Mark took ship at the port without the city and set sail for Salamis, the older Apostle knowing, or not—who can say?—that to return to his birthplace meant for him a terrible martyrdom and death.

Yet at first he was well received at that famous seat of commerce, where so many of his race had gradually foregathered. In the synagogue of Biblia he preached to the Jews; entered into friendly discussions with them; succeeded in making many converts, until there came a sudden quickly growing change in the attitude of his hearers. They too were stirred up, perhaps by his determined foe, Bar-jesus; or was it by the Syrian strangers:

belonging to his former faith, that had but lately come to Salamis ?

Whatever the cause, the Apostle knew that the tempest had only been stayed a little while to break over him with greater force. He was aware that the number of his days was almost outrun ; that he stood on the threshold of eternity. Bidding his friends farewell and charging Mark with all things that concerned the disposal of his body, the Apostle fortified himself against his torture by the mystic, strengthening ritual of his adopted Creed.

When night had come and frenzied hate, having reached its utmost poise, found full expression in the pervading darkness, the Syrian Jews led forth the Apostle and stoned him till life was painfully, hideously crushed out. They flung the Christian on a blazing pyre, but the cruel tongues of flame only illumined the scars of that wounded body and, dying down again, went out leaving it unburned. Then Mark came secretly before the dawn to carry it away.

He buried his dead five furlongs west of Salamis in a cave beside a well, long after to be called the "Place of Healing." For all recollection of the tomb of Barnabas, the fragrance of whose body wrought the cures, was lost for ages, because of the fierce persecutions waged against Christ's followers when the soul of the martyred saint had found rest in God.

Long before the close of the 4th century, however, the Jews were ruthlessly expelled from Cyprus, and giant paganism lay prone with closed eyelids as if dead. Christianity had been accepted of all the people : was their established creed with a formula, ritual and hierarchy founded on the parent stem of the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church.

Then, quite in accordance with the ordinary sequence of ecclesiastical happenings, persecution from without the fold having ceased, troubles arose within it. During the period when the island was under Byzantium and its civil ruler appointed from Antioch, the Patriarchs saw a fitting opportunity to urge sacerdotal supremacy as well. This demand the Cypriots resisted stoutly, as being opposed to all tradition. Though the Council of Ephesus (A.D. 431) supported their view, such determined efforts were still made to bring the See into subjection and appoint the Metropolitans that at length the sainted martyr Barnabas himself saw fit to intervene. When the Church of Cyprus came thus under miraculous protection, the Emperor Zeno reigned at Byzantium, and Peter the Fuller, dominant and ambitious to extend his priestly jurisdiction, occupied the Patriarchal Chair. He claimed that Cyprus had received the Faith from Antioch, the See founded by the Apostle Peter.

The Archbishop of Cyprus at that time was one, Anthemios.

To him Barnabas appeared as in a vision, urging him to plead the cause of the Cypriot Church in person at Byzantium. At the same time the Saint revealed the place of his own burial beneath the dense shadow of a carob tree, where the waters of a spring were known to cure the sick and those who were possessed by devils.

Anthemios, resident at Constantia, as Salamis was then named, called together his clergy, and accompanied also by an immense concourse of people went in procession westward across the plain to seek the sacred cave in the "Place of Healing." The tomb was opened and within a chest they found the body of St. Barnabas. More than that!

On his breast, where Mark had reverently laid it, was a copy of St. Matthew's Gospel in the hand writing of the Cypriot Apostle.

Who now would dare to doubt that the Church of Cyprus had equal apostolic rights with that of Antioch ?

Greatly rejoicing, Anthemios journeyed to Constantinople and presented to Zeno that precious manuscript brassbound and studded with gems. A Synod was convened at which he was triumphant and his claims vindicated to the full. In addition, the Emperor granted to the Archbishops of Cyprus three important privileges : the right of inscribing their signatures in red ink ; of wearing a purple cope at festivals ; and of carrying an imperial sceptre instead of the pastoral staff. These honours were not more jealously guarded fourteen centuries ago when granted, than in these latter days of grace ! Nor are they the only memorials of that miraculous intercession which assured to the Church of Cyprus its liberties and freedom from interference by the Patriarchs of Antioch for evermore.

In the Plain of the Mesaoria, about five miles north of Famagusta and one from Salamis, stands an imposing Byzantine Cathedral dedicated to the Apostle St. Barnabas. Following Cypriot custom its massive proportions and great heavy domes are lime white, which makes it all the more conspicuous beneath a brilliantly illumined sky. For some psychological reason, which doubtless gave it birth, no other architecture found in Cyprus so well accords with the natural features of the island. St. Barnabas is a fine example of Byzantine art : a bold landmark in a fertile vast expanse that is backed by the Karpass Hills.

Within, at the open portal barely athwart the threshold, the astonished listener is almost overborne by waves of sound. The mere echo of a footstep, of a whisper, is repeated beneath those rounded cupolas till it slowly swells to grandeur and dies away absorbed in the succeeding loud flood of harmony which too quickly follows on.

Is it any wonder that the sainted dead has achieved reputation as an aurist ?

Built into the sanctuary is a pillar of black basalt, brought possibly from Justinian's great city of Salamis. In it there is a tiny hole, at the height of a man's hand from the ground, where the little finger should be inserted and, subsequently, into the afflicted ears. By chance, the patient may not be so deaf but those accumulated masses of sound striking the auricle wring some response, real or imagined, from the sensory nerves.

Shut out for ever from the music of the spheres, to hear again but for a few fleeting moments life's most subtle melodies is worth a visit to thy shrine, O Saint Apostle !

IV.—ST. CATHERINE'S PRISON.

Within a short walk of St. Barnabas' Tomb, lying low on the plain, is a curious dome-shaped construction. At a distance it seems to have no special claim to notice, but a nearer view discloses the enormous size of the stones with which it was originally built and arouses both wonder and interest as to its purpose. Scholars agree that only long departed Phœnicians could settle this point, and we are left stranded with disappointing conjectures that it might have been a tomb, or

a granary ; or even, as these early colonists were merchants, a treasury. It is half underground, hewn out of the rock, with a flight of steps leading into the main chamber, where a rude altar, grease-marked, shows that votive candles have been burned there by the pious. A second upper entrance looks westward, and there is an annex built of five monolithic stones ; the middle one extending the whole length of the cell, which is about three feet high. For the Cypriots long ago decided that this was the prison of no less a personage than St. Catherine of Alexandria, and here you may see her stone seat and her stone bed on which it would need a nightly miracle for anyone to sleep—especially a Princess born in splendour in a castle at Salamis, once the greatest city and port in the island.

Salamis was founded by Teucer in 1184 B.C. on the eastern coast within the curve of a bay that "is like to a bow when bent." On its site now stands a charming forest in miniature with a glade green-roofed by overhanging, interlaced branches of pines. There are delicious views to be seen in the springtime, looking out from the upper floor of the forest hut, over the Mesaoria dressed in its best attire. Clumps of Australian wattle ablaze with yellow blossom show their appreciation of a Cyprian home right royally and all the approaches are golden, above a green robe covering the hillocks with a running border of blush-pink convolvuli fringed with sea lavender. Immediately below, in a deep hollow made in the sand by archaeologists and treasure seekers, lie fragments of pillars and capitals and faint traces of the great city that once was there. Beyond is the long white road and on the further side of it St. Catharine's Prison. It is

a lonely spot and made more dreary by a grove of withered trees thrusting deformed bare branches upwards and aslant. No one would dare cut them except on Easter Eve to feed the midnight fires outside the churches of Varoshia.¹ They are gnarled and old, as if from the beginning of the world, and wicked looking. The villagers avoid the grove after sunset for it is haunted by demons which must have existed in Phœnician times before St. Catherine was born.

She was the daughter of Constans, one of the island's petty kings under the Roman administration ruling with independent powers only by courtesy of the Emperor Diocletian. It was he, according to tradition, who rebuilt Salamis after one of the terrible earthquakes which were so disastrous to Cyprus and her story. At all events the city was re-christened Constantia and for a long time both names were used indifferently. His little girl grew up to be a lovely woman and a fervent disciple of the new Faith. When she was of marriageable age her parents wished her to accept a husband, but she declined saying she could not unless one were found as fair and wise and rich as herself. This her mother thought so impossible that she sent her daughter to seek the advice of a hermit who lived on an islet in the sea near Famagusta.

We know that the configuration of the coast has slightly altered and that the blue waters which once washed the walls of that beautiful old town have receded about a foot's pace in every year. Therefore, long prior to Venetian days, in the 3rd century, no doubt portions of high ground in that locality were surrounded by the sea.

¹ A suburb of Famagusta.

St. Catherine sought out the holy man as she was bidden and explained her difficulty. Then said the hermit, "I cannot tell you about taking a husband, except One who is wise and learned, fair and rich as you desire." "Holy man, who is he of whom you speak?" He replied, "It is our Lord Jesus Christ." Then replied the daughter of Constans, "and I desire Him for my spouse and lord and to serve only Him." And the same night an angel of the Lord came down from Heaven to the island and she received a ring, becoming therewith the betrothed of Christ.

It must have been shortly after, that King Constans was banished to Alexandria on suspicion of conspiring with the Persians, and his daughter accompanied him to Egypt. Eventually he died in exile, and St. Catherine returned to her old home at a time when the Christians were being most cruelly persecuted. Greatly moved by the tortures and fortitude of the martyrs, she resolved herself to die a like death in the cause of Christ, and boldly proclaimed herself to be of the new Faith. It was then that the Governor of Salamis threw her into prison. There is no record of the length of time she was confined in that dreary low-roofed cell built of five great stones; perhaps not many months, for her father's enemy, the Emperor Maximinus, ordered that she should be sent to Alexandria, where she was martyred between two columns on a wheel.

People with gold-rimmed spectacles "pish" and "pshaw" over this story! They say it is absurd "on the face of it impossible!" To begin with this earthquake was the wrong one and Salamis was rebuilt by Constantius II. Emperor of the East, not by a King called Constans. It is really

tiresome and inconsiderate of them because all the details fit in so beautifully. They even dare to add that St. Catherine of Alexandria, one of the island's chief saints, never had anything to do with Cyprus at all! They may say what they please in the twentieth century, but had they lived in the 4th they would not have made such assertions. At all events it was recognised by early historians that the martyrdom of one of the fairest and wisest of women brought a terrible punishment to the East and Cyprus had to suffer for its share of the responsibility.

A wrathful, avenging Heaven withheld the winter rains that, rushing headlong down the mountain slopes, fill the dry, stony courses of an island always riverless at the close of each long, hot summer. The heavy laden clouds, where thunder slept, were driven off by scorching winds to burst over happier countries smiled upon by God. Year succeeded year and still He frowned on Cyprus, so that the fertile soil remained of necessity untilled, and all the people died who could not flee from an accursed land. At length, after thirty-six consuming years had passed, to a scene of awful desolation St. Helena came laden with relics from the Holy Sepulchre. The True Cross was found that she had sought with longing! Joy signals of fire had been flashed to her kingly son in far-off Byzantium to acquaint him of the accomplishment of her desire.

From the tragic emblem of world suffering she brought away the footrest and had four crosses made of it, each in one solid piece. She carried with her also the wood athwart which the two thieves had been fastened; the crown of thorns and the Passion nails that had pierced the crucified Christ. One of these flung on to the turbulent

waters of Satalia Bay stilled them, and the saintly lady, who was to bring forgiveness and salvation to the island, landed at Mari on its southern shores.

Again, at the present day, this district is sparsely populated. It is possible to drive many miles and see only a stray hut, or police station by the way, and to meet but a few peasants with their mules and donkeys on the otherwise deserted road. Yet it should not be so, for the earth is everywhere productive and verdant after a rain-swept spring.

To follow in the footsteps of the Empress Saint you must take the main road northward, then turn aside and descend narrow cobbled lanes between the lean-to mud houses of Tokhni. This little modern village rises irregularly above the "Royal River;" the stream that flowed once more by virtue of the blessed rain St. Helena's treasure and her presence brought to Cyprus and so was rechristened Vasilipotamos.

As she lay on its banks beneath a starlit sky, her head pillowed on the casket which held the sacred relics, her mind was beset with the misfortunes of a little island, once so fair. For a very devil's crew was in possession: lost souls of those who had worshipped at pagan altars: vulture like dæmons that tore up the bodies of the newly buried dead and flung them in the pathway of the sparsely numbered living. The Saintship that was in her dreamed of the Holy Cross that was "to sow..... its sanctity through the east and west" as the ideal, the only means of salvation: the Empress dreamed of fresh settlers that should be invited from Arabia, Syria, Anatolia and Albania, to scatter good seed on the land; to people Cyprus now that God would again "give them their meat in due season."

At Tokhni it is possible to see the bridge across the river that tradition says was built by St. Helena and some ruins, on the bank, of a church she founded. A new shrine is picturesquely placed on the wide arch that spans the Vasilipotamos and within is treasured still a fragment of the Holy Wood. By its efficacy all the evil spirits that had lurked in the shadows and dark places were driven into a deep well north of the ancient sanctuary. It lies below a bulging rock whereon the Empress carved in letters of red earth an inscription that no man has yet been able to decipher.

Whilst she had slept, in a dream of suggestion a man's voice commanded her to do these things, for a decree had gone forth that Cyprus should no longer lie desolate and waste but should be peopled so long as this world lasts.

When the Empress awoke, the Cross of the Penitent Thief had been taken from her: it was gone—no one knew whither. Her people searched the countryside and found it on Mount Olympus, "holy mountain with endless radiance as of the uttermost ether." There Zeus, God of the Bright Sky, husband of the Earth Mother, had his Temple. There the Gods had been wont to gather in solemn conclave. From its summit the Greek hero, who saved and wed Andromeda, rose in winged flight of Pegasus to found Mycene.

This breast-shaped hill described by Strabo lies some miles northeast of Tokhni: apparently an isolated rock, yet forming part of the great range of Troödos. Strange rock! known now as Stavro Vouni—Holy Cross—it is eerie even in the sunlight with its bird's eye view of distant villages and towns of the great plain, lying so very far away below. Volcanic rock! deeply cleft asunder where

at nightfall the winds meet and roar mysteriously, that 'tis said to be an entrance into Hell. Rock of Long Ages past and gone! where St. Helena founded monastery and church: shrine of the Holy Cross embedded in the midst of that other one on which died Dysmas.

Another triumph in Cyprus of Christian over pagan gods; "gods, too, but endure for a season." Even as St. George, the island's patron saint, vanquished the dragon, "that awful emblem born of cloud and mist" on mountain top.

The entrance to the Monastery, which a winding path finds at weary length, has parlour and guest rooms built on either hand in long straight line. At the back, the tiny cells that cling about the church seem to have been fitted into such interstices as nature would allow, so little space is there on the summit of the rock. For some reason it is consoling to find (and very surprising too) that a telephone connects with Ayia Varvâra, the dependence half-way to the valley, which is more like a human habitation. From that monastery farm comes such food as Lenten fasts permit: olives, a little bread, some beans: no meat, no milk, no fatty foods for fifty days as winter changes into spring. What wonder that, on the eve of Holy Friday with its obligations and its prayers, the black-robed monks are faint from the day's toil and lack of sustenance. After sundown they meet in the little church, scarce lit, save by the seven altar lamps and the tapers that flame in their hands from time to time and are blown out: empty, save for their own presence and two peasants, man and wife. The great Cross concealed in an embrasure level with the Holy Doors, is wrapped round with a splendid vestment. Against the wall it rests:

no longer suspended betwixt earth and heaven, as in old days, when a greater faith turned its credulous gaze upon a miracle wrought with springs that were invisible to sight.

Hour after hour the readings and the chants continue until at length mysterious figures, that, during the night watches, have seemingly lost substance in the dim recesses of their stalls pass into the darkness of the outer court and blessed sleep broods over Stavro Vouni.

V.—PHANEROMENE.¹

Amongst the many gifts Nature has so lavishly bestowed upon Cyprus are the medicinal plants and herbs scattered over various districts and growing in a tangled profusion in the midst of the other vegetation "sent by God." There is much talk now of a young girl, who has cured a rheumatic cripple with a decoction made up of forty different herbs from a receipt taken out of a wonderful manuscript book handed down through generations in her family and called "The Solomonike."

It was a very natural result that, during the classic period, there should be a cultus of Apollo Hylates, the woodland god of medicine, and that miraculous cures and the names of great healers became connected with the island. In addition to curative plants there are sulphur and saline springs and other mineral waters used to combat disease from the earliest times. Then they were associated with the worship of Æsculapius and to this day are called *ayiasma*, holy waters. Of such is the sulphur well at *Ayios Panteleimon* in the Kyrenia District.

¹ He to whom the light has been restored.

This saint in his pagan youth, studied medicine at Constantinople and displayed great ability, but after his conversion to christianity he discarded science for prayer, by which means alone he cured the deaf, blind and lame. After his martyrdom by decapitation, his power was transferred to his *ikon* in the church of the monastery at Myrtou, in which he is depicted in silver gilt, as a remarkably handsome young man with a halo.

Rarer, and certainly more curious, are the phenomena of the salt lakes, which in summer harden to the semblance of alabaster and are a substantial source of revenue. They are both situated in the south of the island, and the one west of Limassol, on the Akrotiri peninsula, is said to be the most pungent; but the other is whiter and more beautiful. Its basin lies about ten feet below sea level on the shores of Larnaca Bay, which took a far reaching semi-circular bite out of the island in past ages that lessens in extent as the years roll on. The salt of this lagoon is wonderfully free from grit and has embalming and valuable medicinal properties. Its existence is due to Lazarus of Bethany who, according to Cypriot tradition and quite at variance with French ecclesiastical historians, came to Cyprus after he had been raised from the dead.

The story is thus told by a Franciscan friar who visited Cyprus in 1484: "These Salines, as one reads in the chronicles of the island, were thus miraculously made. The whole plain was planted with vines, and as St. Lazarus passed by he asked from those who kept the vineyards a few grapes for the love of God. The alms was refused him, and he asked what there was in a basket which hung near. They told him it was salt, but it was full of grapes. Then he laid a curse on them and

said, "May all these vineyards turn to salt." And so it befell, for from that hour the vines dried up." The beautiful luscious grapes elsewhere so plentiful, that even in these expensive days they can be bought for about half a piastre¹ per pound! The town, which is still known as Salines and St. Lazarus in memory of this incident, lies about a mile and a half northeast of the lake, and these are but two of its names: it boasts nearly as many as does a royal baby.

The ancient city, Kition, was great and glorious in the classical age; was renowned as the birth-place of Zeno, founder of the School of Stoics at Athens; and also associated with it was the celebrated physician Apollonius whose miracles of healing were compared by the pagans with those of Jesus Christ. When Paphos and Amathus were the religious capitals of the island, Kition ranked only second to Salamis as a port and commercial city. It is eighteen miles distant from the latter by a road that first skirts old Famagusta, veers round to the southwest across the Mesaoria till Pyla is reached and then for a couple of hours after midday, all the last stage of the journey faces the sun.

According to Josephus the whole of Cyprus was once called Kition, a name supposed to be derived from Kittim,² a direct descendant of Noah's son Japhet who colonised the island after the Flood. It is still preserved in the village of Kiti six miles to the west and in the title of its Bishops and is occasionally used by the ultra Hellenic Cypriot; just as some Highlanders decline to be called Scots and are upset by seeing N.B. on an envelope that is wending its way to the Land o' the Leal!

¹ About $\frac{1}{2}d.$

² Gen. x. 4.

For other folk than these and "His All-Saintliness" the town is made up of Larnaca,¹ that is, the City of Tombs, and Scala, *i.e.* a seafront of featureless houses built in one straight long line from point to point of the older half moon built up behind with its view blocked seawards by the marina which has a long pier jutting out at right angles. Nothing could be more dull and banal! This is, however, an ideal resort for promenaders of both sexes and every nationality under heaven, who flock thither after sunset to meet and chatter in English, French, Italian, Greek, Arabic or Turkish and to sit around little tables outside the caravanserais, by courtesy only, called "hotels." Oh that there were a back exit for shy people who shrink from running the gauntlet of those gossiping groups and only seek to escape unseen into that other, more interesting, portion of the town not in the fashionable quarter. The lack of anything picturesque in Marina is all the more annoying because it has been built up of fragments torn from their own beautiful settings in the ancient cities of Amathus, Paphos and Famagusta, and brought round the coast by sea.

One notable exception to this rule is the Turkish Mosque, and even that may be part of Larnaka proper, for it is near a barrack, that was once a fort, and situated at the junction of the old and new towns to the southwest. It stands some paces back, half hidden in a corner which it blocks up; in the delightful haphazard fashion of the East, so that the alley on the further side is narrowed to its extreme limit and passes under one of several buttresses that support the whole very shaky looking fabric. What vicissitudes it has known! First a chapel of the Latins called St. Roch, it seems to

¹ Lit. a cinerary urn.

have been taken over by the Greeks, who dedicated it to the Holy Cross. Then the Moslems came along and turned the beautiful Gothic church, with its portico upheld by marble pillars, into a grain store. How long it was put to such disservice is impossible to say, but in 1839 stones were brought from Amathus and Salamis to fashion it into a Mosque. In place of the belfry a minaret was raised for the Moslem call to prayer, and its fellow built at the west end. Came a day at length when the big buffalo that upholds our earth grew restive and tossed the world from one horn to another. The Gothic bell tower cracked and was freed by an earthquake shock of its unwelcome burden. Banded about with iron like a barrel, it is too frail to support another minaret. Perhaps this is the reason—otherwise inexplicable—why the mosque at Larnaka is not incongruous and even offensive to the eye, as are most of the churches similarly adapted by the Turks. On the contrary, polyglot though it be, Christian and Moslem, it is a quaint and fascinating leaf in the tablets of the town.

At the other end of the Marina and west of it, near the convent school of the Sisters of St. Francis, are the remains of an artificial harbour and undoubted traces of Phœnician colonisation of a very early date. The ancient city, at a guess, was probably contained within a circuit of three miles, but there seems to be a difficulty of distinguishing between the ruins of old walls and the undulatory line of stratum left by the gradual withdrawal of the sea. Two great pagan temples dominated the plain perched on rocky ridges. On one of these, in what is called Ban.boula Marsh, two important stone tablets were discovered in 1878, inscribed in the Phœnician character of the 4th century B.C.

So many figurines were unearthed at one time and another that a Larnaka barber opened a toy department which had a great success till the supply gave out.

When Cleopatra held Cyprus as her dower the people of Kition erected a column to the memory of Agias, Captain of the Bodyguard and Governor of the city, On its base was inscribed the following eulogium :—

“The city crowns and honours Agias, who was appointed Governor therein, with this monument and pillar on account of his virtue and loyalty towards King Ptolemy and Queen Cleopatra and of the benefits conferred on this city by the said Agias.”

Unfortunately this relic has been taken out of the island and has found a home in the Museum at Berlin.

An immense necropolis lay without the city walls and in the course of the fosse there is a rock cavern formed with the aid of four enormous stones into two chambers. One of them is entirely hewn out but the other, with the exception of its back wall, is composed of huge blocks of granite roofed with a monolith that measures 13 feet by 11 feet and is 6 feet thick. The entrance between the caves was originally closed by the fourth stone, a solid slab which fitted into grooves and was lowered from above, just as the passages to tombs were sealed up within the pyramids. In principle the curious structure is similar to St. Catherine's Prison and must belong to the same epoch. It follows that at Larnaka this prehistoric monument became associated with St. Lazarus and significantly called *Ayia Phaneromene*, “to whom the light has been restored.” Although this name has developed into *Panayia*

Phaneromene and the chambers into a little chapel of the Virgin, barred by an *ikonistasis* with Holy Doors between, the belief that Lazarus of Bethany spent the after years of his resurrection in Cyprus is in no wise altered or curtailed thereby as is proved by the following narrative.

"Hail and good morning to the month my Masters! I salute you and beg your patience for a little to hear to-day the story of Christ's miracle. Then you will pay him the same honour as God. May the good God keep you in health that you do not miss the offices of this Holy Week and may you be very well on Easter Day for the great Festival."

"And Christ went away beyond Jordan and Lazarus was sick and he died suddenly. Christ knew of this and he told it unto his disciples, saying, "My friends and disciples, we go not into Judæa but to Bethany, the town, because our friend Lazarus, who was sick is dead and we go to raise him up from the dead, that there may be a miracle for all the world to see."

"Then He, being seated on an ass, came into Bethany and the children of the Jews, aye, even the very little children strewed palm branches before Him as He came nigh unto the town, saying among themselves: "Christ is God! Christ is God! It is He that hath the power."

"There ran out to speak with the Christ Mary and Martha, for these two women were sisters of the just Lazarus and were known unto the Master. They were weeping bitterly and besought Christ to raise Lazarus their brother from the dead.

"Martha wore no covering on her head and she was weeping, so that when she knelt to kiss the feet of Christ she bathed them with her tears and

craved this boon of Him. Then Christ said unto her, "If thou dost verily believe that I can do this thing, go thou before me to show me the tomb." And Martha ran to the tomb and showed it and she was stricken with grief. Then the Christ, who createth all things, went into the tomb and the Heavens and the Earth were afraid. He called unto Lazarus with a loud voice and Hell trembled and Heaven and all the Angels likewise. Then said Prodomos¹ unto them: "Be joyful, Oh ye sinners who are in Hell; yea and you Adam, the first man, and you Eve who are sore afraid, for the serpent beguiled you to give your husband to eat of the fruit and so made all men sinners. Christ the Master is on the earth. He is King and He has raised up Lazarus from the dead because Martha wept and that a miracle might be done for the Jews. In eight days He will descend into Hell and all the world awaits with expectation the day that He shall rise again from Hell, that silly Hell! It is filled with thorns and all its streams are aflame.

"If you go to Paradise you will find that everything smells so sweetly. A golden wall is built around it and there are royal rivers of fresh water. Angels and Archangels dwell there singing day and night the Trisaion,

God is the Lord!

God has the Power!

God is Immortal!

Give us Thy blessing O Lord God!

"And when Lazarus was raised from the dead all the Jews took counsel together how they should kill him. Then they took him and his sisters, Mary and Martha, and his friends and put him into

¹ St. John the Forerunner.

a boat at Joppa and they pushed the boat out to sea to be at the mercy of the wind and the waves. But God guided the boat so that it came safely into Larnaka and there Lazarus built a church and everyone who sees it is astonished. He lived thirty years on the earth but he could never have any joy, nor could he smile through thinking always of Hell, for his heart was sore troubled and his soul was afraid.

“‘Christians, draw near and listen, for there is none that knoweth when Charon is coming and he steals the souls to take them away to Heaven. The angels take the soul for forty days and they bring it before God and the soul must make a low obeisance before God. Happy indeed is the soul that God commands to go to Paradise and be seated there ! Oh ! Unhappy soul that God condemns to Hell to sit in the shadow of death ! What shall that poor soul do that hath no messenger to intercede with God : no money for a journey to try and reach Paradise ? When forty days are past the angels fling that soul into uttermost darkness : it cannot stir for there are black devils all round it. All the souls that have been there say so. They weep always, abandoning hope, seeing no light. In Hell of what avail are tears ? They are but a witness of the long ages of an everlasting damnation.’

“May the years bring much joy to you and your children. The Blessed Virgin and Christ and St. Lazarus be with you to help you in your need.”

So runs the story of the first Bishop of Kition consecrated and appointed to the See by the Apostles at the inception of the Orthodox Church of Cyprus and almost coeval with the death of the gods.

It will have been noticed in this recital that "Lazarus built a church and everyone who sees it is astonished." This is not, however, *Ayia Phaneromene*, but a much larger pile situated on the borders of Larnaka and Scala, very ancient, being partly constructed from the ruins of some pagan edifice, and certainly remarkable. Like the mosque it has been a temple of different sects and creeds, and though it has managed to outlive the Moslem invasion as an orthodox church, it has not done so entirely unscathed. Not long after the Turks took possession it was bought over from them, possibly by Armenians. At a later date Latins and Greeks shared the church, and in the 18th century the Franciscans still held two services annually in virtue of their old established claim. This custom lapsed long since, for the rival communions do not love one another, and the Orthodox had suffered too much persecution at the hands of the Romans for any undue extension of courtesy.

The general appearance of the church is Byzantine with a suggestion of the Gothic in its pillared cloisters. There are the usual three aisles and, originally, there was a corresponding number of domes, but in the days of Turkish domination a notorious savage, Kuchuk Mehmet, ordered these to be reduced because he thought so much ornamentation was unnecessary and unsuitable.

Through a small iron gate at the west end and still within the precincts is a charming God's acre dedicated to the British who have passed out of life at Larnaka. It is but a tiny graveyard with roses and climbing plants trailing over a few sculptured marble monuments that date as far back as 1685 and bear the names of Dacre and Palmer and Ken-



HOW THE CYPRIOT GREEK CHURCH OBTAINED ITS AUTONOMY.

[Frescoes in the Archiepiscopal Chapel, Nicosia.]



THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.
[By the courtesy of Mr. L. Pierides, Larnaca.]

At the other end of the church, behind the altar, there is a little cavern hewn out of the rock which is shown as the burial place of the saint, whose sarcophagus, it is said, bore an inscription in Hebrew, "Lazarus the four days dead and friend of Christ." Now there is nothing but a sacred picture which the faithful may bend low down to kiss. Nought left save the memories, which have grown up in the course of centuries around this pile of buildings and the name of him *who came back*.

St. Lazarus give aid !

On the *ikon* placed above the tomb the words are written :—"I am the gate : if any enter in by me he shall be saved." First words of hope to lighten the long Lenten penitence that draws so slowly to a close.

In the Saints' Calendar of Cyprus this first joy festival of the Christian Year takes place within an octave of the greater Resurrection. Dark days precede it. On the very eve of Palm Saturday there may be storm of wind and rain. The sea, churned to froth by showers, that have swelled the grain ready for the ripening, is muddy red shorewards and dull by reflection of a lowering sky.

Yet the Day itself dawns fair and even radiant, with invigorating breaths of fresh chill wind. Nature is pregnant with life and promise that to blind eyes the light is given back again, and death is but deeper rest that wakens to the splendid day.

The Church of St. Lazarus is strewn with palm branches : the Archbishop is gorgeous in purple and gold. But the ancient ceremony of the raising of the "four days dead," which was but a survival of the flower fête of Adonis, like its prototype has passed away.

At the miracle play which was yearly enacted within the precincts of church and cloister, a "Lazarus boy," robed in a flower decked shroud, lay on a mattress of spring blossoms covered by a rug. With closed eyes and rigid form he simulated the death sleep, whilst a deacon read to the assembled multitude St. John's narrative of the raising of the friend of Christ.

When the loud cry was heard: "Lazarus come forth!" a priest sprinkled the boy with the holy water of life and he rose slowly and with difficulty from his recumbent posture "bound hand and foot with grave clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin."

So at this season out of dead winter, slowly, painfully, in travail, Spring is reborn.

VI.—THE TEKKE OF UMM HARAM.

Christianity had scarcely smothered paganism out of active existence in Cyprus and become crystallised into a form of tradition and hierarchy acceptable to the people, when a new foe arose in the East, arrayed under the green banner of the Prophet, fanatic and formidable in every sense.

In the meantime politically the island, at the partition of the Roman Empire, had passed under the control of Byzantium and was directly governed by a *Consularis* appointed from Antioch. It had become prosperous and wealthy, therefore worth robbing. When the fierce struggle opened between Cross and Crescent, Moslem Arabs invaded this outlying corner of the Byzantine Empire, which seems more often that not to have been entirely at their mercy. Again and again, for full two

hundred years, Cyprus was a battle-ground: cities were wrecked, their inhabitants killed, outraged and enslaved.

Tradition says the first inrush came in A.D. 632 when Mohammed's immediate successor, the Caliph Abdul Bekr, obtained temporary possession of Kition. The reigning Greek Emperor, Heraclius, appears to have been more concerned at that moment with ecclesiastical squabbles than in affording his Cypriot subjects adequate protection. He was trying to force upon them his own exposition of the Christian Faith, which they, under the presidency of their Archbishop, unanimously refused to accept. Tradition, however, must be at fault, for it was not until 647-9 that the Moslems were able to collect enough ships at Alexandria to invade Cyprus, and it was Moawiyeh with 1,700 sailors who led the attack which the few troops of Constans II. were naturally unable to repel. Only a great naval power can ever give the island security: without a floating bulwark it was, and would again be, the sport of nations.

On this historic occasion Constantia was destroyed before the approach of a large army from Byzantium forced the conquerors to retire to Egypt, but in less than a year they were back again in the island which they pillaged, and Paphos was levelled to the ground.

Amongst the most exalted of Moawiyeh's followers was the Lady *Umm Harám*, wife of Ubada ibn as-Samit, who accompanied her husband for the conquest of Cyprus by permission of the Prophet himself, to whom she was akin. It was the Apostle of God who called her "Honoured Mother," giving her the title by which she is recognised throughout the Moslem world, for the Guardians of Traditions

say no other name of hers is known. It was to her than Mohammed first imparted the inspiration which he received direct from Allah in a dream of "holy wars and forays for the exalting of the Word of God." He had honoured her with a visit to her house and when he rose from deep slumber with a smile upon his lips, she questioned him as to the cause of his joy. He answered her :— . . . "A company of those of my faith will conquer the isles of the seas, and the cities of the coasts thereof, and these of my people will enter into high heaven among those who enter first, without the trial of torment or chastisement."

The Lady *Umm Harám*, sitting at the feet of Mohammed and listening eagerly to his words, prayed that she might be one of that goodly company to go forth and wage a great war in the name of Allah. Then the Prophet answered her request, saying, "Thou shalt be of the first." As will be realised later these words were prophetic and are accounted as a "manifest miracle" of the Apostle of God.

It was the 27th year of the Flight of the Prophet when this dream of conquest and conversion was sent from heaven and the expedition started out of Medina en route for Tripoli in Syria. Accompanied by many soldiers they passed through Damascus and Jerusalem, but before reaching Ramla the Lady *Umm Harám* received hospitality from a Christian monk, who had three enormous stones in his house. This point it is important to remember at a later development in a truly Eastern story.

In due course Tripoli in Syria was reached ; ships and boats were collected and, "circling about the seas," the whole party arrived at Cyprus and landed at a place two hours distant from the town.

of Túzla.¹ They were on the further side of the great salt lake which lay between them and the inhabitants, but other infidels attacked them from the southwest. The Lady *Umm Harám* was set upon a mule and doubtless was trying to make her escape from the battlefield, but the beast stumbled over the spreading roots of a great tree and she was flung violently to the ground. When she was lifted up, it was found that the words of the Prophet had been fulfilled. Her "pellucid neck" was broken and she had "yielded up her victorious soul" to be of the first to enter high heaven without torment or chastisement.

And in that "fragrant spot" they buried her.

On the slender basis of this quaint legend has been built up one of the most enchanting shrines in all Cyprus: of its kind it is a gem. The Tekké² is within easy reach of Larnaka, just a pleasant drive on a sunny afternoon of late spring. For the first three miles the road is dull and uneventful: then scene and colouring arouse interest, for on the left hand is the gorgeous blue green of the sea, and on the right, divided from it only by banks and a narrow way, are the limpid waters of the salt lake, as pellucid as the neck of *Umm Harám*.

That is to say, in the springtime when it reflects in cool translucent depths, as in a mirror, a picture taken from the Land of Dreams. And in the winter even, when snow crowns the hill-tops and the winds are keen and eager. But when the air round Túzla grows hot—oh! strange exotic charm of the East!—the lake is like unto ice. A burning sun shines on a "frozen sea of snowy whiteness," which his rays harden day by day till midsummer finds it a lagoon of alabaster. This can be explained

¹ Turkish name for Larnaca.

² Lit.: alone, a Turkish shrine.

quite scientifically. At least four names of notably learned people can be quoted, who have advanced opinions on the subject of the greatest possible value and no two alike. They have arrived at their conclusions by dint of much study and have scarcely realised that on the borders of the lake and doubtless included in the magic circle is one of those "*îles enchantées ou l'antiquité avait placé la scène de ses cultes les plus poétiques.*"

Right across the lagoon this fairy islet is just caught and kept by the shore behind from drifting away into a misty cloudland where it might more reasonably belong. It is called the "Pasha's Garden" and is beautifully planted with cypress trees and fruit and palms. All the blossoms are there the Turks love : roses and stock and red pomegranate petals ; the great white bell flower that relieves asthma and the other God-given cures of the floral world, which, in this century's hubble bubble, civilisation has whirled up and away to the shelf of things that are forgotten. There is fresh water, pure and sparkling beside salt lake and green sea. How did it come there ? Why, by another miracle of course. Is not all Nature a succession of miracles, and man's many inventions, by comparison, clumsy and rude and commonplace at the best ?

Ringed in by nodding green plumes is the dome of a Moslem Mosque and high above the tallest cypress, a minaret, white and slender against the vast expanse of azure sky.

Ah ! for the wings of a bird to pass swiftly over the water, lest suddenly that enchanted island vanish from the view ! Like the longlegged wading birds who take their flight from Egypt to Syria every year and rest awhile by the shores of the

lake. The martins are here en route and the swifts and the fickle lighthearted swallow : they will all stay till the end of the long hot summer. So will the bee-eater, with gorgeous green feathers, that have borrowed a dash of blue from the sky to mix with the aquamarine of a stormy froth-laden sea. He too is a migrant, but he loves the island, so he calls to his mate and together they build their nest in the Pasha's beautiful garden. When winter brings snow to the Cyprus hills they will all fly away to a sunnier clime. In their stead a cloud of flamingoes will darken the sky : then drop slowly to flaunt their roseate plumage in the pale sunshine that glints the salted, peaceful waters of this wide lagoon.

For wingless pilgrims the way is tedious ; the Tekké lost to sight at times behind a high bank, or at some bend. When reached at length closer acquaintance shows it is, after all, not an islet but part of the low lying landscape of the Great Plain. In direct line is Stavro Vouni ; high, stiff, isolated, like a sentinel on guard, to shelter the Pasha's Garden from the sweep of the westerly wind, that the fragrant resting place of *Umm Harám* be kept serene.

There are two gates, for the sexes may not enter together, and if you are a man you drink coffee and smoke a cigarette with the Turkish *Hodja* in a large square room from which you get a glimpse of distant hills, and which has its entrance in a flower scented court. If you are of the less considered sex, you go upstairs to the ladies who receive you in shuttered twilight with nods and becks and wreathed smiles : visitors are a rare luxury. A divan runs right round but chairs are brought to form a little group. Then a woman arrives with a large

tray and on it delicious jam and glasses of water. You dig out a spoonful of *mosfla*¹ jelly, or of almond paste, and the servant hovers near you (which is embarrassing for a novice) till you are ready to drink. After sipping a little, you put back your glass with a lingering look at the sweetmeat, but the tray moves on : you have had your share. Then everybody talks. You have, of course, come to see the holy tomb and they will send for the keys. They are kept by the wife of the *Hodja* ; it is she who will take you there ; but there is no hurry. So you sit back comfortably, prepared to wait till setting of the sun, or later, but they are all so smiling and kind and in the meantime they tell you the rest of the story, and speak of the miracles of *Umm Harám*.

It seems that the tomb is composed of three monoliths which the infidels say were here even before *Umm Harám* was in the world at all, but what do unbelievers know about it, or her ? These wonderful stones were in the Christian monk's house near Ramla, where she descended on that memorable journey from Medina to Cyprus. She wished to buy them ; but he, out of the depths of his ignorance, thought they never could be moved on account of their enormous size and weight, so he offered them to her as a gift, which she was pleased to accept. "Let them remain by way of trust," she said, "and in due time they will be taken away."

Surely enough that time came immediately after the Honoured Lady's death and burial. On the very night she was laid to rest the great stones moved "by the might of the Lord of the worlds," and they walked through the sea all the way from

¹ Jelly made from an island fruit so called.

Syria and came to this holy place. Then "one of them set itself at her sacred head, one at her holy feet, and the other stone, as though suspended over them rested there by the power of God."

She is one of the greatest of Moslem saints ; an intercessor with Allah for this Isle of Cyprus. Even from far away Damascus the people appeal to her in times of drought that she will implore the Giver of All Good to send the blessed rain. When vessels pass by the shores of Tízla that fly the red banner with Crescent and Star they salute the Tekké and the Pious Woman's Grave.

At this point of the tale some feeling of constraint suddenly impedes its progress, for just now the flag of the Ottoman Empire is not seen in these waters, nor are pilgrims coming from the Threshold of Felicity,¹ but only refugees out of Syria fleeing from the Turks.

The advent of the *Hodja's* wife is opportune and saves the situation. She is small and very gentle, so that the huge jailor keys she carries look absurdly out of place, as they would in the hands of a little child. She unrolls her brown *cherchaf* for the introduction, appearing in pale mauve, and is grave and dignified as becomes one who feels the responsibilities of her high office. Then there is much muffling up to be done by all the ladies who escort the visitors to the *mesjid*² attached to the shrine.

It is a mosque in miniature with a rich carpet on the floor and on one side a holy well. Taking up a flagstone an old woman calls down "Well ? Are you there Well ? and a faint voice of the spirit imprisoned in the depths answers back softly, "Well."

¹ Constantinople.

² Small mosque.

The Prophet's green is the prevailing note of colour everywhere; only the sun, moving westward and sinking, pours its light into windows level with the ground and stains the carpet with patches of rose red.

The shrine leads out of the little mosque and is protected on the outer sides by a kind of portico. There between pillars is a trunk and spreading roots, where the mule stumbled with its precious burden in the din and turmoil of the battle. The tree has been hewn down, but—and a note of horror creeps into the speaker's voice—the man who ordered its felling died within the year. It is dangerous to meddle with a holy tree: such sacrilege is always punished.

The portress in her brown habit has already passed within the precincts. She has paused at the rails of the tomb and, before visitors may pass around it, she kneels to pray, pressing herself close up in her devotion. What does she say to the Honoured Mother? Does she beg her to forgive this profanation by the infidels, who may not be gainsaid? They are in Cyprus all-powerful for the moment by the will of Allah. Praise be unto God, the Lord of the Worlds.

In the centre of a spacious chamber is the tomb: it is large and lofty. Nowhere are the great stones visible: they are merely indicated by the height and length of a structure which is shrouded for infidel and faithful alike by thick curtains of green damask. Perhaps the adoring eyes of the portress and guardian may look behind, but no one else. Impossible to move aside by a hair's breadth that heavy drapery; to gaze, for a brief instant merely, on that gigantic monolith which, suspended betwixt earth and heaven, is said to hang there only by the power of Almighty God.

VII.—MONASTERIES OF THE ELEOUSA.

Roughly speaking the barometrical year of Cyprus may be divided into two unequal portions. During the first and longest the population resides contentedly in the plains, for the cold season in the Mesaoria and by the sea is at its worst but an apology for winter. By May summer is fairly established and if there is a transition stage of any kind it comes in June, when signs of irritability set in with increasing force in human beings as the sun's rays betray their true eastern origin. A general exodus has started by the end of the month and for many weeks there is a perpetual coming and going and movement throughout the island.

The High Commissioner departs from Government House at Nicosia to Government Cottage on Troödos : his staff following in his wake. Officials who can, and wives and children who must, stream up to this central point from all directions and by all roads and means. The mail boats from Egypt bring their quantum of visitors to augment the crowd in search of cool shade and mountain breezes, 6,000 feet above the sea. From Famagusta and Nicosia they come by train to Evrykhou and get a bad impression of a bare and brown baked little island. Then they motor, or drive, up a long winding hill with many sudden twists and turns into the country of bracken and pine, to breathe new life and health into lungs stifled by the dust-laden khamsin.¹

In Pasha Livada, a mile away, the scenery rivals that of Bournemouth, except for the purple heather. Wild thyme grows ; blackberries and hips and haws ripen as they do in the country lanes at home.

¹ The hot wind of Egypt.

It is good fun to eat a picnic lunch by the spring near the Forest Hut; or to ride down the road towards Evrykhon and stop at the Amiandos Mines for what Cypriots call a "rich tea."

The village takes its name from the asbestos¹ which lies along the forest paths in the vicinity of the workings. Wherever blasting operations have taken place it is possible to pick up pieces of the dark green "cotton stone" as it has been so aptly christened in Cyprus. When broken a white fluffy fibre detaches itself that looks as if it might easily be spun into clothes. This is one of the forgotten arts of the classic period. Hats and boots were made of these filaments ages ago and wrappings and shrouds for the illustrious dead. Think what a joy it would be again to have sheets and tablecloths which need not be washed but cleaned instead, to an exquisite whiteness, by fire! In the present time the short fibred asbestos is commercially valuable for many another purpose, but chiefly in the manufacture of tiles.

In 1907 the Mines were conceded to an Austrian Company with rights for 99 years, a contract cancelled by the Great War. Practically, work was carried on only from March till November and in those seven months about 1,200 tons of this curious mineral, either cleaned or in the rough, was exported to Western Europe and Roumania. This industry, now in British hands is run on a far larger scale, boasts the largest aerial railway in the world and employs a large number of villagers. Their fête day falls on the 15th September when crowds invade the hamlet's peace to worship at the rock of Ayia Mama, which enshrines that famous shepherd hermit's soul. And the rock grows miraculously: "has grown a man's height since

¹ Amianthus.

I was a boy " says the oldest peasant there, all unconscious that winter rains wash away the soil every year from the base of the huge mass, at which he gazes with superstitious awe. On this occasion the Bishop of Kition comes up to the Mines from his summer residence, the Monastery of Mesopotamos, which is a dependence of his large diocese and an hotel in the "valley between rivers" for Cypriot Greeks. To this remote spot closed in by a ring of hills come a few of the quieter sort from Larnaca, though the last two miles are by bridle path only, over hill and dale from the fashionable summer resort of the well-to-do at Plâtres.

Plâtres lies three miles below Mount Olympus, on the southern slope of the hills and the drop of 2,000 feet makes a considerable difference in the climate, which is preferably milder as September draws to a close. It is a picturesque little place with small red roofed summer bungalows set on a series of terraces, which form gigantic steps up the mountain side.

Idlers from the plains and Syrian refugees and Egyptians swell the number of visitors at the hotels, eked out by tents. Such a noisy crowd of men, women and naughty children, they are all of them at a loose end with nothing on earth to do or amuse them. In a week they are bored to tears and the adults spend their days and half their nights playing cards, till pieces of pasteboard hearts and clubs lie about the roadside and gulleys, torn up in a pet at ill-fortune. It is a scene of Cyprus modernism; a phase of the twentieth century that is particularly unattractive and uninteresting, but from which, with luck, it is possible to step easily and suddenly into a picture of life at the time of the first crusade.

To be thus transported into the early Middle Ages needs no magic carpet, nor any passes with a conjurer's wand, but only a Cypriot guide, a couple of mules and a little endurance.

The ride of six hours from Plátres, and less from the higher hill station, is varied and beautiful. The way lies sometimes through pine woods, skirting valleys with tiny villages, or descends into them beneath the shade of plane trees and along the dry beds of a mountain torrent, where alders grow. Sometimes the narrow path is hedged in by red barked, broad leaved arbutus, sometimes flanked by low growing vines with clusters of ripe grapes that can be had for the asking, or without if no one is nigh.

Even when the sun shines it is solitary as can be. Now and again a peasant rides to or from some adjacent hamlet on his patient beast : a little child appears from out the bushes and runs along awhile, for company perhaps, begging *grosha*.¹ The shadows lengthen as the sun sinks behind the hills. Suddenly it is dark and very lonely. The moon comes up and throws flickering silver rays on the uncertain track, with deep ravines at hand that night makes unfathomable. At last far away lights twinkle that are more welcome than the stars ! The muleteer presses forward, and abruptly stopping his nasal chant in which there are appeals to Christo, says in a cheerful voice, "Monasteri !"

It is Kykko² the wealthiest, most important and most fascinating of the seventy-five Orthodox Monasteries scattered over Cyprus ; a long, low irregular pile built on a sheltered ledge of a Marathasa Mountain, 4,360 ft. above the sea. In the

¹ Turkish grouch : med : Fr.: gros = copper coin.

² Founded about 1090 A.D.

centre of cloisters and courts and cells is the sacred shrine of "the Golden Lady who is to stay there for ever and ever," the *Eleousa*¹ of Kykko, Our Lady of the Rain.

Around *ikon* and shrine and Monastery have grown up a series of legends; traditions current among the brethren and passed on for many years merely by word of mouth. The first written records and the ordinances of the founder were all lost in a terrible fire caused by a villager scaring away bees in his search for wild honey.

A knowledge of these ancient tales attunes the mind to the mediæval spirit that broods over Kykko as when Greek Emperors ruled at Byzantium; and to scenes which are reproductions of Cyprian life under the Komnenos and the Lusignan kings.

In the reign of Alexis I. the island was governed by Manuel Vutumites, whose habit it was to spend the tropical summers in the hills. This was in the early days of monasticism, when hermits first sought out caves and holes in the ground to practise austerities out of sight and reach of a mocking, uncongenial world. One of these anchorites had fled from persecution to the district of the Marathasa and had established himself in a wooded spot beneath the spreading shelter of two Kokkos² trees.

Thither one day came Vutumites stag hunting: or on a chase of moufflon, wild descendants of the sheep that had been thus transformed by the madness of grief, when their shepherd Saint Mamas was martyred.

Vutumites lost his way in the forest paths and chanced to meet Esaias, the hermit of Mount Kykko who, however, ran off without answering the

¹ Compassionate.

² *Pinus picea*.

questions put to him. The Governor was furious. He pursued the old man, and dismounting from his horse gave him a sound beating for his insolence, and never thought that he would thereby bring upon himself some dire punishment at the hands of an avenging God. Scarcely had he returned to Nicosia when judgment fell upon him: he was sick unto death of an incurable disease. In a flash he remembered his brutality and vowed to fulfil any penance the holy man he had ill-treated saw fit to impose. He sent for the hermit.

Meantime Esaias beneath his Kokkos trees had been honoured by a divine intimation with regard to the *Eleousa*, one of the three portraits of the *Panayia* painted by St. Luke. The wooden panels had been presented by the Angel Gabriel: the Holy Virgin had sanctioned and blessed the work of the inspired artist. Now it had been ordained that the precious *ikon* should be taken from the chapel of the imperial palace at Byzantium, brought to Cyprus and enshrined in a church at Kykko. This was the hermit's divine task, to be effected through the illness of Vutumites and his subsequent contrition.

As can be imagined the mission bristled with difficulties, but Esaias was not to be daunted: moreover, the *Panayia* had promised her help. Together governor and hermit started for Constantinople without, seemingly, any concerted plan of action to be followed on their arrival, but relying upon some miraculous intervention on their behalf. This was long in coming. It was rather a startling request that the pair had to make to a great Emperor, who was busying himself with military expeditions and who certainly would not hand over to them so valuable an *ikon* except by pressure of unusual circumstances.



THE MOSQUE AT LARNACA.



STAVRO VOUNI.

Time passed, and the poor old monk was seized with an intolerable longing for his sylvan retreat beneath the Kokkos trees. He could wait no more, and leaving the whole matter in Vutumites' hands, he retraced his steps to Cyprus taking with him two sacred pictures and sufficient money to build a church, which the Governor had given him. Even when Esaias reached his old haunts, so sorrowful was he at the apparent failure of his quest that he had no heart at first to make a shrine. Then one day

. . . . "he heard
The sudden singing of a bird,
A show-white bird, that from a cloud
Dropped down,
And among the branches brown
Sat singing
So sweet, and clear, and loud,
It seemed a thousand harp-strings ringing."

The hermit gained hope and courage from the song. It was a chant of the Royal Monastery that he would found upon that mountain and of the Fair Maid Who would enter its gates and remain within them for ever and ever, so long as the world should last.

He began to build the church.

Meanwhile in Constantinople the psychological moment had also arrived for Vutumites. The Emperor's daughter fell ill of the same mysterious disease by which he had been attacked in Cyprus. He hastened to tell Alexis that only by the gift to Kykko of the *Eleousa* could his beloved child be cured. The grief-stricken father gave his consent, but no sooner was the young Princess restored to her accustomed health than he deeply regretted his promise. He ordered an exact copy to be made of the sacred *ikon* and tried to palm it off as the original. The sin and folly of it! Of course he was stricken down with the same malady. When, in

addition, the Virgin appeared to him in a dream, her righteous indignation so terrified the Emperor that he ordered a State galley to be prepared forthwith for the transport of the picture. He sent handsome gifts as well, and gave the income of three Cypriot villages to Kykko as a dower for the Fair Maid. Thus was the Monastery declared to be royal and independent of all the bishops in the island.

The triumphal journey of the *Eleousa* was one long succession of miracles: even the trees along the line of route bowed themselves to the earth when She was borne to her mountain home. She never leaves it save by her own concurrence, or desire. On one occasion the monks thought to place their treasure in some shrine more accessible to pilgrims. The *ikon* was immovable and the displeasure of the *Panayia* evidenced by such a terrific storm that they speedily abandoned the attempt.

It is only in times of peril and need that the *Eleousa* has gone out from her sanctuary: when fires destroyed monastery and church, when the dreaded Turks came over the hills hot foot in search of plunder; when her people have besought her to intercede for them and send the blessed rain.

Even the fanatical Moslems have been thankful for her intervention, so awful are the consequences to Cyprus of a prolonged drought. At one such period of grave anxiety the Turkish Governor sent for the Abbot of Kykko.

"I hear, O Monk," said he, "that thou deceivest the people with a certain picture that thou hast. Know thou that, if within the next few days it does not rain, I will burn thy picture upon thy head, and afterwards put thee to death."

The trembling Abbot returned to the mountains and day after day the sacred *ikon* was carried in

procession to the highest points and deep down into the Valley of the Marathasa. Yet there was no sign of rain. Monks and people were oppressed with fears. They gazed afar from the hill-tops over the leafless, dying vegetation to the island's sunburnt edges kissed by the salt waters of a purple glowing sea. The heavens were all blue and golden. In an agony of supplication the Abbot flung himself before the *Eleousa* and She had compassion. There came up in the sky a little cloud "no bigger than a man's hand" that presently covered it and over all Cyprus there fell rain.

The more usual course of events is not quite so sudden. When the cranes have signalled the passing of summer by their own noisy departure overhead, the clouds begin to gather and disperse again and again, for perhaps a fortnight and more of expectation, ere the first eagerly awaited showers fall. It is just before this may happen that a great Festival and Fair are held at Kykko on the Nativity of "the Most Holy Mother of God,"¹ Our Lady of the Rain."

All the mountain side is thronged with pilgrims: It is dotted with single figures or little groups of Cypriot Greek peasants in holiday garb. There are encampments with gipsy fires where for days they all live, sleep and eat beneath the distant roof of the blue sky. On the wide ledge where the monastery stands are rows upon rows of weary beasts, that have brought men and women and children and merchandize up the hilly slopes from Limassol and Larnaca and Paphos: and from the nearest villages of Kalopanayiotis, Yerakias and Pedoulas.

¹ 8th Sept. O.S., 21st Sept. N.S.

Outside the main entrance, leaving ample passageway between, to right and left picture to yourself chattering peasants behind a curving line of wide mouthed sacks. They are filled with grain, winter pears, peaches, almonds; and there are trays of *zoujuki*, a blackish rootlike sweetmeat made of grapejuice stuffed with nuts.

Further along this mountain shelf, kitchens have been improvised; and cafés, with poles roofed by boughs of withered leaves, where you are served with tiny cups of *mocha*,¹ *loukoums*² and *loukmades*.³ You can see the cakes being made across the way by a couple of cooks rolling out paste; popping lumps of it into boiling fat and ladling out the golden drops, light as a featherweight. Or would you rather have a kind of pancake rolled round sweet syrup, or honey, dribbling out stickily on your fingers and clothes? You pay your piastre and you take your choice.

Within the portals, where a crowd pours in and out all through the day, the short black velvet coats that the men wear, on such occasions as this, are being sold for anything up to 15s. each. The price depends on the gay coloured embroidery round the edges and where the lacing at the back adapts the jacket to the width of any wearer's back; widening from the top downwards. On the tiny pocket the year is marked when it was worked and the coat may last for a decade or more with care.

The whole courtyard is turned into a bazaar for silks and cottons, *mandilyia*, gaudily striped towels and bedspreads; and in one corner *mouhalabi* is sold and eaten in saucers at a great rate. It looks so tempting; a sort of blancmange made of pounded rice flavoured with essence of orange.

¹ Coffee.

² Sweetmeat.

³ Drop cakes.

flowers and sweetened with sifted sugar : a harmony in cream and white.

There is so much colour and contrast, movement and life. Here, a young mother making a cot for her babe out of a *stratouri*¹ and a scarlet cover : there, a woman in purple skirt and green jacket arm in arm with another in sheeny bronze : little acolytes like points of exclamation in black ink, gaze eager eyed, and monks in purple cassocks under their ample robes move from group to group of the shifting crowd.

Day after day from the 15th to the 20th people keep coming, and coming and coming.

The quality arrive and are lodged in rooms on the upper floor of the cloisters facing the long low building where the monks have their cells. There are parlours for the guests (with a bed or two) and above each one stairs lead to a doorless attic where five or six of a party may be accommodated, and all mess together in the room below. There are plates and glasses and knives in the cupboard and drinking water in three large earthen jars on shelves behind the enormous wooden door.

The monks are very hospitable at Kykko. There is more than enough to eat : omelets and kidneys and stews ; little loaves of bread and *haloumi* :² quantities of grapes. For the highly favoured few who visit the Abbot in his parlour tiny cups of coffee are served and glasses of the famous Kykko *masticha*, that is a warm red colour, or amethyst, or amber.

A scandalous tale is told by a visitor to the Monastery, who liked the *masticha* so much that the Abbot presented him with a bottle to take on

¹ Cypriot mule saddle.

² Cyprus cheese made of goat's milk.

his journey. Unluckily it broke and the ingrate declares that a hole was burnt in his leather port-manteau.

At noon and after vespers, when the evening meal is set, the lay servers are running to and from the dark antiquated kitchens where food is prepared and cooked for two hundred people within the walls. Without, there are perhaps four thousand, and when evening falls many seek shelter beneath the monastery roof. Then the corridors and wide landings are packed close with sleeping forms covered by *paplomas*.¹ It is quite amusing to pick your way among them—slowly and carefully to avoid tumbling over toes—and count the weary heads on the long rows of pillows.

Despite the sleepers, all the day and night there is a stir and the perpetual hum and close heavy air of a great hive of human beings. The noise is at times high pitched through some special excitement; sometimes a buzz, dropping into a low murmur, but always and for ever it is present, rising and falling like the sound of the restless sea.

In the moonlight a man's voice trolls out a Cypriot Love Song to the *santouri* which lies across his knees, and the notes of his full-toned harp float out sweetly breaking in upon the troubled air.

Would'st know how it was the world heard of our love
 My rose? Since when
 Fathoms deep in the earth I have striven
 To hide thee, far
 Away from its ken.

When first my lips kissed thy warm beauty, the pale
 Moon veil'd her light.
 None were nigh to behold thee: ne'er a star
 Lit up heaven
 So dark was the night.

¹ Quilt, counterpane.

Yet 'twas the night that betrayed us ; 'twas she
Spoke to the dawn :
And a cloudlet caught up her soft whisper ;
Breath'd it again
Before it was morn.

Down on the stream it fell, sent like a flash through
The blue ether :
Was carried on the clear current, rippling
Over the stones
Unto the river.

And the river bore it more rapidly still
Away from land
Where the playful waves tost and tumbled it
On to an oar.
By the pebbly strand.

A sailor lifted the oar and he listened.
To its long sweep.
Slowly our story unfolded ; softly
Crept up to him
A song from the deep.

He sprang on his ship and he sang it, mast high !
By his voice hurld
Forth, t'was chanted o'er river and mountains
That echoed it
Throughout all the world.

Throw him a few *paras* and pass on, for in the group around some dying embers a story teller has just begun a Legend of Kykko. Listen !

" On the Mount of Kykko is a Monastery and in it there is a Golden Lady who will stay for ever and ever. Inside its courts the monks have built a church with much labour, and one day—it was Easter Sunday—a great big candle was sent to the Virgin from over the sea. That candle came from Venice—or perhaps it was from England—and it was brought by five laymen and five monks.

" Well ! they took the candle and put it in the Monastery and they tried to stand it on end, but they could'nt make it keep upright. Then they tried to light it and it would'nt light, so they leant it up against a corner of the wall.

"Now there was a little boy, an acolyte, whose mother had given him to the Holy Virgin to be Her slave. One night, when he was asleep, he had a dream. Our Lady was bending over him and she said: 'Wake up, little boy, wake up! Fear nothing, my child, but run and tell your Abbot to do as I say. The candle that has been sent to Me must not be lit: if it is all the Monastery, and the cells and the monks will be burned. Instead, the wax is to be melted and out of it tapers made, thick and thin. Not one is to be kept in the church but all of them must be sold in the villages.'

"The boy woke up and though he was still stupid with sleep he ran at once to the Abbot and called out to him: 'All-Holiness, awake! Our Lady has come to me in a dream. Don't light the candle, but melt the wax and have as many tapers made, thick ones and thin ones, as you can and sell every one of them in the villages. The man who sent the candle was a Jew, but all the men who brought it have been baptized.'

"Then said the Abbot: 'Who has sent the candle let him be accursed; but those who have brought it, let them be blessed.' And he did as he had been commanded.

"The candle was taken out of the Monastery by five laymen and five monks. They laid it down like a log and began to saw it, as they would a tree, and inside they found nine *okes*¹ of bullets and powder and shells! Then they melted down the wax and made thick and thin tapers of it and the monks went out to all the villages selling them. They left nothing of that candle in the church.

"Whoever tells this story will be happy; whoever talks about it will be a saint; and whoever wants

¹ 1 oke = 2½ lbs. avoirdupois.

to repeat it over and over again will have a very long life."

Thus with song and story the early watches of the night pass swiftly and just when the heaviness of sleep begins to close eyelids and relax tired limbs the beautiful bells of Kykko, sent from Holy Russia, burst out into a carillon and announce the hour of the great Festival is at hand.

Then what a noise; what an uprising; what confusion! Figures hurry down from the hillocks; stray sleepers toss off quilts and coverings to stumble along corridors and down the different flights of uneven stairs, groping their way in the darkness.

They pour into the church.

A blaze of light blinds them from great hanging lustres where wax tapers burn; from enormous votive candles; from the polished silver altar lamps that reflect in a shining mirror the painted glory of the *ikonostasis* that so completely shuts away the solemn ritual behind the Holy Doors.

The monks have been keeping vigil all the night. They chant the office with nasal intonations, standing in a wide line across the centre aisle, halfway down the church. A few guests are in the carved wood stalls, on either hand, between them and the priests: beyond, on every side a densely packed, picturesque, awe-stricken crowd.

The air is heavy with human breath, mingled with vapoury sweetness as the acolytes pass round, swinging their censers rhythmically to and fro. The drapery of the Holy Doors is lifted. They are opened and a figure in gold and the scarlet of pomegranate flowers stands revealed. An *ikon* come to life; dark eyed, olive skinned, black bearded as are the pictured saints, in the gorgeous festal

vestments of an Abbot of the Holy Orthodox Eastern Church..

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Without, the dawn is breaking: within, wax tapers are burning dim. Daylight shames the artificial glory: then comes the sun.

The crowd surges towards the great screen of sacred pictures to kiss them: to press fervent lips on the corner of the most precious and bend in lowly, humblest obeisance before Our Golden Lady of the Rain.

The *Eleousa* of St. Luke is completely covered. On this, Her portrait, no mortal eye has rested for full three hundred years. Only one end of the gold embroidered veil is buckled back to show gilded draperies and the tiny foot of the Holy Child..

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When the flame of faith has been rekindled at Kykko, by God's grace, and burns brightest, a fitting opportunity is given to pious hearts and minds to rid them of the burden of their past offences. The way of salvation lies over the hills and through avenues of pine and cedar where, on this day of praise and prayer, the twilight of the woodlands seems "like the truce of God with worldly woe and care." Beside the famous mountain of Rhoïa is the Monastery Chrysorroïatissa. There is cherished another picture of the *Eleousa* the Compassionate, painted by St. Luke. To kiss this *ikon* also on the Feast of the Nativity of Our Charitable Lady shall surely win God's clemency for many a dark and heavy sin.

The picture has its story.

In the year of Our Lord 1152, when Eusebius Manuel Komnenos was King, there was a certain hermit, named Ignatius, who clothed himself like a monk and led a holy life on the Mountain of Rhoïa, in the district of Paphos. From his lofty dwelling, he looked over an undulating land, green clad and bounded on the north by the blue waters of Morphou Bay and Khrysokhou. Below him was the sound of running water, clear and cool as crystal even when the summer sun shone hot.

It happened on a night in August, when the hermit was spent with fasting and prayer, for the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, that, beneath a pine tree's shelter, he saw a great light afar off, southward, near the sea. It seemed to beckon him, and he rose as in a dream, and made all haste to reach the coast. He came at length to a landing stage for boats at Moulia, near Paphos, and there, to his amazement, found that an *ikon* had been washed ashore.

At that time a wave of iconoclasm had just swept over the outside world and a heretic woman had stolen the *Eleousa*. She flung it far out to sea, thinking to destroy it, but the *ikon* floated on till it reached the shores of Cyprus, where faith survived.

Still dreaming, Ignatius bent and reverently kissed the holy picture. Then lifting it shoulder high he carried it away to his mountain home. At dawn a great fear seized the monk, who could not see his treasure, when he first awakened from his trance; nor did he know where it might be. Had it, after all, been a mere fancy born of his dreaming in the silent watches of the night? Whilst he yet wondered, he heard a Voice calling to him that bade him be of good cheer. It guided

Ignatius to the place where he had laid the *Eleousa* and commanded him what he should do.

There were other hermits, dwelling on a neighbouring mountain called Kramasti. Who, when they heard of this marvellous thing, came to Rhoïa and made obeisance before the *ikon* of the Mother of God. And having consulted together, they built a church in which they placed the picture and dedicated this shrine to Our Charitable Lady of Rhoïa, "reigning Princess" and "Glory of the Orthodox."

One day it befell that a certain woman, a heretic, who desired to injure the *ikon*, pushed her way insolently into the church. When lo ! her entrance was barred by a sword wielded by an invisible hand, so that she could not cross the threshold. Trembling the woman confessed her sin, was pardoned and became an Orthodox believer.

By one miracle and another the fame of the sacred picture was spread abroad. Of the servants of the Virgin who had recourse to "the holy springs" of her compassion, none sought help in vain.

A poor captive at Paphos, who had been forced to deny Christ, was taken up out of prison and carried to Xylofagus, where a boat awaited his coming and he sailed away to safety.

The eyes of a blind woman were opened so that she saw again the glory and the glow of this beautiful world.

Some Cypriot Bishops in danger of shipwreck, flung on the surging waters some earth from Chrysorroïatissa and immediately the storm abated.

Another Bishop, Meletios of Larnaka, was arrested at Constantinople by the Admiral, but Our Blessed Lady intervened to save him. He

composed in Her honor: prayer of thanksgiving, which is the Liturgy.

Yet, in spite of the Divine Protectress, the Monastery underwent great vicissitudes of fortune. It was pillaged; valuable documents were lost or destroyed; the buildings even fell nearly into ruins; only the Holy *Ikon*, by a miracle, survived unharmed. Like the Virgin of Kykko, the painting is entirely covered with silver gilt and has also its tiny door which is opened on Feast Days that the kisses of the faithful may be pressed on the sacred work below of the Apostle Luke.

In the beginning of the 19th century, the well known artist John Cornaro, called John the Cretan, copied the picture and set around it miniatures of its history and the miraculous events which had enhanced its fame. The last of these portrays the vision of *Hadji*¹ Georghaki, Registrar of Cyprus, who had suffered grievously at the hands of the unfaithful, but had been sustained and consoled throughout his trials by the Mother of God. "In everlasting remembrance" the Registrar bestowed on the Monastery the gift of an antique silver Cross, incised with the Ten Stations. It was in 1801, when Joakeim (who caused John the Cretan to copy the Holy *Ikon*) was Abbot of this place. Some say the Cross belonged originally to the ancient church of Stavros in the deepest solitude of the woodlands, where only a little wayside shrine now marks the site.

Chrysorroiatissa possesses also a jewelled chalice and crown, and a beautiful Good Friday picture of the Burial of Christ, worked in faintly tinted silks and unveiled for the pleasure and praise of the passing stranger. There are ancient Easter

¹ Pilgrim to the Holy Shrine.

vestments that have Raphaelesque faces of cherubim nearly covering the satin ground of pale blue. These are now worn when the sweet springtime of Cyprus is in its full glory. All the mountain ledge where the Monastery stands is dazzling in the sunshine ; white is the cliff, Panayia, as are the blanching blossoms of the *prunelle*,¹ which the cool breezes of evening spread about the fragrant earth.

VIII.—THE ENKLEISTRA.

In the year 1134 when Cyprus was still a fragment of the Byzantine Empire, "beneath an oak" near Levkara, a child was born, destined to grow up with rather original ideas unlike those of his more normal associates in a Cypriot village. This was naturally a great trial to his parents, who were quite ordinary mortals and would have preferred a replica of themselves with the faults left out.

Even in his early boyhood Neophytus seems to have been given up to much thinking ; to reflections on life and its insoluble problems ; and to have decided thus early that the more usual conditions of existence, such as he had seemingly been born to, were most unsatisfactory and not for him. When his parents insisted on his betrothal at eighteen, matters came to a climax. He fled.

The future hermit of the Enkleistra ran away to a Monastery on Kutzuventi, the highest mountain on the Kyrenia range. He chose it deliberately as being the most inaccessible religious retreat in all Cyprus, furthest from his well-meaning but unsympathetic family. Amongst life's tragedies,

¹ Plum tree.

those arising from the complete failure to understand another's soul, though greatly loving and near akin, are by no means the least. It was so with these poor peasants, for the anxious and unhappy parents sought their boy for months and, having found him, took him again into their uncongenial home. Marry, however, he would not, and at last they realised they could not bend him to their way of thinking. Reluctantly enough they let him go back to the Monastery of St. John Chrysostom to live and labour as a monk beneath the shadow of an ancient fortress Buffavento, better known to Cypriots as "The Palace of the Queen."

It had been built, says tradition, by a royal lady who was disfigured by some form of leprosy. In this eagle's nest of stone she could live out an afflicted life, herself unseen, whilst from that lofty peak she looked down over nearly all the little world of Cyprus lying three thousand feet below.

Then a strange thing happened! A little dog, the companion of her solitude, caught the dread disease from his mistress; yet, as the days went by, was slowly but surely cured of it. Guided by the instinct, which reason has nearly driven out of man, the animal had found a mineral spring on the mountain side and bathed in it. Those precious waters also healed the Queen. In her gratitude she raised a monastery to the glory of God and that of St. John Chrysostom, and lives in monkish legend by the name Mary of Molino and in portraiture humbly kneeling before the Queen of Heaven. It is said too that she ruled over Cyprus, and that the regalia, the island's crown and two sceptres, were once kept in marble cases in the church, till a Turkish Pasha heard of them and carried them away.

It was in this monastery that Neophytus took sanctuary, working in its vineyards, and it was within its dusky walls that he, a future historian of Cyprus, first learned to read the Psalter and to write. Monotonous as must have been his daily toil and desolate that mountain top, he was not yet content. He pined always for more complete isolation from his fellow men. He sought it, again unsuccessfully, in the outlying desert places of the Holy Land, when he paid a six months' visit to Christ's country. Then in obedience to a vision he returned to Cyprus and landed at the little port of Paphos. Aimless and undecided he was one day loitering near the landing stage and docks with a half formed idea in his mind of sailing away again from his native land, when the guard arrested him in mistake for a fugitive slave and threw him into gaol. This solitude, without liberty, was not to his liking, but luckily for Neophytus good friends interested themselves to obtain his release. Not, however, before his captors had robbed him of his money. Leave Cyprus then he could not : to remain in the island was his destiny.

Alone and penniless, he wandered to Kouklia searching for some cave so desolate that he would be for ever undisturbed. At length a pitying heaven came to his aid and sent a star—a bright star in the East—to guide him. It led him back past Paphos and along a road that cuts through the modern village of Ktema and passes where the tiny hamlet of Emba, with its chiftliqs¹ now marks the way. Then ensues hilly country, which rises gradually in a land of white limestone. By day an azure sky paled as it mingled with the sea's intenser vividness. Enchanting glimpses of rippling

¹ Farms.

waves broke through cleft rocks upon the wanderer's vision, for the "warm blue June was spread upon the earth, Blue summer overhead, without a cloud to fleck its radiant glare, Without a breath to stir the sultry air."

On and on went the would-be hermit till, about nine miles from Paphos, he reached some giant crags that in January, his fête month, are whiter and even more deathly still beneath a quilt of snow than in the long days of summer. As this melts, a cool cascade falls leaping and gurgling to flow into a narrow straight ravine, shut in on three sides closely by the hills. Against their greyish whiteness innumerable trees, crowded together, fling in verdant profusion their olive, emerald and myrtle hues, vying triumphantly with the everchanging colours of the sea that bands them in like a wide ribbon at the foot of that long fertile, sleepy hollow. For the whilom woodman and vine grower of St. John Chrysostom the valley was replete with fascination. On midsummer night, the Feast of Prodromos,¹ his guiding star shone brightly above the south-east corner. He halted beneath it at the Mountain of the Bees.²

Here surely was the peace he sought, untroubled by the presence of his fellowmen. Who else but he would wish to come to this forgotten valley? His footfalls only resounded on the limestone rocks of the silent hills. To his questioning call no answer came, save the echo of his own clear spoken challenge to the crags. He was alone!

"The notes of the living things that do not sleep by night but make music by reedy pools, in under-wood, among the blades of grass and along the banks of streams were audible." There was the

¹ St. John the Forerunner.

² Melissovouson.

sound of clear running water. When the dawn broke and the sun rose, the low cooing of wood pigeons and the songs of all the migrant birds, winging their flight to the peaks of Caramania, fell on his listening ears. Nought else! Alone with Nature, where he might ponder in solitude upon the eternal mysteries, whilst the waving leafy boughs "whispered their benedicites."

For six months Neophytus lived in that cave from out which honey streamed. Then he strayed westward to found the monastery farm, Stefani. He planted a sacred root he had brought with him from Jordan, the aromatic leaves of which are burnt¹ to this day in the swinging censers of the acolytes. But soon he went back to the valley, and within the towering rock, which immediately faces Melissovouson, he hewed for himself a hermitage.

The outward limits of the Enkleistra lie along a ridge reached by a long flight of steps. The original cavern was divided into three distinct parts.

First, to the extreme left is a tiny church of the Holy Cross with sacred pictures painted closely together pell mell on its rocky, uneven sides. A row of seated, severely conventional Apostles fills the entire length; Abraham entertaining the Angels, a remote corner; the Last Supper, with Judas leaning across the table, his hands in the dish, is limned where the light strays in upon it through the open doorway.

The Sanctuary too has fragments of forms and colour not yet peeled off its sides, and beyond the Holy Place is the hermit's own little cell, with a painting of himself at prayer. Quaint and comfortless it is as when he dwelt there using a low stone block for a table and another as a seat, beside the

¹ Kapnisma ayion.

tomb he had prepared in a recess, against that day when Death would surely be his visitor. There is a cupboard, too, where are now kept gruesome relics ; skulls and bones of the saint's disciples. For despite his efforts, he was not permitted to live out his life in the strict seclusion he so earnestly desired.

The fame of the hermit had somehow gone abroad and had reached the ears of the newly elected Bishop of Paphos, Basil Kinnamos, who would ordain this holy monk a priest and send him companions in his solitude. Then pilgrims came in ever growing numbers till at last St. Neophytus again made a bid for seclusion ; a bold attempt to rid himself of the unwelcome multitude that crowded to his cell.

Old though he was, not far short of three score years and ten, he began to hollow out another cavern higher up the cliff. The work was dangerous : great stones came rolling down and the Devil nearly killed the saint with a rock which, fortunately, was stayed by his monastic habit so that he escaped death though his hand was crushed. The Brethren of that Community which he, all unwisely, had founded, prayed him to desist, but he would not till his work was done. On midsummer day 1199, Feast of Prodomos the hermit triumphantly dedicated his new cell to St. John the Forerunner, whose life he strove to emulate.

The second Enkleistra was extremely difficult of access. It was hewn out, through God's grace, above the chapel of the Holy Cross, with which it communicated by a small hole in the roof. Thus the saint might take part unseen in the services, hidden away in his eyrie, to which he climbed by means of a ladder that he drew up after him.

There he dwelt alone for fifteen years and more, occasionally descending to teach the secrets of virtue to his disciples.

Came a day at length when the rigid austerities the hermit practised made life's lamp to flicker dimly. Ere yet "the flame of the soul had been blown out," he tried to ensure for his dead body that eternal peace for which he had so vainly striven all the days of its existence. In death, as in life, he craved to be entirely forgotten by his fellow men. The Brethren were charged not only to hide him away in the tomb he had prepared, but even to paint an *ikon* to conceal the opening that none might guess his body lay beneath that sacred picture.

The centuries passed by; five of them in their long succession, and to all appearances it would seem he had indeed achieved his strange unusual ambition. Terrible vicissitudes befell the Monastery and the Brethren fled. During the Turkish Occupation the Caramanians invaded that solitary valley, and though Kuchuk Mehmed Pasha drove them out of Cyprus he and his followers did even more hurt in their quest of spoil. It is said, he had the Abbot Joachim dragged from his hiding place at Phoni, rubbed with honey and impaled to be tortured by the bees. The Moslems put out the eyes of the ikons in the Chapel of the Holy Cross, and raging fires blackened for all time the roof of a cave consecrated to Prodomos with paintings by the Saint Neophytus himself, which lies beyond his first cell and tomb. Though his grave happily escaped the prying eyes and sacrilegious hands of Turks and Caramanians it was futile to have hoped it would be for ever undisturbed. For a tradition lingered in men's minds, which still persists, that a

valuable treasure had been buried within the precincts of the Enkleistra.

It happens that, between the cave the Moslems fired and the Hermit's first cell, there is a wide stretch of rock in which the arch of a door is indicated by plaster moulding and left incomplete on all its right hand side. This unfinished entrance arouses curiosity. Besides, if the inside walls of the caves are tapped, so hollow are the sounds emitted that a secret walled up chamber immediately suggests itself to the imaginative mind.

With some such notion in his head, on the night of the 28th September, 1750, one of the Brotherhood stole quietly away to the Enkleistra and began to work with hammer and chisel at the masonry by the Saint's tomb. He could not force up the heavy covering stone, so tried to break it, when suddenly an unseen hand struck him senseless to the ground.

At dawn the would-be thief recovered consciousness, but stricken with remorse and terrified he sought the Abbot, to whom he made full confession of his sin. His Superior went with him to the scene of his recent labours and discovered the wooden coffin containing the forgotten body of the saint.

No taint of death had come nigh unto it. The grave clothes, he had himself woven fell to pieces and the chain girdle that he wore had rusted; but all his body was a glory and the flesh as though he lived. It seemed as if not Death, but Death's brother, Sleep, only a few hours since, had gently closed those tired eyes from which the light had fled five centuries before.

Here revealed was the hidden treasure, the pride of the Enkleistra, held by the grave.

Then, since it had been decreed that his wishes were as nought compared with the irrevocable Will, the monks lifted the Saint out of the resting place himself had chosen and laid him in the new great church, on the adjoining hillside, that had been erected in his honour. Never to be forgotten ! His body lives on in men's memories and miraculously cures their ills. Perchance it has been granted to his spirit to attain that perfect peace his soul so greatly craved and which passeth all understanding.

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Neophytus, peace lover and hermit, had lived through one of the most troubled and stirring periods of the island's history. Seated in his rock cell beside the stone slab, which served him as table he indited to some unknown "beloved spiritual son" a lengthy epistle "Concerning the Misfortunes of Cyprus."

For full two hundred years, under the rule of Byzantine Katapans or Governors, the Cypriots had enjoyed a wonderful immunity from war. In 1184, however, when Neophytus was just fifty, a great nephew of the Emperor Manuel I. appeared in the island with forged Imperial letters and proclaimed himself Despot. This he was in very deed and truth, so that the people groaned under his savage oppression. To quote our hermit chronicler: "Jerusalem having fallen under the rule of the godless Saladin and Cyprus under that of Isaac Komnenos, fights thenceforth and wars, tumult and turbulence, plunder and dread events covered the land in which these men ruled."

This deplorable state of things lasted for seven years and paved the way for the conquest of the island by Richard I., a curious turn in the affairs of men "which affected the whole future relations of the East and West with one another."

In April, 1191, the King of England, bent solely on rescuing the Holy Sepulchre from Saladin, was proceeding to Acre with all sail set when stress of weather forced him to put into Crete. A few of his ships were driven by wind and wave to Cyprus and among them a galliot, having on board Joanna, the widowed Queen of Sicily, and Berengaria of Navarre, betrothed to Richard. Three of the vessels were wrecked off the coast and Isaac distinguished himself by plundering them. He then robbed and took prisoner the survivors who had succeeded in reaching his inhospitable shores. Although the Despot had married a sister of Joanna's dead husband, such a ruffianly cur was he that the royal ladies feared his proffered assistance more than the tempest and stayed on board their ship at anchor in the harbour of Amathus, known in the 12th century as Limassol.

Meantime Richard had crossed from Crete to Rhodes and was driven by a second hurricane into that same Gulf of Satalia, whose stormy waters St. Helena had been able to subdue by throwing into them the Holy Nail. He arrived at Amathus on the 6th May to find his betrothed's ship threatened by four hostile galleys. Isaac, having failed to cajole the two defenceless women into landing had determined to possess himself of them by force.

Cœur de Lion to the rescue! "To arms and follow me!" quoth the King.

The Despot's army lined the shore but could not withstand the rush, the furious onslaught of the

English, whose arrows fell thick and fast on them like hail. They fled precipitately. Limassol was taken and despoiled. Isaac tried to rally his demoralised Cypriot levies (that loved him little) and boasted grandly of defeating the English king next day. Richard, however, did not await its dawning. He surprised the Despot's encampment in the night time and forced his enemy to fly naked under cover of the darkness to the mountains, accompanied only by a few attendants. All Isaac's horses, tents, armour and treasures fell into the hands of the English, including the Imperial standard wrought in gold, which Cœur de Lion subsequently presented to the shrine of St. Edmund the Martyr at Bury.

Conqueror and conquered met by arrangement of the Master of the Hospitallers "in a very large plain between the sea and the highway, close by the city of Limassol," where a peace was concluded between them. Isaac agreed to accept the English king as his suzerain and put all his fortresses in Richard's hands as a pledge of his fidelity. But he was too dishonest to keep any treaty and seizing a favourable opportunity, fled again; this time to Famagusta, whither Richard followed him hot foot. A third battle completed the English king's conquest of the island within a fortnight of sighting it, and, as Neophytus wrote in his letter, "forthwith all ran unto him."

There followed great rejoicings, fêtes and banquetings in honour of Victory and its hero Cœur de Lion, "triumphant in love as well as in war." Nature too was radiant and smiling for it all happened in the month of roses, which in Cyprus falls in May.

On Sunday the 12th, Feast of St. Pancras, Richard and Berengaria were wedded, in the chapel (says

tradition) of a fortress seven miles from old Limassol, now in the centre and the prison of the new town. On the same day, Richard, who "was glorious on this happy occasion," caused his wife to be crowned Queen of the English by John, Bishop of Evreux. It must have been a great and splendid show for "Bishop and abbot and prior were there, Many a knight and many a squire In sooth a goodly company."

Meanwhile Isaac had fled to the very tip of the Bull's Tail, where he hid in a fortified abbey built on the site of the ancient temple of Aphrodite *Acrasia*. Finding himself abandoned by all his people he surrendered to Richard, who eventually carried him off to Acre and there handed over his enemy to the Hospitallers. According to tradition, the Knights kept him confined in their castle at Margab until death released their captive from the silver chains, with which he had been fettered by the English King.

The defeated Despot had left a daughter in the stronghold of Kyrenia. Richard placed her in his wife's care, and she also left Cyprus for Acre with the two Queens on the 1st of June.

On Wednesday in Whitsun week Richard sailed away with all his galleys, leaving his newly acquired kingdom in charge of Richard of Camville and Robert of Tornham.

The fleet had scarcely vanished out of sight when the Cypriots who had apathetically awaited the departure of the English King, woke to the fact that this had by no means delivered them from a foreign yoke, as they had confidently expected. They rose immediately in open revolt and proclaimed as Emperor a monk, who was distantly related to Isaac.

One of Richard's lieutenants had already fallen sick and left the island : the other, Robert of Tornham was called upon to quell the insurrection single handed. He was quite successful and the Pretender was hanged ; but when Cœur de Lion received the news in Palestine, he began to think his new acquisition might prove somewhat of the nature of a white elephant. He could ill spare troops from Syria to hold the island satisfactorily against future possible insurgents. Moreover, he needed money to carry on his war with the Saracens. He offered Cyprus to the Templars for a consideration !

Oh ! crowning horror for a pious Greek anchorite cooped up in his narrow cell ; heavy hearted at the misery of Cyprus ! That such dire misfortune had enwrapped this little island, as with a cloud shutting out the warmth and brightness of the sun, could only be due to the wrath of the Most High. "Ye have walked contrary unto Me, saith God, and I will walk contrary unto you also in fury."

Perchance his soul was bowed down with a prevision of the coming struggle between the two great Communions of the East and of the West. All the bitterness of fanaticism and the hatred of a rival church which welled up within him poured forth from his envenomed pen against the English King.

"The wicked wretch achieved nought against his fellow wretch Saladin, but achieved this only, that he sold our country to the Latins for two hundred thousand pounds of gold."

Ayios Neophytus ! Of a truth, "The grave holds thee, but thy body only." Peace be unto thee !

THE BOOK OF STONES.

PART II.

FRANKISH STONES.

"Les monuments fixent et conservent, en effet, le tableau mouvant de l'histoire comme la photographie enregistre les choses qui passent."

Enlart.

9. KOLOSSI, (12th century).
10. THE ARMS OF THE LUSIGNANS, (12th-15th century).
11. BELLE ABBAYE, (12th-14th century).
12. THE BROKEN STONE WHEEL, (13th century).
13. VANISHED PALACES, (13th-20th century).
14. THE HUB OF THE WHEEL, (13th-20th century).
15. "FAMAGUSTA SEAT OF KINGS," (14th century).
16. CHAIN AND PADLOCK, (probably 12th-15th century).
17. THE PALACE OF THE QUEEN, (15th century).
18. OTHELLO'S TOWER, (15th century).
19. WALLS AND GATES, (16th century).

FRANKISH STONES.

IX.—KOLOSSI.

The sovereignty of the Knights Templars proved a disastrous failure. Notoriously arrogant and cruel in their methods, their unwilling, restive subjects were soon plotting a wholesale massacre of the worst rulers they had yet suffered. Consequently, within a twelvemonth the Knights implored Richard to buy back the troublesome little realm he had so lately sold to them. The English King consented, but the repayment of the purchase money was a difficult problem, and, whilst the matter was pending, the reign of the Templars came to an abrupt end with a bloody affray in the streets of the capital. So reduced were the Knights in number that they could not possibly hold all Cyprus, but the few who survived that Easter Sunday tumult of 1192 continued to administer large estates in the island until the downfall of their order, when their possessions were confiscated to the Hospitallers.

The largest and wealthiest fief of these Knights lay in and about the district of Limassol, which in this far-famed country of Bacchus had been from time immemorial the principal seat of the God of the Vintage. So it is still. The southern slopes of the Olympian range and of the Hill of Dawn¹ are thickly planted with the low growing vine, whose yield of purple fruit the villager ferments as did his forefathers of centuries ago. He keeps it in huge earthenware jars. He transports his "Mavro"² and his "Aspro"³ in tarred goat-skins that flavour its contents; a liking for which needs to be acquired.

¹ Αἰῶς.

² Black wine.

³ White wine.

The export of wine is principally with Egypt, and New Limassol is the centre of the trade. Its roadstead and town are set within a curving bay partly formed by a narrow neck of land ending in the Cape of Cats.

Behind a long irregular seafront are narrow, ill-paved streets where are carried on the informal and unsatisfactory shopping transactions of a modern semi-oriental port just emerging from the simpler and more picturesque status of bazar.

Viewed from the bay, the predominant feature in the landscape is the new Greek Cathedral of *Ayia Napa*; the largest built since the British Occupation. Rising high above the single storied dwellings immediately around, it majestically fronts the sea. Behind, in the middle distance, large bare hummocks make a fitting background for its white walls and domes, and towering above and beyond all, are the peaks of the southern mountains; of Troödos that is only thirty miles away.

It is worth while to climb to the top of the Prison attached to that mediæval chapel, where tradition says our Richard of England was married. From the roof of the Gothic fortress built more probably by the first French King of Cyprus, Guy de Lusignan, the eye wanders over the Peninsula of Akrotiri and is caught by the dazzling glitter of the salt lake lying to the south-west. There should be in future the new and splendid harbour so much needed already for Limassol's increasing trade in wine and carobs.

Seven miles distant from the town and also westward, a fine, well-preserved stronghold rises boldly, square and massive, seventy feet above the long flat promontory. It is the Tower, well named

Kolossi, where the Hospitallers had their headquarters, which overlooked and guarded the chief demesne, the Grand Commandery, of this powerful and wealthy Order. For the easier administration of their estates, it was ever the custom of the Knights to divide them into Commanderies. Of these they had three in Cyprus, greatly augmented by the properties of their rivals, the Templars, who had once held undisputed sway over this district of Limassol.

To be established at Kolossi as Grand Commander was an honour eagerly sought by the Brethren of the seven tongues represented in the Order. More often than not, to the scandal of the supreme authority outside Cyprus, it was the language of Provence, romantic land of "angel and knight and fairy" that swayed the Councils of the Hospitallers in this isle of the Levant.

They had lost their magnificent castle in Syria when Acre fell and dreamed of another such fortress, of which this imposing giant tower would be the nucleus. Great wealth was in their grasp; in the rich pasturage immediately around them; in the vast plantations of sugar cane stretching over this low level country. They brought water in by aqueducts and fought their neighbours, the Cornaro, over their rights to this fundamental source of all riches in the East. There was the wine industry as well for which the Knights were famed. The sweet and potent madeira known all over Europe as Commanderia was manufactured from half-dried grapes grown at Kolossi.

It seemed as if there need be no limit to the ambitious projects of the Hospitallers, yet their stay in the island was, after all, of short duration. They felt themselves too much under the dominion

of the Frankish Kings, and, resenting any interference, moved their headquarters to Rhodes in 1310. This does not mean, however, that the Knights resigned their possessions in Cyprus. On the contrary, they continued to administer them as heretofore, and, for at least two hundred years to exercise a considerable influence on Cypriot affairs. Even from a distance their relations with the Lusignans were not always harmonious, and they intrigued with one side or the other of rival claimants when the succession to the throne was in dispute. But Cyprus was, to a great extent, a crusading state and dependent on Rhodes for armed assistance, if the interests of Latin Christendom were threatened on her own shores. The prospect of mutual advantage from time to time banded Kings and Knights together in an alliance against some common foe, until enemies proved too strong for the Order. It was the Genoese and Mussulman invasions that slowly but surely broke their power and achieved the ruin of the Grand Commandery.

The Tower, as it stands to-day with its crenelated battlements, must have been rebuilt in the 15th century, and, by a turn of fortune's wheel, became the property of those Cornaro who had quarrelled with the Hospitallers over water rights. The head of the family was allowed to adopt the title of Grand Commander of Cyprus. In effect, Kolossi formed a portion of the reward given by Venice to George Cornaro for his complaisance in assisting the Republic to depose his sister Catherine in the later days of the island's history.

Shorn now of its mediæval grandeur, of the pomp and glory displayed by the haughty Knights of the Holy Cross, the great pile of stone has been converted into a private dwelling occupied—irony

of fate—by a Syrian farmer and his family. The clash of armour and the clang of steel are heard no more within those peaceful precincts guarded only by an uncanny hedge of eastern prickly pear. The last hint of bygone feuds and rivalries that clings about the giant walls is the everlasting squabble over water rights, which still persists.

X.—THE ARMS OF THE LUSIGNANS.¹

During Richard's lightning conquest of Cyprus he had received some assistance from Guy de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, who opportunely arrived in the island at the critical juncture when Isaac Komnenos broke faith with the English.

Guy had been unfortunate. The Holy City had fallen into the hands of the Saracens and he had just emerged from captivity. The high sounding title he bore was his by courtesy alone, and Richard conceived the brilliant idea of making him Lord of Cyprus by way of compensation. This bold stroke of diplomacy kept safe the island for Crusading Christendom as an outpost and refuge; made Guy a King *de facto*; and solved for Richard that tiresome problem of the repayment to the Templars of £200,000.

Guy's first step was to make secure his position, but as he did homage to Richard for Cyprus he never aspired to Kingship of his new realm and was content with the shadowy honours of the one he had lost. He only lived two years and was succeeded by his brother, Amaury, another of the three adventurous sons of the Comte de la Marche, who had chosen the Crusades as a means to climb fortune's ladder and perchance reach Heaven at the end.

¹ Appendix, Note 5.

The Second Lusignan to rule over Cyprus had its crown conferred upon him by the Emperor Henry VI. Amaury was a fine soldier who recovered Berytus from the infidels in 1198. He seized the opportunity of holding there a coronation ceremony to maintain publicly his claims before the assembled Knights to the Kingdom Godefroi de Bouillon had founded a century before. This act was the evidence of his own heart's desire and that of all his race, with only one exception. His young son Hugo I., throughout a reign of eighteen years, stood completely aloof from Palestine. After his death, for nearly three decades the crown of Jerusalem was ever a will-o'-the-wisp, dangling and glittering just out of reach, before the dazzled eyes of the Lusignan Kings of Cyprus. It was as though they had been bewitched ! Either from personal ambition, or from purer motives of religious zeal, they dreamed of actual sovereignty overseas : fought and died for that distant, nominal kingdom which held the Holy Sepulchre.

They quartered the arms of Jerusalem with those of Cyprus and displayed them on their Gothic fortresses and abbeys. Hugo IV. placed his three shields above the Refectory door at Bella Paese, in the Kyrenia district, where (by a miracle) they may yet be seen.

Hugo's third successor had himself crowned King of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia, adding another coat to the armorial bearings of the Lusignans and a royal jurisdiction as vague and unsubstantial as that of Palestine. But not as far away. A long stretch of the kingdom founded at the time of the Crusades can be seen with the naked eye on a clear day across the blue strip of water that divides it from the Karpass. The Armenians themselves

call that portion of their unhappy country which lies west of the Euphrates, Lesser Armenia. All of it that concerned Cyprus and its Kings was comprised in ancient Cilicia between the Taurus mountains and the sea. It could be travelled over from end to end in sixteen days, and was mainly populated by Christian tribes, partly Greek, partly Armenian, who had fled from the persecutions of Tartars and Turks.

Lesser Armenia had been governed by descendants of the house regnant east of the Euphrates, who claimed that they were of Israelite origin and strove to be as independent of Byzantium as circumstances permitted. Two of these Princes, Melier and, after him, Rupin of the Mountains tried hard to balance on the fence equally between the Greeks and the Latins. Leo I., whom Armenian writers consider to have been a really patriotic ruler, courted solely the favour of western Christendom. But for his assistance in 1190 the Crusaders would have starved. In return for his splendid hospitality, Henry, afterwards Emperor of Germany, sent him a fine standard emblazoned with a lion rampant—an allusion to his name Leo—which he and his successors substituted for the earlier arms of their realm, the eagle, pigeon and dragon of Armenia.

Eight years later Henry had Leo crowned by Conrad of Wittelsbach, Archbishop of Mainz: an act significant of ecclesiastical reconciliation with Rome, acknowledged by the Pope. He died in 1219 leaving his dominions to an infant daughter whose two husbands Philip of Antioch and Hayton, successively ruled over Lesser Armenia for more than half a century. In another fifty years the uncertain fortunes of the little Crusading Kingdom became bound up with those of the adventurous

family of Lusignan; at first with cousins of the Cypriot Kings. But already "the tide which led to the Crusades was turning" and these French knight-errants and would-be monarchs were practically exiles, living amongst a strange and hostile people, rather than rulers. Notwithstanding this, five in turn essayed to wear Lesser Armenia's most uneasy crown.

From the time Leo the fifth and last of that branch was called King in 1365, he had one long unequal struggle to maintain a semblance of authority, or even of independence. Within a few years he vanished from sight altogether, having taken refuge in a mountain fortress, where he lay concealed for many months. No sooner did he emerge, than he was taken prisoner by the Sultan of Egypt, who kept him close captive until 1382. Freed at last, Leo wandered into Europe and landed on England's hospitable shores, where, for some inexplicable reason, he was granted a pension of £1,000 a year till such time as he should recover his lost dominions! As this never came to pass, presumably the ex-king remained a pensioner till he died in 1393, and was buried in the Church of the Celestines, at Paris.

By Leo's death without leaving a direct heir, the throne of Lesser Armenia became vacant. Even before his troublous nominal sovereignty, it had been offered to the then reigning King of Cyprus, Peter I. (1339-1369) but was refused.

Now, however, the crown devolved automatically on James I. as next of kin. He accepted and wore it with those he already possessed *de facto* and *de jure*. Thus it happened that to the arms they already vaunted of Jerusalem and Cyprus, the Lusignans added the lion rampant of Lesser Armenia.

XI.—BELLE ABBAYE.

The Knights Hospitallers had been so fortunate as to have ceded to them, also in 1291, other possessions of their rivals, which lay in the Kyrenia Hills, a district universally considered the most beautiful in all the island. The fief was known as La Comanderia del Tempio and was situated about the neighbourhood of Lapithos the Charming and Templos, which lies just above Kyrenia, chief town of the north coast.

From the capital the drive to Kyrenia is only sixteen miles and starts dully enough, but when the carriage reaches the mountain ridge Nature has prepared a charming surprise. Through a deep cleft between the hills, there flashes suddenly into sight the most glorious expanse of blue, which momentarily pervades all one's little world of vision in a sea-girt isle.

On the other side the descent is gradual ; down a slope tree-planted in the manner of a park till the wide white road is reached. Beyond lies the daintiest of harbours, shaped like a horseshoe and only inhospitable when the north wind blows. From other quarters, that long chain of hills tempers the inland breezes and rude blasts are hushed before they reach the sea.

The whole vista of the Kyrenia plain is reminiscent of western Mediterranean coasts. The tiny port, with its tall old houses built on top of ancient tombs, might have floated over from Italian shores and taken anchorage to help create in Cyprus an infinite variety of scene. The great square castle on guard with its rounded towers bears out the illusion. It is one of the oldest Latin monuments

in the island and in keeping with all the other details of a restful mediæval picture.

Only the sunsets are of the East. The golden glory and the tints of rose-violet and purple, that light up the hills at eventide, are too vivid in their splendour for Europe. But they serve to throw into greater significance the majestic outlines, the pointed arches and traceries that came out of the West ; the Gothic beauties of the Belle Abbaye. In all the Levant there is no pile of ancient architecture so fine as this : nor has any other as well withstood the ravages of time and the neglect of the Turk.

Tradition says the Templars founded the Abbey, and no doubt it stands on part of what once was their property : on well-wooded land, with water, only five miles eastward of Kyrenia. But they were monks of Saint Augustin, not Knights, who, we are told, first worshipped in that grand old church. planned like the Cistercian Cathedrals of mediæval France. Vaulted arches spring low from pillars too splendid in their proportions for adornment that would only detract from their magnificent simplicity.

A superb porch faces the setting sun.

Bye-and-bye, when Thierry ruled over the Latin church of Cyprus, the monks prayed that they might adopt the white habit and rule of Saint Norbert, whose chief foundation was at Prémontré, near Laon. Later again this change was alluded to in a Papal Bull of Gregory IX., who found it needful sharply to reprimand the Brotherhood : to recall their vow of obedience in respect of the diocesan at Nicosia.

Notwithstanding recurring disputes with their ecclesiastical superior, the fame of the Community

for the strictness of their rule and their sanctity spread to Armenia and obtained a convert for them from the royal house, a Seigneur of Gorbigos, who became Brother Anthony. Or was it that he—an oriental—was profoundly impressed by the mitred Abbot, who, when he rode forth from the sacred portals of the Belle Abbaye, wore gilded spurs and sword : privileges accorded by the Lusignan King, Hugo III ? Thus crept in among the Pré-moîtrés the vanities of the world they had forsworn, which proved their ultimate undoing.

When Hugo the Great ruled Cyprus he favoured the Order beyond others. It pleased him, who loved all that was exquisite in art and nature, to visit the Monastery and pray with the fervour of mediæval piety in that fine Abbey Church, which the Crusading ideals of the West had raised up in the near East to the glory of God. To this reign belong the buildings where the monks lived, which are the wonder of succeeding generations. Even the ugly modern Greek bell-tower above the gateway—itsself more hideous by contrast with the ancient pile—cannot spoil the beauty of the Belle Abbaye.

On that sheltered eminence of the Kyrenia hillsides, the civilisation and art of Rome had preceded that of France and left a marble sarcophagus sculptured with garlands and dainty pagan figures in memoriam. This was ingeniously utilised as a fountain for ablutions set just within the wide cloister facing the Refectory door.

The splendid dining-hall is intact to-day as it was when the Brethren gathered there for meals, six centuries ago, listening all the while to the reading of a monk from a carved stone pulpit raised above them by the wall. A stairway built into the

thickness of that massive structure led up to it, and, from a trefoil window overhead, the light fell on a volume in his hand. Perchance a volume of Saint Augustin, wherein he read of "*La Cité de Dieu*:" extracts from the Latin Father's "Confessions," or from "*De la Grâce*."

Did they listen? Did their thoughts not wander far afield, out through the Refectory windows to the little town and port below; or further still, perhaps, to France? They ceased, at all events, to heed the teaching. By the munificence of Kings the Brothers had waxed rich and powerful. Time and again the Community rebelled against the Metropolitan. They forgot they bore the title of "Umiati," so arrogant and proud were they!

The soft airs of Kyrenia are not suited to brace mind and body to asceticism. On those sheltered hillsides Nature gives richly; is gracious and smiling in the spring. The air is full of sweet scents; the earth's carpet green and studded with anemones. The leaves of the olive trees turn silver when the wind gently stirs and lifts them up. The gardens of Hesperides are near at hand.

Whatever may have been the reason, the Brethren fell utterly from grace.

After the Venetians annexed the island, the monks of the Belle Abbaye ceased to serve their church, which stood empty and forsaken. Their mode of life was a scandal to all the world, and the Republic would have expelled the French Community had she not been driven out herself by the invading Turk. Then the Prémontrés of Kyrenia for ever sullied the purity of their monastic habit, and darkly and irrevocably stained the reputation of their Abbey, which the Venetians had christened *Bella Paese*.

XII.—THE BROKEN STONE WHEEL.

Nicosia, Gothic capital of the Lusignan Kings, is situated in the midst of the Great Plain, with never a glimpse of the beautiful sea. The mountains which bound it north and south send down icy blasts from their snow-capped peaks in midwinter which sweep through the defenceless town. In midsummer it is at the mercy of a tropical sun and is hotter than Cairo, with a maximum temperature in July and August only a degree or two less than that of Khartoum. But it is a dry heat; in the early afternoon light breezes spring up, more welcome than the flutter of a punkah or a fan. The nights too are fairly cool.

Seen from a slight elevation southeast of the town, Levcosia, as the Cypriots call it, is "white and shining." An oriental city topped by minarets and palms, its stone walls show through greenery which hides the ravages of time and of misfortune.

For it is a broken stone wheel that lies centred in the Mesaoria. Crowded within the massive band three miles in circumference dwells a mixed population of British, Cypriot Greeks, Cypriot Turks, and Armenians. The great frame has been in part destroyed by Vandals; its spokes bent and curved, so irregular are the narrow, ill-paved streets, that lead to the main exits of this congested eastern town.

In Lusignan times, Nicosia was an open, unwall'd, fair and stately city with gardens, wide roads, beautiful Gothic palaces, and churches whose magnificence might well arouse the envy and the wonder of the western world.

What is left of the grandeur is well worth the consideration of antiquarians, historians and savants.

The idler's interest is awakened by the strange freaks Time has played, since 1570, with this wheel of destiny, on which turned the fortunes of the Venetian settlers and their Moslem foes.

What a medley of races and creeds, churches and mosques, Latin origins subserved to Greek counterparts, Gothic foundations o'ertopped by Turkish rafters.

Though minarets rise cheek by jowl with bell towers on the skyline, two-thirds and more of the southern half of the town's circle—and even passing north-east over its meridan—is the Quarter of the Orthodox. It has the Archbishopric for nucleus (midway between the Famagusta Gate and the cutting through the walls called Ayios Antonios) where the Knights of St. John founded their Hospital, whose church was the burial place of kings.

The Greek Archiepiscopal Chapel is one of the oldest Latin buildings in Nicosia. Its ceiling and walls are entirely covered with quaint frescoes of some later period: scenes from Biblical lore that follow on and run into one another: the pictured story of the dead Barnabas with St. Matthew's Gospel on his breast that gave the Church of Cyprus her autonomy.

There is another and most beautiful Latin chapel in close proximity, to be approached by tortuous byways. Now the Mosque Emerghié, its name—a corruption of Meriem—suggests that it was St. Marie of the Augustinians, who had a Monastery of their Order somewhere near this spot. Surely its cloisters are still standing within the courtyard of a mysterious house—Turkish to all appearance—that is a phantasy of Time and Circumstance.

The street, where it has been gradually built up, has an air of vanished wealth; a certain quiet

dignity that has survived changed fortunes, and a caressing sun has picked out this especial dwelling to stain it a delicious tawny hue only met with under Eastern skies. Its frontage covers many feet and the flat bare surface, redeemed from ugliness by its colour note and secrecy, is pierced by barred and shuttered windows that defy vulgar curiosity with a resolve that is uncompromisingly oriental. Yet the arched double doors, which mark the centre, stand hospitably open as in the manner of the west. Directly facing them, at the back of the courtyard, is a fountain adapted from a sarcophagus, with Byzantine emblems on the upright slab which formed the coffin lid.

Surely these columns to right and left were once a portion of some cloistered monastery or convent. What Order was it that, by force majeure, ceded its pillared arcades for the building of a Turk's harem? The spacious, terraced apartments with screened windows abutting on the interior gallery could only have been inhabited by veiled, imprisoned women. That large single chamber, with its semi-circular niche for making coffee was, of a certainty, the reception room of their lord, the whilom master of this unusual house. Above the doorway, facing the low daïs, a panorama of Constantinople and the Bosphorus, carved in relief and gaily painted, catches the upturned gaze.

What friars, white robed or black habited, paced slowly with open breviary and cast-down eyes in this enclosure, ne'er dreaming of the sacrilege of coming years?

What Pasha dwelt here, on the upper floor, in oriental splendour and seclusion?

And what is the real history of the present lovely, grey-eyed, Greek chatelaine, who claims this mansion

as her ancestral home, where her dead kith and kin lived, loved and sorrowed for close upon three centuries ?

.

Right across the town, from east to west, within the Paphos Gate, where the Armenian Community foregather, is another interesting private dwelling. Despite the many vicissitudes which each period has impressed upon the building, so plainly does it still preserve its character and origin, that even the savants are unanimously agreed that here is the site of a Latin convent of long ago, the Abbaye de St. Tyr. That is to say, as it was rebuilt after an earthquake shock in 1303 by Henry II., nominally King of Cyprus and Jerusalem from 1285-1324.

The Order it housed had been established at Jerusalem for the benefit of the repudiated wife of Baudoin de Bouillon, niece of the Emperor of Byzantium. When the Holy City fell the Sisters fled to Tyre and ultimately removed to Nicosia.

Henry spent 18,000 bezants on the reconstruction of the Abbey, but before the pious work could be completed the sovereignty had slipped from his uncertain grasp into that of his brother Amaury, Prince of Tyre, who banished the epileptic Henry to Armenia and ruled Cyprus in his stead, as Regent.

About this period the Abbess of the foundation at Nicosia was also a very great lady, Marguerite d' Ibelin, nearly related to the royal house and also to the Regent's wife, through her father the King of Armenia. Like most usurpers, Amaury was suspicious of his unwilling subjects. He knew full well the Abbess loathed his intrigues ; that she and her black-robed, black-coiffed nuns prayed daily for the welfare and quick return of their anointed

King. It was whispered abroad that curses on the Prince of Tyre and his supporters were added to their orisons. Furious at this and doubtless superstitious, the Regent tried to get the Abbess into his power, but she feared him and kept away; nor was he able to injure the Community.

Then, in 1310, the Prince of Tyre was murdered. Rumour was at once busy, spreading tales of the great rejoicings at the Convent, and how nobles, who had fled the city, had first sent their wives there for safety, lest their own homes should be pillaged. A few days later, on the 14th of June, the palace of the dead man was in an uproar and resounded with clamours for revenge. A cleric had reported that, without shadow of doubt, Simon de Montolif, the Regent's assassin, had been seen within the Abbey precincts. Armed men surrounded the Convent: broke into it and threatened the wretched, terrified Sisters with mutilation, death, dishonour. The Abbess assembled her nuns together and made each swear on oath that she had neither assisted, nor even seen the murderer. Yet they were not believed, and the ruffians who had attacked them threatened to burn out the skulking rat. Then Marguerite appealed for protection to the Papal Legate. It was inconceivable that, doubly bound as she was by ties of blood to the Prince of Tyre, she should have harboured the murderer of her kinsman. Her dignified protest proved effectual and she saved the Abbey from the insensate fury of the mob.

Its entrance is from a narrow alley off one of the few unbroken spokes that succeeds in reaching the hub of the wheel. Quite recently the odious desire for renovation which painfully afflicts the Cypriot—be he Greek, Turk or Armenian—has replaced the

ancient gate in a high concealing wall by a banal modern one, that opens on a courtyard paved with cobbles. All down one side of it are remains of the old convent buildings and there are still two fine carved doors which, any day may be sold and disappear.

Surely Venetians at some time or other were occupiers. The long narrow room on the upper floor—perchance a nun's parlour?—has a wonderful ceiling inlaid with squares of pastel blue. From it depends an ornate, gilded chandelier that, one could imagine, lit up the luxurious salon of a beautiful courtesan, come to Cyprus in the days of Catherine Cornaro.

Elsewhere are alterations and additions obviously made by Turks, and when the Moslem conquerors handed over the Abbey Church to the Armenians it was described in the firman as a salt store of the Government.

Where lie good women asleep: devoted, self-sacrificing: many in 1348-9 victims of the plague. Princesses of Antioch and Armenia lie buried there: noble women of the families Montolif, Navarre, de Gibelet. Beneath a modern porch, which has replaced the ancient cloister, is a tomb let into a niche of the wall and surmounted by an arched decoration originally pure Gothic of the middle 14th century. Unfortunately the Venetians thought fit to improve upon it, and as well as additions there may have been subtractions too. The gravestone juts out level with the pavement and about a foot or so above it. On its side, in relief, is the figure of the Abbess Eschive de Dampierre holding her pastoral staff turned inwards as a sign of her episcopal jurisdiction. During the too frequent repairs and alterations to the Abbey Church by

modern Vandals, it is heartbreaking to find that this marble step is put to the base uses of a workman's bench.

Yet, in spite of them all, Venetians, Turks, and Cypriots, St. George of the Armenians is still a Gothic house of prayer, wide in proportion to its length, with one nave only and a fine entrance facing the Holy Stone Table.

Sacred pictures which are venerated hang on the walls, but there are few furnishings: no stalls in the choir, where boys and men sit cross-legged on mats: no pulpit, for sermons are preached from the steps of the Throne, *i.e.* the High Altar.

The Armenians claim to have been the first Gentiles to embrace Christianity: that theirs was the first State Church. "So far schismatic as not to be integrally a portion of either Roman or Byzantine obedience and so little heretical that its alliance was courted by both communions," its doctrine and ritual combine ideals of East and West. It would seem a creed singularly adapted for a little island of the Levant, halfway between the hemispheres of longitude and contrasting thought.

By post-dating the great winter festival of the Christian Year by twenty-five days, the Holy Apostolic Church of Armenia stands aloof from Orthodox and Catholic alike. Whereas the two latter Communions settled that the Nativity of Christ should be celebrated on the birthday of Mithra, "Spirit of Light Divine," immediate predecessor in world religions of the Crucified Saviour, the converts of the Apostles Thaddæus and Bartholomew protested strongly against this adoption of a Mithraic Feast, and fixed January 19th for their Christmas. Epiphany falls on the same day, and

it is a great occasion for christenings, being in addition the anniversary of Christ's Baptism.

In the matter of vestments, representing as it does the very earliest hierarchy, the Armenian Church prides itself on having retained the most ancient forms and colours in its sacerdotal robes. On the Eve of Christmas the officiating priest is vested in red orange as a glowing flame and on the morrow he wears the bright green "garment of salvation, of gladness."

Whilst he robes the bronze cymbals of the *Zindrgha* clash to set the measure of the chant :—

"O mystery, deep, unsearchable, eternal !"

And again,

"O chalice of rain, of fire, that fell on
the Apostles in the holy upper chamber."

Finally,

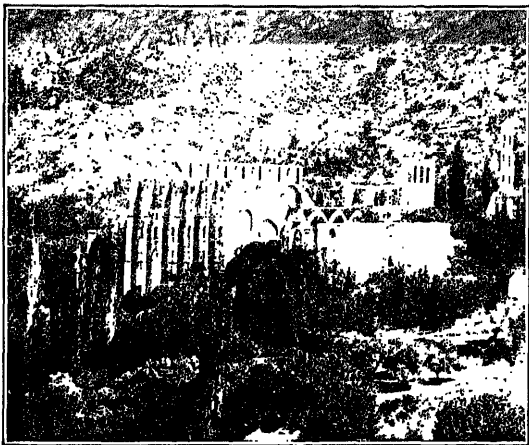
"Bind our thoughts and our senses as the
weft of this tire binds our head."

The procession forms and passes down the single nave, returning as it went. Echoes born in vaulted obscurity that once prolonged the intoning of the Latin Mass and swelled the sweet singing of a choir of black robed nuns, now awaken to the tinkling bells and the clash of silver disks ; whilst, from behind the Throne, mysterious reverberations like thunder fill the church.

God speaking to his people.

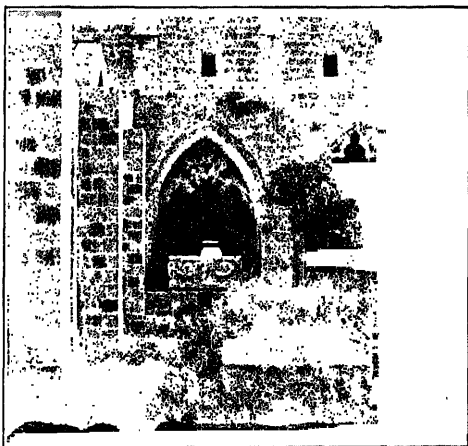
XIII.—VANISHED PALACES.

Still below Nicosia's present meridian and nearest the Paphos Gate where now is a Market Place, the Byzantine Emperors had built themselves a royal



BELLE ABBAYE.

[Photo by J. P. Foscolo. Limassol.]



ENTRANCE TO THE REFECTORY, BELLE ABBAYE.



THE PALACE OF THE SÉRAIL.

residence. But when the Lusignans took possession of it they added to and beautified the ancient structure, till practically nothing visible was left of it. Superimposed on the foundations rose up slowly a superb Palace of the Franks.

Adjacent to it, in what is called now the Qonak, was an historic mansion known from Turkish times as the Palace of the Sérail. This was probably built for a great Prince near akin to the Lusignans, and the two buildings were joined by covered galleries. So uncomfortably near together were they, that Hugo IV. was able to indulge his original and playful temper, which he reserved for family use, by throwing missiles into the living rooms of his son-in-law, the Infant Ferdinand of Majorca; "one day it might be an arrow and another day a stone."

When the Venetians took possession of Cyprus they set their sign manual, the Lion of St. Mark, over the vaulted porch, and lodged their proveditori in the Palace.

Next in order of conquest, the Turks acquired part of the old structure with a fine Gothic window and the Venetian coat of arms. They left both intact and within the ruins added their Pasha's residence. This was described in 1845 as "a poor crumbling lumber chest, with hanging doors, rotten floors and paper window panes," and was called the Palace of the Sérail.

Of the Lusignan fabric two arches have been set up in the grounds of Government House, and the Gothic window for long was preserved after a fashion with other historic fragments in a Turkish granary, (once "The Church of Blessed Nicolas of the English;") and is now in the Lapidary Museum.

British Government Offices occupy the site of the Lusignan mansion which had come to be

known as the Palace of Nicosia. With this title some confused ideas grew up as to its identity with the grander and more ancient Palace of the Frankish Kings, of which not a vestige survives save the few scanty written records of historians and travellers. We know it had an open loge which dominated the market place where processions formed up and passed before royalty assembled in the covered balcony. Some of these pageants were gay, some tragic. Life's sunlight was as tropical as Nature's and its shadows as heavy and black.

One of the first of these spectacles had as its object the oath of fealty sworn to the usurper Amaury at St. Georges des Poulains, which the Queen of Henri II. was called upon to witness in 1309. Before a year was out she and her exiled husband were avenged. The Prince of Tyre lay dead within the Palace. The assassin's knife had struck him down in a low-vaulted salon where the inmates foregathered during the summer months to enjoy its delightful coolness.

On top of this long room Hugo IV., master builder of Lusignan Kings, erected a spacious hall with a fine throne at one end. This Council Chamber, or Hall of Audience, was surrounded by an arched gallery supported on slender sculptured columns. Its furnishings were luxurious, for Hugo went far afield for his treasures. He even had a wonderful clock made by a goldsmith of Cremora for the Palace.

By the beginning of the 14th century the island had grown extraordinarily wealthy for its size. It was on the line of the great trade route: a place of call for merchants from all over the world. In its ports "the tongues of every nation under heaven were heard and read and talked." Rich westerns

had touched at it on their pilgrimages to and from the Holy Land. After the fall of Acre in 1291, French nobles and knight-errants from Palestine poured into Cyprus, bringing with them the spoils of their adventurous lives, their semi-oriental habits and splendour, the titles of their eastern homes. Lusignans came who were Princes of Antioch, Tyre and Galilee: d'Ibelins—almost as powerful as and near akin to the royal house—calling themselves Counts of Jaffa and Ascalon: beside a crowd of others: Mirabels; Counts of Beyrouth, Sidon, Cæsaria, Tripoli.

The older of these Cypriot lords spent their leisured ease in recording the customs of the land they had perforce abandoned: the younger, in hunting moufflon with tame leopards, after the manner of the east; and hawking, in the fashion of the Franks. They went off for days and weeks together, bent on the pleasures of the chase, into the mountainous districts of Machara.

There, at Pelendria, a village quaintly set up in the crater of a summit, there is an interesting chapel of the Holy Cross. Its now disused nave of the Latin cult is decorated with fast fading frescoes that include portraits of a Prince and Princess d'Antioche, the donors, and the Lusignan coat of arms. The hunting lodge, if there were one, as is probable, has disappeared.

A Count of Jaffa is said to have kept more than five hundred hounds (with a servant to attend to every couple) and it was customary to dye their tails orange red with henna: the horses' manes and tails also. What an exotic bizarre idea and brave show of colour!

The King lived in feudal state at Nicosia, surrounded by the hotels of the rich nobles who formed

his splendid, pleasure-loving court. Many a "tourney and joust and pageant bright and fair" did he witness from the loge of his Palace : a spectacle of some kind was a daily occurrence. Though amongst his own family Hugo was impatient of contradiction and even violent, to his subjects of Cyprus he was ever gracious. Virtuous and devout too, according to an Augustinian monk who preached before him ; "keeping ten chaplains" to say mass in the private chapel, which he attended daily, as well as sermons on fasts and feasts. He had married as his second wife, Alix, daughter of Guy d'Ibelin, Seigneur of the Castle of Nicosia. She is an interesting personality to recall for psychological reasons, having passed through a curious and terrible experience at the Orthodox Monastery of Machæra.

Thus it happened :

The climate of Nicosia, and of the whole island in fact, was far from salubrious in Lusignan days : fever and plague were frequent visitors. The Court made its escape either to Dieu d'Amour, a fortress in the Kyrenia Hills, or took a five hours' ride south to enjoy the bracing keen air at Machæra.

This Monastery, second only to Kykko in wealth and importance, and delightfully situated on the slope of the Hill of Dawn, was founded by one Neilos, in the 12th century. The original buildings suffered from one disastrous fire after another till they were entirely burnt out, and only the sacred *ikon* of the Eleousa saved from destruction. It had been found in a bush with a bright light shining before it to point the way to discovery. The brambles were cut away with a knife, cased in a silver jewelled sheath, from which the Monastery derives its curious name of "the Sword," as well as from the cutting winter winds that blow with

"swift rapture and strong." Unlike the *Eleousa* of Kykko, the Compassionate Virgin is here represented alone without the Holy Child: but the painting is also the work of St. Luke and entirely concealed from view at the present day. Likewise is she a rain goddess carried in times of drought to the summit of an adjacent hill *Jiarni*,¹ where there are three pieces of marble, that are turned over by the monks. It is said (*not* by the Orthodox) that these fragments are remains of a great Temple of Zeus, the rain-maker, God of the drenching storm, Almighty Lord of all that is wet and gleaming.

Hither came Queen Alix in 1337 for change of air and rest from the fatigues of a gay court. Haughty, Catholic, grande dame, when she was told that women were forbidden to enter the Monastery Church, she compared herself impiously to the *Eleousa*, waved aside the objecting priests and passed over the threshold *but no further*. For punishment came swift and sure. The Queen was "as if turned to stone"; and when the paralytic seizure passed, it was found that she was completely bereft of the power of speech. The manner of her ultimate recovery was equally strange and dramatic.

The King, her husband, pious Catholic though he was, tried to avoid interfering in the religious squabbles of his people. That constant friction existed between the two Communions goes without saying: mutual enmity only slept awhile when both parties united against a common foe.

About midway in Hugo's long reign, there arose a very serious dispute over no less a matter than the Holy Cross of Tochni, which had disappeared in 1318 from the Church, Stavros, founded by

¹ Marble.

St. Helena. According to the Orthodox story, the Latin priests were so jealous of the miracles wrought by that precious wood, that one of them determined to steal it from the church. This he succeeded in doing, but when he tried to leave Cyprus, such a terrible storm arose that the crew of the vessel dared not brave God's wrath and promptly put the cause of it on land. The thief, terrified by the wonderful powers of the treasure he had stolen, hid it in a hollow carob tree and there it had lain for thirty-two years. Now, in 1340, a shepherd slave boy, dreaming by the hillsides, where he tended his master's sheep, had frequent visions of the Holy Cross, which people laughed at when he told them. But one day he lay down in the shade of the very tree where it was concealed and this brought matters to a climax. Suddenly flames appeared out of the trunk, and the boy rushed off to the villagers for help to put out the fire. They came running with buckets of water and one with an axe began to hack at the tree. As he did so, the shepherd spied the Holy Cross, and plunging his hand into the blazing fire unharmed, he drew out the relic exclaiming joyfully: "That which I dreamed has come to pass. Behold here the Cross of Our Lord."

Twelve sick persons were healed, and all the countryside, clergy and peasants, convinced that the lost treasure of Tochni had been restored to them.

Not so the Latins! They were up in arms at once, accusing the Orthodox priests of an impertinent fraud and appealing to the King, in true mediæval fashion, for a trial by fire. With much reluctance Hugo consented. To be appointed arbitrator between two parties of fanatical priests drawn up in battle array, was a distinguished but hardly

enviable position which he would have shirked, but could not.

A day was appointed for the test. In that fine hall the King himself had built, he sat enthroned : by his side the dumb Queen. All the court had assembled, garbed in the resplendent costumes of a period sufficiently picturesque and gay even in Europe, where the sun's demands for colour are not so great as here. Foil for these, the black-robed priests ! the Latins under Marcus, Bishop of Fama-gusta, who had charge of the case : the Greeks with their Archbishop at their head. In the midst of them all stood the new made monk and whilom shepherd, Gabriel. Upheld in his hands a wooden cross.

When all was made ready, a great stove was carried in filled with charcoal, which was kindled at a signal from the King, and tongues of flame flickered, died down, then flared and burnt steadily.

Before the concentrated gaze of all that company the Cross was dropped upon the flames and disappeared from sight in their destroying brightness.

That clock the King had ordered from Cremona marked the hour. Then dragging out a breathless suspense, its pendulum swung to and fro, ticking seconds in such slow succession that it seemed retarded by an unseen hand. At length its creeping finger moved round the face of time. The next hour struck. Someone—was it Gabriel?—approached the glowing brazier and drew forth intact, untouched by fire, that Holy Cross, and lifted it in triumph heavenward, that all men's eyes might look upon this miracle !

Only a moment. Of a sudden attention wavered, shifted, was centred on the Queen.

For she, who had been dumb these many years, was speaking ; bearing witness with the rapture of unquestioning, undying faith.

"I believe, O God, this wood to be the Cross of Christ!"

.

Born and brought up in this atmosphere of romanticism, mediæval theology and domestic tyranny, Hugo's son and successor, Pierre I., was the sum and substance, the epitome of it all. As has been justly said he "had some of the characteristics of genius and several more or less allied to insanity." His whole career as a sovereign was marked by dramatic episodes and pervaded by the spirit of unrest. His chivalrous ideals of knight-hood vowed to fight for the glory of God ; his Order of the Sword¹ that he founded with its legend "*Pour luite mantencer*";² and his brave deeds in battle ; were swamped by his ungovernable passions and by acts so atrocious, they can only have emanated from a disordered brain.

He twice journeyed to the principal Courts of Europe begging men and money for a crusade to reconquer and establish that Kingdom of Jerusalem of which he wore the crown. A victory he had gained at Satalia in the beginning of his reign obtained him a hearing, and in 1364 he found himself at the head of a considerable land force and able to fit out a fleet for his ambitious schemes. He set sail for Alexandria, which was bombarded and fell in October of the following year ; but it was a fruitless victory, for the captors had no thought but to carry off their plunder and forced their leaders to retreat.

¹ Appendix, Note 6.

² "*Pour loyauté maintenir.*"

The failure of his plans was a bitter disappointment to the Cypriot King, and together with the tragedies of his domestic life, seemed completely to unhinge his already ill-balanced mind. "The infatuation of destiny being now fully upon him" led up to the final catastrophe of his own assassination.

The second wife of Pierre was Aliénor d'Aragon, a woman of great beauty, but entirely unprincipled and possessed of a violent, revengeful temper. During her husband's absence from Cyprus she discovered that he had formed a liaison with the widow of a Seigneur of Choulou. Popular sympathy was with the lovers, and the story of Jeanne l'Aleman has been handed down in a Cypriot poem, "The Song of the Queen and Arodaphnousa,"¹ in which Pierre is called "King of the East and Monarch of the West."

In the Hora the sun shone so gaily yet the people were breathlessly listening to the storm. There was noise of thunder and clatter of hail. Chill winds blew through the city, whispering that " 'Twas the Rose Queen sighing and moaning in her Palace as she called for her slaves." Menacing, threatening, her frozen tears falling, she would learn of them, which fragile blossoms dared rival her glory and had robbed her of sovereignty in the Pleasaunce of the King.

Her slaves made obeisance and trembling they answered :—

" O Queen ! on the topmost bank of the king's pleasure garden bloom three lovely sisters : Rothou,² in a splendour of deep crimson velvet ; Athousa,³ in a flower dress stained gold by the sun ; and the daintiest, " Arodaphnousa " her robe dyed in

¹ Oleander.

² Rose.

³ Orange blossom.

the mist of a rose-coloured cloud, just when the day had begun. At sunset Queen Rothou lifted up her proud heart to her lord, once her lover; but he, heedless, indifferent, passed her by. Orange Blossom brushed his eyelids as he wandered through his garden. Her petals clinging to his lips caressed him; but rejected, unwanted, their fragrance fell crushed by his feet. 'Twas the sweet Oleander he plucked at and gathered, since when she has lain in his bosom asleep. Then Rothou raised herself, stiff and angry.

"Send a message," said she, "to Arodaphnousa. Tell her the Queen requires her here."

When the King's mistress heard it her heart beat fast and she wept for fear.

"What does the Queen want of *me*?" she murmured. "Would she have me cook for her, I must carry a ladle. Or shall I take a *mandilyia*, lest she ask me to dance?"

"What you will, Arodaphnousa, and come as you will: only, I pray you, come soon," said the slave.

She went to her chamber and put gold pieces under her bodice: outside it she wore broideries of crystal and pearls. She plucked a branch of rosemary to shield herself and held a golden apple in her other hand.

Then she stood awhile . . . thinking how she should greet this woman whose command she dared not disobey.

"For if I hail her as Queen of Hawthorns, what of the brambles? if, as Empress of Roses, what of the thorns? No, no, I must make my curtsy and salute her as befits her rank."

She chose out all the by-paths by which she could reach the east side of the Palace where the

Queen was lodged and the ladies of her suite. Up the stairs she came mincing . . . then stopped . . . came up further . . . and when she reached the top step, prinked herself and smoothed her ruffled hair.

"Hail Queen! Daughter of Kings!"

The Queen knew her for Arodaphnousa, welcomed her kindly and commanded a slave to bring her guest a golden chair.

The King's mistress, relieved and glad at heart, seated herself near the Queen and asked of her:

"Queen of Roses, Casket of Jewels, what is your pleasure?"

"To see you, to talk with you, to eat with you, to walk with you," answered the Queen.

Then she took Arodaphnousa by the hand and led her into the garden as if they two might be sisters.

And the slaves laughed.

Thus the day passed happily enough and when the sun was gone Arodaphnousa spoke to the Queen.

"I did not come to feast, O Queen, but only because of your command. Let me wish you many years of health."

And the Queen seemed not to hear, but she said:

"Tell me who it is that is loved by the King of the East and the Monarch of the West."

"I cannot tell you, O Queen. I do not know at all," said Arodaphnousa, and she began to back down the stairs, twisting and turning as she went. When she reached the lowest step she tittered and said aloud to herself.

"What a stupid old woman! What a bulging forehead she has and such a cracked voice! Ugly old thing!"

The Queen did not hear, but her slaves did and they told her.

Next day the messenger came again to summon Arodaphnousa. Then she, recalling what she had said, was terrified. In a state of despair she robed herself all in black and knowing she would never see her little home again she bade farewell to it and to her baby, whom, in the future, some one else would tend.

She blackened her golden apple and began to play with it.

Again she took the by-ways to the Palace : again she went up the stairs trembling came up further and when she reached the top step prinked herself and smoothed her ruffled hair.

Then the Queen called out to her that she had been minded to spare her life and would have done so, but for her insolence. Now she would surely have her burned.

And Arodaphnousa pleaded for a little while to say good-bye to her lover and she began to sing in a very soft voice, as if he were quite near and she were calling him :

“ Dear Eyes !—Love’s Eyes

Can’st thou not see me

So oft caressed by thy passionate gaze ?

My life’s blossom gladly I gave to thee.

Death has come mocking

To shorten my days.

Judgment has fallen

God will not pity

Us, who have broken his solemn command.

Hate, resolved into flames of fire for me.

Awful atonement

He now would demand.

Dear Love !—*My* Love
Can'st thou not hear me ?
Thou, who for years wast upheld by my breath.
Can'st thou not come to seek me, succour me ?
Crouching alone in
The shadow of death.

Torture envelops !
God shows no mercy !
Vengeance fills the soul that has done this thing.
Our sin blotted out by mine agony.
Farewell for ever
My lover, my king."

Time and space shrink and disappear at the cry of an anguished soul. It reached the king where he sat feasting. He was on his charger in a flash and spurring it on like a fury. He broke down the barred door.

Too late ! Too late ! Ruined oleander, charred by the lightning ; whirled out of life by the breath of the storm.¹

And he loathed the Queen from that day forward and sought to divorce her, knowing that the Comte de Rochas was her lover. But the king's barons would not support him in his accusations against the Count. Certain that he had been betrayed by them all, Pierre attacked the nobles with the relentlessness of a madman, even persecuting and dishonouring their women. The Court having given him jurisdiction over the re-marriage of a young widow, Marie de Giblest, he selected a serf of the lowest order to be her husband, and condemned her brother to work with convicts at a watch tower and prison he was having built in Nicosia.

¹ Appendix, Note 7.

The indignities suffered by the unfortunate Madame Marie put the final touch to a revolt, which had long been seething. The barons determined on the murder of the King and fixed the night of the assassination for the 17th January, 1369.

The King's bedroom was on the upper floor of the Palace adjoining the Hall of Audience, which was approached through a covered gallery. It was known as the Chamber of Paris from the beautiful tapestries that adorned the walls, and its windows overlooked the river Pedias which, till Venetian times, flowed through the town.

When the Prince of Antioch demanded admittance to see the King, Eschive de Scandelion, the Athousa of the folk-song, escaped through a trap door leading to a harness room below.

As soon as she had got away, Pierre flung open the door to his midnight visitors and fell dead on the threshold, stabbed to the heart.

XIV.—THE HUB OF THE WHEEL.

The responsibility of the first wholesale destruction in Nicosia of Gothic buildings lies with the Venetians. The population had so much decreased that, for its better defence, the original walls and fortifications of the Lusignan city were demolished to allow of the erection of new ramparts within a circumference lessened by a mile. This entailed the sacrifice not only of the Royal Palace, but also of the fine Dominican Monastery adjoining, where the King and Queen had each private apartments for the Lenten retreat.

Eighty churches fell, out of more than double that number. To-day they are fewer than the fingers of both hands and would be hardly recognisable in their present guise of mosques, or baths, or ruins, were they not stamped indelibly by the genius and character of mediæval France. They are all grouped around the hub of the wheel, the wonderful Cathedral of Holy Wisdom, orientalized like themselves by the Moslem.

For, roughly speaking, north of its meridian Nicosia is a Turkish town with bazars and khans, a convent of dancing Dervishes and slender minarets that encircle the Jami Ayia Sophia with a stone girdle of the Mussulman Faith. The Prophet's slim pillars rise, too, from the base of the Cathedral's own western towers, which they have replaced for nigh three hundred and fifty years.

Nearest the hub, only a few yards from its south side, is the Bedestan, as the Turks call the fine old church they have turned into a grain store. An English King, Edward I., concerned himself with the business of its building and corresponded with Hugo III. and the Brethren of the Order. They wore *K...* and white cross on their mantles, who passed in and out of possession of those beautiful northern doors. The church was dedicated to the patron saint of the martyred Archbishop and called Blessed St. Nicolas of the English.

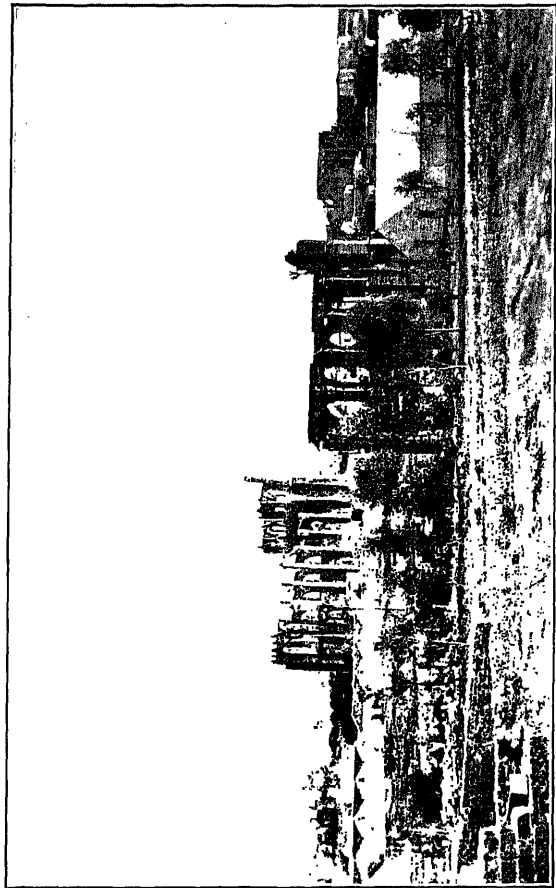
Northeast of the Cathedral is the Haidar Pasha Mosque ; that is to say, St. Catherine's Church, one of the finest specimens of Gothic art in Cyprus, in a wonderfully good state of preservation, and bearing with dignity such disfigurements as time and vicissitude of fortune have set upon it.

Still further north, in direct line with St. Catherine's, within the railed precincts of the New Mosque, Yeni Jami, is a towering ruin of a chapel which recalls to mind the cupidity of a Turkish Pasha. He wrecked it, hoping to find amongst the débris the usual lost treasure of tradition, so rarely if ever forthcoming.

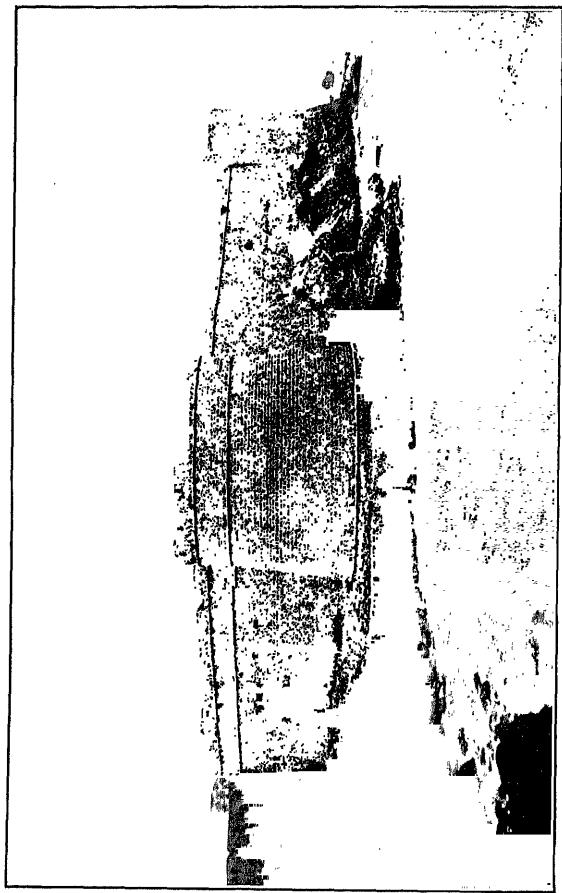
Scattered around, at varying distances and in different directions, are a few more buildings that have been "verted" from their original uses. The Arablar Mosque for instance, was once the Armenian Cathedral Stavro tou Missiricou, of Byzantine origin. Iblîq Bazar was a Carmelite chapel : Arab Achmet, though a Turkish building, is paved with French tombs.

Last, but assuredly not least, in a remote street, the sunken Gothic porch of the Buyuk Hammam attracts attention. The Bath of the women is flooded with historic reminiscence for it stands in the nave of St. Georges des Poulains, or St. George of the Latins.

Here the Cypriot nobles of 1309 took the oath of fealty to the usurping Prince of Tyre. Here, on St. George's Day, an English Franciscan, Brother Adam, preached to the people of the divine right of kings in general and their exiled monarch, Henri II., in particular. His temerity cost him dear for he, too, was promptly sent to Armenia and he died in the sister kingdom. Here, the Barons who planned the murder of Pierre I. discussed their wrongs and the indignities heaped upon them by the King, on that fateful night of January. From here they sallied forth to fetch the Prince of Antioch their leader, with set purpose to strike the blow forthwith and rid the island of a madman.



THE MOSQUE (CATHEDRAL OF ST. NICHOLAS) AND RUINS OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL.



KYRENIA CASTLE.

Nature stepped in next and by a terrible inundation, which drowned three thousand persons, swept over the church built where the ground lay lowest. Since then the roadway has risen to a level across the middle of the sculptured entrance. The ornate decorations of its arch drop correspondingly and submit themselves to close inspection and reveal to any interested passer by, a curious medley of Gothic, Italian, and Moslem styles of art.

Again closer to the hub, extending along the northeast side of the Cathedral Square, between Ayia Sophia and St. Catherine's Church, the Palace of the Latin Archbishops was built by Eustorge de Montaigu. It still exists and even still retains some traces of its origin. Together with its dependencies, wide court and orange garden, it covered a large area that is now partitioned off for a Moslem school and divided into private houses. The latter, with their long corridors, steps up and steps down, have gone through a transition state, have delightful ceilings made of tiny squares of dark brown wood and other signs of Turkish occupation.

More than this! Vague whisperings tell of a beautiful Venetian, who on Thursdays at midnight is seen to stumble affrightedly up the long stone stairs, followed closely by two pursuing Turks.

But the entrances date the dwellings and stamp them Lusignan. Above a vaulted doorway the mitre on the escutcheon that is Italian shaped, says plainly enough that here was a Palace of a Prince of the Church.

Gone all the splendour! Visions of sacerdotal magnificence moving "down history's great highways;" of escort of military knights of the Cross; of unending processions of clergy and friars, Dominicans, Cistercians, Benedictines, Augustinians filing

across the Square with the pomp and majesty of Rome, into the great Cathedral for the crowning of the Kings of Cyprus and Armenia.

That massive pile was built under the influence of the powerful school of architecture called L'Ile de France, with oblong nave in three sections, two rows of short thick columns that form six bays, but—shock of surprise—a flat roof to suit a taste orientalized by geographical conditions. In its general structure the Cathedral of Nicosia is said to resemble La Sainte Chapelle; portions of its earlier masonry, Notre Dame de Paris; whilst the little crowd of artists and mechanics, that accompanied Louis IX. to Cyprus, left traces of the skill and poetic fancy of Champagne. For the French King paid the island a visit on the occasion of that disastrous crusade he undertook in 1248, and spent much money on beautifying St. Sophia.

It is, in effect one of those "edifices to be understood of every soul, every intelligence, every imagination; symbolic, but like Nature easy to comprehend." Did it not yield itself to Nature in the building of its roof? And yet withstood her too in mad destructive moods of tempest, flood and earthquake. Embodiment of force and of resistance, in spite of a disfigured Galilee, a denuded interior, the great church of Nicosia has successfully outlived violence of Nature and attacks of man.

First of the latter was an attempt of the Romans to confirm the Greek priests by the Latin ritual in the reign of Pierre I. This king had as advisers his Chancellor, Philippe de Maizières, an ardent Catholic, and the Papal Legate, Pierre de Thomas, who had been sent to the East by Innocent VI. for the express purpose of uniting the two churches, or in other words, forcibly converting the Orthodox to

the Latin communion. He was appointed to Cyprus in 1360, and with the consent of the King he summoned the Greek Primate together with his clergy to attend in the Cathedral, that he might clearly expound to them the errors of their church.

In the splendid vesture of a Cardinal Legate they found him enthroned before the High Altar. Out of the mass of black-robed men fronting him, one priest arose to argue the points at issue and he excited his fellows to mock at the arrogant, autocratic servant of the Holy See.

By order of the Legate the doors of St. Sophia had been locked against the press of the Cypriot Greek multitude, and hearing the sounds of altercation within, the populace became infuriated. They shouted and threatened to burst in . . . burn down the doors.

Then the Greek priests flung them open, and the angry mob surged into the Cathedral crying "Death to the Legate! Death!"

Whatever his shortcomings, de Thomas was no coward. His attendants fled whilst he adjured them to put their trust in God, and with uplifted Cross prepared to die a martyr's death in defence of the Catholic Faith: one man against a multitude.

Still seated thus and alone amongst his enemies he was rescued by the Prince of Antioch with a company of soldiers sent by the King.

In after years, Nicosia was pillaged by Christians and Moslems alternately: by the Genoese in 1373, who though Catholic plundered the Cathedral of its jewels, its chalices and its reliquaries, and murdered its priests; by the Mamelukes of Egypt in revenge for Pierre's sack of Alexandria; by the Turks in 1570. It is theirs now—the Jami Ayia Sophia, that on the eve of every Moslem festival has its minarets outlined

with a chain of tiny lighted lamps. At Mevlud (the Prophet's birthday), Ramazan and Bairam, the Turkish villagers come into Nicosia in their gayest clothing to attend the Mosque. Outside, at the one entrance permitted to their despised, uncomprehended sex, the women cluster for the opening of their door which gives access to a latticed gallery. They are robed in pure white like tall and stately lilies, or grave clad ghosts that might well haunt the Cathedral precincts. Or they wear brown, as do marigolds and wallflowers; or black, when they would be ultra fashionable, imitating Egyptian *khanoums*.

As they enter, the Standard of Turkey on the threshold, banner of crescent and star, is blown into the church by the strong breeze of noon.

The floor of the building, 230 feet in extent, is covered with rich rugs of crimson bordered blue or gold. Distant effects, under flickering sunshine, shade them off to delicate varieties of rose. There are several railed-off dais filled with men in ugly European clothes. The only note of bright colour amongst them is of the universal fez, bound round and round with white when a Hodja wears it. But the peasants that fill the enormous nave, their white Turkish trousers spread out accordion fashion, are resplendent. Shirts that are vivid pink or royal blue verge close on the deep purple, mauve or crimson of their immediate neighbours. A little boy wanders unheeded through the crowd, clad in old gold colour flecked with scarlet. Another, in shades of grey deepening from palest lavender to darkest pigeon's wing has gorgeous orange stockings.

The salute is fired.

Between the huge, massive pillars, the men have arranged themselves in transverse lines facing the

mihrab. Vaguely from somewhere a voice intoning breaks silence and every figure bows in unison A pause . . . : . every head touches the crimson covered ground in humblest obeisance Still in unison the wave of humanity recovers, . . . rises to bend again and break as does the comber. The rise and fall rhythmic ; the hypnotism of the crowd ; the attunement towards the Infinite of many minds.

Whose faith is in Destiny.

XV.—FAMAGUSTA SEAT OF KINGS.

Noble Cathedral of Nicosia, but St. . . . is harmonious and exquisite. Jami Ayia Sophia is hewn stone : the mosque at the port is a polished gem.

The Latin church of the capital may certainly claim the greater antiquity of a hundred years, and shows it, belonging to a ruder age. When St. Nicolas was built, life in Cyprus had already grown more decorative, more luxurious. True, the time had not quite arrived when the merchant princes of "one of the principal havens of the sea" could adorn their wives with jewels worth a king's ransom. It was at a later date, too, that the fine church St. Peter and St. Paul was built out of the part proceeds of one ship's sailing to Syria. Still, the Famagusta Cathedral, resting place of the last of the Lusignans, has an air of distinction born of the leisured ease of a wealthy bourgeois environment. It had followed the natural law of Gothic art. The artist had been allowed to give full play to his capricious fancy.

The people were quick to grasp the fact. Proud to claim their fane as the most perfect and finished, they wove around the two edifices one of their incomparable traditions, that have great truths hidden away in the guise of a simple story. They made the respective architects a master and his pupil, and the older man unsuspecting a rival. The awakening came when St. Nicolas was completed and the master builder of Ayia Sophia paid his first visit to his pupil's fane. With the exactness of professional . . . realised its beauty, and that he, wl. . . on the torch of his talent, had been far out-stripped in life's race by genius. Jealousy consumed him and hatred, but he cloaked his feelings under a pretence of friendly interest. Adopting his old rôle of master, he pointed out what he alleged was a technical error in the construction of the highest point. He took his rival to show him the more clearly what was wrong: then sent him headlong into space and gave St. Nicolas its baptism of blood. Yet failed in his intent, for none are dead whose work lives after them.

It was in this beautiful Cathedral that the Lusignans, crowned sovereigns of Cyprus and Armenia at the capital, chose to be anointed Kings of the Holy City, from the time Hugo III. claimed the heritage of the crusades until the little son of Catherine Cornaro lay buried within the sanctuary.

The Coronation of Pierre the Valiant by the celebrated Papal Legate de Thomas was one of the finest ceremonials Famagusta had ever seen. It was followed twelve months later by another more singular and dramatic; a procession assembled by the same most faithful servant of the Popes. For Famagusta was ravaged by the plague. The port,

low-lying, "hidden in the sand," housed within its restricted limits of less than a mile and a half an immense concourse of merchants and pilgrims, Christians and Saracens, men of all nations. Was it any wonder that there should be "wailings and groans in Famagusta's streets?" All had need of God's mercy were he Latin, Greek, Armenian, Maronite, Nestorian, Copt, Georgian, Jacobite, Abyssinian, or Jew. All these sects, heresies and schisms had their representatives since the days of Guy, who had been most generous and liberal-minded in his welcome to followers of every form of creed.

The ambitious Papal Legate would dearly have liked to drive these stray sheep into the fold of Holy Mother Church, but despite the genius of Rome she has never achieved the impossible and turned all men's minds into one mould of her own making. Not even in mediæval Cyprus, where, without exception, these denominations were under the immediate control of the Catholic Archbishop. The ruins of some twenty churches in which they severally worshipped are still to be seen, out of two hundred in all, that tradition says were built in that one city to the glory of God.

"From plague and pestilence Good Lord, deliver us."

On the appointed day of penitence and prayer all the inhabitants of the city walked barefoot through the narrow crowded lanes, oppressed with the horror of a heavy and a dreadful visitation: suffering for their outrage of Nature's laws, of which they were so ignorant.

"That it may please thee to forgive us all our ignorances."

We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord."

The Greeks headed the procession bearing a huge Cross aloft before a multitude of people, followed by the priests of the Orthodox Church with an *ikon* of the *Panayia*. Was it our Golden Lady of Kykko they carried, the *Eleousa* of Chrysorroiatissa or of Machæra?

"We sinners do beseech thee to hear us, O Lord God."

Then came the Mendicant Friars: Carmelites whose beautiful church of Ste. Marie de Carmel in ruins is over against the Martinengo bastion furthest away from the Cathedral. They, the Confraternity of the *Persepolis*, took precedence of all others, having . . . even before the commencement of the Latin kingdom.

After their pale brown habits followed black robed Dominicans, whom Hugo IV. had delighted to honour. Then, troops of Franciscans "with cord and cowl and coarse brown cloak," beloved of an earlier Lusignan king, Henri II. He had made a secret passage between his palace at Famagusta and the great monastery of the Barefoot Friars, that had risen up so close beside it with their Church.

"Miserere Domine."

Augustinians brought up the rear of the long train of Latin monks.

"Spare us, good Lord, spare thy people."

The Abyssinian priests with their sky blue turbans and their mitred Archbishop relieved the sombre note of the habits that had gone before them. They led the ranks of the Heterodox. It was their custom to brand the members of their sect on the forehead with hot irons, in lieu of baptism by water.

The dark-skinned Ethiopians were succeeded by Nestorians, subject to the Metropolitan of Tarsus

and using the Chaldaean language in their liturgy. Many members were wealthy financiers, able to beautify the church they had erected midway between St. Nicolas and Ste. Marie de Carmel. Its walls were decorated with paintings described in some eastern tongue. So it was given the name of St. George Exorinos, the Foreigner, to distinguish it from St. George of the Greeks on the other side of the town, southeast of the Cathedral.

In the throng that crowded after, were turbaned heads of Jacobites and Copts ; and Maronites, the most numerous sect in Cyprus, second only to the Orthodox. St. Anne's of the Maronites, also in the foreign quarter near Ste. Marie and St. George, gazes over the western walls with two great staring sightless eyes. At once a primitive people have imagined an owl and have christened the semi-ruin after the "pale little birds" that flit at night-time about this ghostly mediæval city, screaming like lost souls.

"Lord, put upon me the helmet of salvation that with strength I may fight the enemy."

The Armenian Archimandrite, mitred, with his priests in copes and birettas bound with white cloth advanced in their turn.

Turks, Saracens, and Jew doctors revered for their learning, yet compelled to wear tiny yellow badges in their high black hats, came next. Their science and skill should have dealt with the causes of the dreaded scourge that made a very babel of tongues cry out in unison :

"Withdraw from us this plague and grievous sickness."

.

"Son of God : we beseech thee to hear us."

Again, Priests of the Lord ! Last of them, the Latin ecclesiastics with their Archbishop Raymond de la Pradèle, supported by the Papal Legate, exhorting the people with tears and prayers to avert God's wrath and humbly incline themselves before his Vicar-General on earth.

"Christ, have mercy upon us."

"Lord, have mercy upon us."

The nobles bareheaded and barefooted of their choice.

Lastly the rabble, ragged and unshod of their necessity.

And the sick were healed to the number of two hundred and no more deaths occurred "although the moon was then in her last quarter."

Triumph of Rome and of her Legate ! When he passed away five years later and was laid at the threshold of the choir of his Order, "the schismatics who once thirsted for his blood" now paid the greatest veneration to his sainted body : he became one of God's elect ; this, too, by desire of the Greeks.

Even so, the Orthodox remained as obdurate as ever in their adhesion to their own dogma and would not join the ranks of Holy Mother Church. Worse still, the Latin population had begun to intermarry with the Greeks : Cypriot dames, though nominally belonging to the Roman Catholic communion, were attending services of the Orthodox Church. Then it was that St. Bridget of Sweden came to the rescue of the Latins, and in a letter written to Pierre II. from the Holy City she warned the King of the awful disasters soon to befall the island. And indeed the zenith of its prosperity ; of the splendour of the Lusignan dynasty had just been reached ; it may be said, overpassed with the madness of his father. That was misfortune's first anticipating shadow.

When the new king received his bloodstained crown from the Cypriot nobles he was only a lad of thirteen, and the government of the island was in the hands of his uncle Jean, Prince of Antioch and Constable of Cyprus, and of the notorious Queen Mother.

It was three years later, on the eve of his coronation as King of Jerusalem at Famagusta, that Pierre II. received the Swedish saint's grave prophecies. The great ceremonial had been fixed for the 12th October, and on the 8th all the Court gathered in the public place between the Palace and St. Nicolas to hear St. Bridget's Revelations. They were read aloud by the Prince of Antioch and for the moment the assembly seemed deeply moved—

“And in an ecstasy I was borne out of the world to regions of the Blest, to Paradise.

“There I saw the Lord Jesus Christ seated on a throne surrounded by all his saints. And he said unto me: ‘By My death and from an immense pity have I delivered the elect from Hell, but now I am sore displeased with the people of the little sovereignty of Cyprus.

“Hearken, O people! Unto you I have sent the warmth and light of the Holy Spirit. Listen and take heed!

“I have one Vicar on Earth only, the Supreme Pontiff at Rome. They who from pride or other worldly sins are disobedient to him, shall be unworthy of My presence after death.

“And I declare unto you, that if you do not amend the error of your ways, not only this generation will I blot out for ever, but all your race. And there shall be none pardoned: neither rich nor poor.”

But, the recital over, no one paid any real heed to such grim forebodings—why should they?—and in the bustle of preparation for the crowning of the King the letter was speedily forgotten—till afterwards.

It was but four days later that the trouble arose which was to place Famagusta for ninety-two years completely at the mercy of the Genoese. Many citizens of Genoa and Venice, rival Republics had come to the island, and their respective Consuls were splendidly lodged on the only wide road of Famagusta, its highway of commerce, which led straight from the Sea Gate to the Palace of the Kings. They were ever striving for the mastery: already there had been frequent collisions between them and matters came to a climax at Pierre's crowning. After the ceremony in the Cathedral it had been customary for the King to visit both Consulates, the representative of Genoa holding the right rein of his charger. But on this occasion it was seized by the Venetian, who by the prescribed etiquette should have gone to the left side. A heated altercation arose. To prevent bloodshed the Prince of Antioch and the Seigneur of Tyre forcibly replaced the disputants and themselves escorted Pierre to the Palace. At the ensuing banquet the King gave precedence to the Venetians, whom he placed on his right hand. After he retired to change his coronation robes for the ball which was to follow, the Genoese Consul flung a loaf across the table at the head of his rival of Venice and was promptly expelled from the banquetting hall by the other guests. In the general mêlée the Genoese were worsted and obliged to fly.

At that period the Palace of Famagusta extended round four sides of a huge square. Its arched

entrances are still supported by grey granite pillars, brought probably from the ruins of Salamis. There were more then, set up so as to form a colonnade which led to St. Nicolas and had a covered gallery above, which was the king's private way into the Cathedral. Along this upper passage some of the Genoese endeavoured to escape by hanging to the columns, but their pursuers ruthlessly hacked at the clinging hands and bodies with their long swords, so that the mangled corpses fell into the public place below. Others were flung out from the Palace windows to a mob that loathed them for their arrogance and greed and were glad to seize this golden opportunity to burn the archives. They would have wrecked the Consulate had they not been stayed in time by the authorities.

Genoa sent a fleet forthwith to avenge her murdered subjects, and crushed Cyprus, unhappy buffer of her quarrels with the Mistress of the Adriatic, under her heel. She established herself in the fairest haven of the island and held it in an iron grip against payment of a heavy indemnity and the person of the King.

XVI.—CHAIN AND PADLOCK.

On the ridges of the rocky hills that stretch across the north of Cyprus, from east to west in almost unbroken continuity, the Lusignans built a short chain of fortresses, "astounding monuments of the amazing architecture of the Middle Ages."

Kyrenia Castle in the plain of the northern shores, still a prison, formed the padlock.

The first of the massive stone links, Kantara, is situated at the outset of the Carpass and from its

lofty solitude overlooks the blue waters of the Caramanian Sea on one side and Famagusta Bay, with its delightful little twin creeks, on the other.

It is one of the most curious of castles from the very irregularity of its ground plan alone: its walls jut out now at this angle, now at that, without symmetry or order. Man had to give way to Nature, to immutable rocks around and upon which the engineers built ramparts and bastions and living rooms as best they could. The summit of the hill ends abruptly in a peak, which makes the northern portion quite inaccessible. Spreading trees, their foothold firm amongst great stones, offer their picturesque and shadowy protection from the sun's hot rays.

With three sides safe and only one open to attack, that is on the south, the dwelling rooms for days of peace were built there. They are still in quite a good state of preservation and adjoin but do not communicate with each other. An open arch near, like a window, has a dangerous unlidded threshold, a sudden perpendicular drop of hundreds of feet, where a man could be lowered to a postern when sudden necessity arose.

The ruin at the southwest angle may have been a storehouse for provisioning the besieged, or it may have been a chapel—from its cruciform shape—but now it makes a famous banquetting chamber for any twenty energetic mortals, who have accomplished the toilsome ascent to the entrance beside it. The gates face in the direction of Famagusta, and this is the only possible approach to the fortress, save for the eagle who nests there and the falcon whose shrill cry can be heard the day long.

Sometimes, after the sun has lingered above the old ruin reluctant to leave it and the mist rises up

from the sea over mountains and hills, Kantara stands at the very edge of the world. Or again it is upheld by invisible means over a floating, fleecy cloudland of billows, of white down tinged with rose colour.

It is a long day's ride from port to castle, but a sure refuge within those walls for a poor escaped prisoner fleeing from the hated Genoese.

Hither came Jean of Antioch, the king's uncle, whom they had held imprisoned since the investment of Famagusta. He got away as the scullion of his own cook, who had the wit to bring in a new boy wearing enormous boots, big enough to encase the Prince's fetters when a change of personalities could be effected. Begrimed with the sweat and soot of his kitchen tasks the late Constable of Cyprus passed the guard, bending beneath the weight of a huge cauldron and carrying a saucepan very obviously in need of repair. So he reached the village of Colota, there to find a horse for the rest of his journey.

To hold Kantara Castle was of great advantage to the king's party. From its towers they could keep a watchful eye upon the enemy and prevent them from making raids into the Mesaoria.

Kyrenia, too, was offering a stout resistance to the invaders. It was an imposing fortress in those days, with buildings protected by curtain walls that enclosed a great square. At each angle was a tower. That portion now used as a jail was subsequently in the occupation of besieged royalty; rooms overlooking the town on one side and with long stone balconies facing the Castle Court on the other. The prisons of that inhuman age were dark, horrible, underground cells, where many a wretched political captive passed out of life, starved and forgotten of intention.

Already this fort had been the scene of two sieges, in 1228, and 1232 : and now, in 1373, it was helping to preserve the crown of Cyprus awhile for the Lusignans.

For in the beginning of that year, the Genoese marched upon the castle taking the helpless King with them, and first they tried fair words : " Friends," said they, " open the fortress to your master." The Cypriots quickly responded that if they would separate themselves from the King, the King's faithful servants would see to it that he entered into possession of his castle. And they cursed Queen Aliénor loudly, for it was common talk that she had betrayed her son and Cyprus to her Genoese lover.

Then the enemy endeavoured by every other conceivable means to subjugate the loyalists. They tried negotiations, which failed signally ; engines of war that proved ineffective ; incendiarism by land and assault by sea with a battering ram placed on galleys chained together. The artillery of Jacques de Lusignan, Seneschal of Cyprus, broke it into fragments.

The various fortresses, links of the chain, were able to signal to each other and operate in concert. When Kyrenia's defenders made a sortie, a party went out from St. Hilarion, and together they carried off the Genoese supplies.

In the meantime Jean, Prince of Antioch, had made his way over the mountains from Kantara to St. Hilarion, one of two castles which command the only possible route between Nicosia and Kyrenia, the defile between the hills where the sea bursts so gloriously into view. Buffavento defends it on the east : St. Hilarion on the west. Midway between these mountain fastnesses lies the Abbey of Beautiful Peace.

Of Buffavento, "Defier of Storms," "Chateau du Lion," there is little enough to be seen to-day. Built on the highest point of the Kyrenia range, "Buffavento looks to every side," a magnificent post of observation. A splendid refuge also: to Madame Eschive d'Ibelin escaping from the army of Frederic II. in the disguise of a mendicant friar, and doubtless to many another fair fugitive in war time. In time of peace it was used as a political prison. The Cypriots know it as "The Palace of the Queen" from the monkish legend of Marie di Molino, which connects it with the Monastery of St. Chrysostomos.

Palace it was not. Of all the fortresses the only one that can truly claim to have been a royal residence as well, is St. Hilarion. A Palace this indeed of which any country, any clime, any age might be justly proud.

Such is the beauty of its site that, in the dark ages of the island's history, it is well known a host of dæmons took possession of the mountain top, attracted by its loveliness. From a twin peaked crown, it had the name of Didymos and held itself superbly aloof from the valleys by reason of steep declivities . . . valleys that surround it every way.

There the evil spirits held their revels undisturbed, secure from interruption, until the days of blessed Constantine and St. Helena, when Christian hermits were also in search of solitary retreats. There came one from Palestine to escape the importunities of would-be followers. An ancient man was he, long past the Psalmist's three score years and ten of life, unclean in person but very holy. He settled about two miles out of Paphos, where the local dæmons, anxious to be quit of him, made known

his fame as St. Hilarion and so drove him away to the more secluded and unapproachable refuge of the Kyrenia hills. To be sure he found a house and garden on Didymos, with abundant water, belonging to a heathen : also the ruins of a temple where the Gods of Greece had once been worshipped.

The devils heard of St. Hilarion's arrival with dismay, knowing full well that either they or he must go. They prepared a very pandemonium of hellish noises for his coming, but they had not reckoned on his sense of humour, or his lack of hearing. The saint only thanked them placidly and said he had never been welcomed anywhere before with music.

It was they who had to fly, leaving the saint in full possession. He dwelt on that mountain for five years in the odour of sanctity and, by his own request, was buried in the garden. His favourite disciple, however, one Hesychios, secretly carried off his dead master to a monastery St. Hilarion had founded at Majoma, in Syria. But the Cypriots urge that no matter where his body rests, the spirit of the saint lingers about the garden that he loved, and in proof of that theory instance many miracles worked there. Soon a chapel was raised to his memory on the site of the original grave and his name given to the splendid feudal fortress subsequently built between the rocky peaks of Didymos.

The whole summit of the mountain is enclosed within the castle walls and that early church " built in the old Byzantine manner " was carefully preserved and upheld with masonry of fine work of the 13th century. With what patience, skill and ingenuity, and surely too what loss of life, three sections of a castle grew up superimposed one on the other, till the royal lodgment was reached,

right at the very top between the cliffs that uphold the north and south sides of a square courtyard.

During the great plague of 1349 which gave the island so evil a character for unwholesomeness that trade nearly ceased, St. Hilarion was the only place where it was safe for the king to live. Thither consequently Hugo the Débonnaire and his Queen removed with all haste from Nicosia. They were accompanied by Knights Templars and Knights of St. John who had found an asylum in Cyprus and other gallant cavaliers, all of whom were ready enough to meet King Death face to face in glorious battle, but not in the guise of a foul and loathsome disease.

Far below the castle, but in full view of it, there was a plateau for jousts and tourneys overlooked by a stone pavilion with vaulted ceiling and a terrace of the second section. These connected with the lodgings of the ladies of the Court. Picture them wearing the colours of some favoured knight gone into mimic battle, waving their kerchiefs in honour of a victory, flinging roses and airy kisses over the battlements from the belvedere of St. Hilarion. Here's a place to conjure up Walt Whitman's "Mystic Trumpeter."

"Blow again trumpeter! and for my sensuous eyes,
Bring the old pageants, show the feudal world.
What charm thy music works! thou makest pass before me,
Ladies and cavaliers long dead, barons are in their castle halls,
the troubadours are singing,
Arm'd knights go forth to redress wrongs, some in quest of
the Holy Graal;
I see the tournament, I see the contestants incased in heavy
armour seated on stately champing horses,
I hear the shouts, the sounds of blows and smiting steel."

When the summer sun shone hot and its rays were reflected from all that mass of stone and rock, man's handiwork and nature's, a gay company

climbed the wide staircase at the northeast corner of the courtyard to the long hall with its fine windows since wrecked by earthquake or explosion. There they entertained Queen Alix and each other with stories after the fashion of the Decameron, whose author had dedicated to Hugo IV. his "Genealogy of the Gods."

For St. Hilarion was the summer residence of the Lusignans as well as their place of refuge. The oriental princes and seigneurs brought other forms of amusement with them from the further east, and fashions from the west. Of the corbels above the main gate of the enceinte one was sculptured with the head of a Mauresque dancer and another showed a lady coiffée à l'Isabeau de Bavière with a horned head-dress, vastly becoming and introduced from France. Whether dressed in French fashion or not, the Cypriot dames were modish and extravagant in their attire during the golden age of the Frankish kings.

The gay sunshine faded out on the coming of the Prince of Antioch to St. Hilarion in 1373 with his faithful Bulgarian mercenaries to hold the fortress for Pierre II.

The Queen mother was his most dangerous enemy. Beguiling him the while with expressions of affection, she eventually trapped and had him assassinated in the Palace of Nicosia. Her first step was to write to him as follows :—

"My dear Brother—Beware of Bulgarians, who have plotted to kill you and seize St. Hilarion. Take some precautions. It is my affection for you that makes me give you this advice."

The Prince seems to have believed her implicitly and to have been swayed by passions as ungovernable as those of his brother, Pierre I. When he

received this missive he was in the great hall, where once had been scenes of gaiety and laughter and whose windows looked out to the west over a sheer precipice. Without hesitation or reflection he sent for his Bulgarian soldiers and had them flung out to be dashed to pieces on the rocks below. Only one survived to tell the hideous story, and the arched frame that faces the setting sun is known as "The Queen's Window" to this day.

So detested had Aliénor become that Pierre was forced at last to send her away, back to the home of her youth and her kinsfolk in Spain, but too late for the fortunes of her husband's family. For them she had already done her worst.

Though Jacques II. was able to rid Famagusta and the island of the Genoese in 1464, his reign was but as the last flare of glory to illumine a tropical little island, when the sun sinks gorgeously before the night comes. The Venetians dismantled and even destroyed the Lusignan fortresses; robbed them scandalously of their pride and strength and be it noted to their own ultimate undoing. No castle fared worse than the finest, St. Hilarion.

But even as "there is one glory of the sun and another of the moon," in its ruinous state it is very beautiful, and Père Etienne de Lusignan, monkish chronicler of the rise and splendour and fall of his House, has helped to save its grace and charm. With enchanting naïveté the Dominican Friar revived an ancient Grecian myth of Didymos which name he and the other Franks converted into "Dieu d'Amour." Facts are, after all, mere incidents: it is the stream of ideas that really matters, and some "ancient historians" recognising this no doubt "gave us delightful fiction in the form of fact."

Here then in the Kyrenia hills, be it known, was the royal residence of Eros, son of the reigning, omnipresent Queen of Cyprus, Aphrodite. *O Queen Live for Ever!*

After the night has come and there is at first but a shimmer of silver in the sky, all about the Castle of Eros are heard "dim utterances echoed from the eternal melody of silence." As who should softly say, *Art here, sweet Cupid?*

Sounds there are but half articulate, low notes of Nature's flute, faint jangle of bells from flocks below in the valley, sighing of the pine boughs as they sway to and fro in the warm languorous breeze. *Where art thou, Eros?*

The moonbeams play hide and seek amongst the ruined battlements and stray over the curves of creepers, and the clinging tendrils that wind so caressingly about some fallen stone to hide its grievous hurt. *Hast come, Love?*

Growing older with the hours and stronger, the moon floods a ruined chamber and pours through the carved framework of its windows, throwing dark mysterious shadows on a great rock that stands sentinel without. *O God of Love, hast thou for ever gone from thy Castle?*

"I go not," said Eros, "for where Love is, there is Elysium. And yonder moon tells me that my hour is come."

XVII.—THE PALACE OF THE QUEEN.

It must not be imagined that mediæval Famagusta was a city of churches, monasteries and convents only. Far from it. Crowded into the least possible breathing space were all kinds of other beautiful

buildings. The Archbishop's Palace, Lodges of the Castellan and Seneschal, the Mint, the Exchange, and all the Consulates of Pisa, Barcelona, Syria, Venice (next the Bourse) and Genoa. Some have entirely disappeared: of others a few fragments remain, scarcely indicative of their purpose.

North of the Palace of the Lusignan Kings and on a line with it, such a ruin had lasted long enough for technical knowledge to be brought to bear on its structure and to decide that the delicate, graceful, crumbling façade was fine work of the Italian Renaissance.

The main building had stood very little below the Franciscan Monastery, almost fronting those quaint twin churches (with about 10 feet of passage way between them) which are supposed to have belonged respectively to the Templars and Hospitallers. In an engraving dated 1571, on that spot is pictured a kind of triumphal arch as entrance to a royal residence, which is called "Palazzo della Regina." Here then stood the Palace of Caterina Cornaro, Daughter of Venice, sometime Queen of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia.

All about there and around the princely dwelling of her Lusignan husband, his people's hero, what a wealth of memories cling! The whole stir, glamour, romance, intrigue, and tragedy possible to the period seem concentrated in the life of the charming, gracious woman, whom the Signory chose, as they might any finely fashioned tool, to carve therewith the destinies of Cyprus and make of this island the Republic's pied-à-terre for eastern trade.

"*E bella donna*" was one of eight daughters born to Marco Cornaro, who claimed descent from the Roman Cornelii, and of his Greek wife, Fiorina, grand-daughter of John Comnenos, Emperor of

Trebizond. Their fourth little girl had St. Catherine for her patron saint, and during all her childhood led the simple, secluded existence of a nobly born Venetian maiden, who rarely crossed the threshold of her home save to go to mass or to confession. A very dull time indeed she had, with hardly a pretty frock or a jewel; only flowers were permitted young girls for their wearing as ornaments, a rose, or a carnation in the hair just above the ear. Caterina would have, for certain, one daily occupation, "to sit for hours in the sun upon the housetop, with all her hair drawn out through the top of a crownless straw hat, each lock soaked in unguents and carefully separated so that they fell in a veil all round her head. "Thus her tresses," kissed by Apollo, "grew to that glowing Venetian gold" beloved of Titian and the joy of every artist for all time. At ten years old the desired result must have been obtained for she was sent to a convent of Benedictine nuns, who could not have permitted such vanities, so the little maid's life was still more serious with study of her breviary until she was fourteen.

Then and quite suddenly, so far as she herself was concerned, Caterina bloomed into a most important *gentildonna*, nearly as much in the public eye as was the Doge himself. Venice, the Serene Republic, proposed to adopt Caterina Cornaro as her own daughter. And by reason of this great, unexpected honour, on the 10th November, 1468, she was betrothed by proxy, with all due state and ceremony in the Hall of the Great Council, to Jacques de Lusignan, King of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia.

With a consecrated ring upon her finger and all outward semblance of a royal state, Caterina was

escorted by forty noble ladies to her own Palace of San Polo, where she lived and held a little court, until her marriage four years later. The Republic gave her a dowry of 100,000 ducats ; her linen and jewels were the gift of the Cornari. It was a brilliant alliance for her, and if good looks alone had been in question, Jacques was a fitting mate for the lovely Venetian. He was " bright, brave, ambitious and handsome," natural son of Jean II. and Marie Patras, a beautiful Greek. His step-mother, Elaine Paleologus, fearing the lad's influence in the island and with his adoring father, whereby the legal rights of her own daughter Charlotte might be jeopardised, intrigued to have Jacques consecrated Latin Archbishop of Cyprus. He was but fifteen when he was tonsured, consecrated in the four Orders and placed by his father in possession of his See at Nicosia. With no taste whatever for the vocation thrust upon him, Jacques, naturally enough, did not distinguish himself in his exalted clerical capacity, but he continued to hold office till his father died and Charlotte became Queen of Cyprus automatically. He took the oath of allegiance to his half sister ; but when she forbade him to officiate at her coronation, he was unable to brook such an insult. He left the island secretly with a few friends and presented himself at the court of the Sultan of Egypt. " There James pleaded his sex, always a powerful argument in the eastern mind, and excused his illegitimacy, which Oriental nations have seldom considered a bar to succession His beauty helped him to the favour of all who heard him plead his case, and the charm of his manner created a *furore* on his behalf. In the hall of the Palace and surrounded by his mamelukes the Soldan ordered James, then twenty-two years

old, to be robed and crowned King of Cyprus, and adopted him as his own son."

Jacques sailed away from Egypt with sufficient forces to attack the cities of the Kingdom he now claimed. Only two of them resisted him awhile; Kyrenia, where Charlotte was in fortified residence with her husband Louis of Savoy; and Famagusta, whence, to his new subjects' joy, the King succeeded in ousting the Genoese. Placed on a somewhat unstable throne, Jacques looked about now for an alliance to make it more secure by marriage. He was much sought after himself as an eligible parti on account of his island of Cyprus. Naples, Venice, and the Prince of the Morea were all in competition to find a bride for him.

One day Jacques picked up a miniature which his friend Andrea Cornaro had let fall and, inflammable young man, became immediately enamoured of the pretty face he saw. The Auditor of Cyprus, quick to take advantage of such an opportunity, chaffed the King and joked with him. He swore at first it was the likeness of his own mistress, and varied his jesting till he worked Jacques up to a pitch of mad excitement about the beauty. Then, wily Venetian, he admitted that this was his niece Caterina, daughter of Marco Cornaro, but obtainable only as wife and Queen. Thus passion and politics combined to favour an alliance with Venice and the betrothal became an accomplished fact, but not the marriage. Ferdinand of Naples still hoped and worked for his own ends: to persuade Jacques into breaking his contract with the Republic and then to marry him to his own illegitimate daughter. For three years, intrigue kept the vacillating young King as on a see-saw: now he was for Naples and again for Venice and his betrothed. At last very strong representations from

the Serene Republic, and surely, too, love's fancy decided him. He sent his galleys and ambassadors to the city of lagoons to fetch his bride.

A joyful day for Venice, the 14th July, 1472! The people kept such high festival that "it seemed to each and all the Signory had won a kingdom, as by God's good grace, did actually happen." Before the high altar of St. Mark, the Doge adopted Caterina Cornaro as the child of the Republic. She went out from her own kith and kin to become Caterina Veneta Lusignan, guided by a hand so softly gloved, she had no suspicion of a coming grip of steel. What could she know, or even guess of political intrigues; of a statecraft callous enough to sacrifice a young and charming maiden to expediency and the demands of commerce? She had suddenly stepped into such a wonderful, splendid world, where crowds acclaimed her and reverend signors delighted to do her honour. Just on the threshold of life, she passed swiftly from out the shuttered twilight of an old Venetian Palace to blossom in the sunshine of a kingdom where Love herself was born.

One morning in September the State Barge, Bucentaur, halted at the Palace San Polo to take Caterina on her first stage to Cyprus. They had arrayed her as befits a Queen. When she gave the Doge her hand and sat beside him on the dais of the gondola, her slender form, white and graceful as a lily, was regally sheathed in cloth of gold. Down the Grand Canal they floated to the Lido and from there a fleet of galleys, Cypriot and Venetian, bore her away over the blue waters to her new home.

From one unique city "always just putting out to sea," the rise and fall of tideless waves carried

her to anchor in a port well nigh as strange. Though impoverished and partly ruined by the Genoese, Famagusta was still a dream city of the Levant : a fitting background of mediæval palaces, of eastern gardens, of semi-oriental, semi-feudal state for the bride and bridegroom of a fairy tale.

The people were enchanted with the beauty of their Queen. It was Aphrodite Anadyomene, never forgotten, come to rule over them again. It was the triumph of Love.

“ I am the queen of Cypriotes.
Mine oarsmen, labouring with brown throats,
Sang of me many a tender thing.
My maidens, girdled loose and braced
With gold from bosom to white waist,
Praised me between their wool-combing.
All that praise Venus all night long
With lips like speech and lids like song
Praised me till song lost heart to sing.”

It was all too perfect, too ideal even for a fairy story ; how much the more so for life's grim realities. When the summer came and the wedded lovers were at the zenith of happiness, perhaps had ceased to fear, which is unwise for mortals, the gods sent their messengers.

Jacques went away hunting in the heat of a Cypriot July and in a few days he was dead. Mysteriously, too, he died, for the Queen's relatives Andrea Cornaro and Marco Bembo would not let anyone come near the sick man, save themselves after he fell ill. Was it fever ? or had Venice played her second move in a game where she, Mistress of the Adriatic, was the real Queen and her adopted daughter merely a pawn in her gambit ?

The Council of Ten enjoyed a sinister reputation for ridding themselves secretly of distinguished persons from dictates of expediency. The means were always to their hand; whether it might be quintessence of plague, or merely a little arsenic and sublimate of silver dropped into a tumbler, or a hunting flask.

At nineteen Caterina found herself widowed and a Queen in her own right, for Jacques had willed the kingdom to her for life and subsequently to their child, which was to be born. He had appointed a commission of seven nobles to advise her, but so antagonistic were they to each other that within a few weeks Famagusta was in an uproar and the Queen a prisoner. Her infant son, christened Prince of Galilee, was taken away from his mother; her uncle Andrea Cornaro and her cousin Marco Bembo lay stabbed to death beneath her windows, "nor dared she take them up to bury them until they were half eaten by the dogs." From this rebellion Venice sent a fleet to rescue her. The conspirators fled: quiet was restored. Within twelve months her little boy lay beside his father in the Cathedral of St. Nicolas. Fever again? or Venice? Which? The Senate ordered Marco Cornaro to go and comfort his daughter in her grief and help in checking any revolt which might arise in favour of Charlotte de Lusignan, the legitimate claimant to the crown. Other councillors from Venice were appointed to assist the Queen in ruling over Cyprus. In reality, they governed in her name. Very, very gradually she became a mere puppet in their hands. Her household, her income, aye, even her liberty was under the control of the *Provveditori*. They humiliated her, moreover, until her father—loyal servant of the Republic though

he was—took upon himself to utter and write protests. “I swear to your Serenity that any one of my daughters is better treated in her house than is the Queen.”

Brave Marco to call in question the orders of the Senate! The Venetian officials reported him disloyal, and the answer sent to him was a poisoned fowl, that good fortune alone spared his table for which it had been destined.

Unhappily for Caterina, for various reasons her only influential Cypriot subjects, the nobles, held themselves coldly aloof. Some there were who would gladly have dethroned her to reign in her stead: others favoured Charlotte of Savoy: others again had been merely jealous of the Venetian influence to which the Queen at first had seemed to yield of her own choice. When they realised she was an unwilling victim of the Republic's tyranny and would have rallied to her side, it was too late. The nobles' change of front merely forced Venice to grant the Queen relief from the intolerable conduct of her officials, but only as does some cruel creature which plays with the prey that cannot escape it and grants it a moment's respite from disdain.

Whilst the Republic stayed her hand there was plotting: in Turkey by the Sultan Bajazet II., who wanted Cyprus as a base for his operations against the Mamelukes: in Egypt, where Alfonso of Naples schemed to marry Caterina himself. Marry again! No, that she must never do! An alarmed Signory felt the Queen's hour had struck for her recall. They sent Admiral Priuli and Giorgio Cornaro her brother to bow her to Their Will. The ambassadors found their task by no means so easy as they had, perhaps, anticipated. Despite her many sorrows, the long years she had passed alone in the midst

of intrigues, the humiliations she had been compelled to endure; Caterina clung to her kingdom, to her shadowy sovereignty, to her subjects of the cities where she—ever kind and generous—knew herself beloved.

No, no! she would not. "Is it not enough," said she, "that Venice shall inherit when I die?"

Then they told her she would be treated as a rebel: the Republic would disclaim her adopted daughter, would ruin her and all her kin. Poor Queen!

So the Signory drew the net about her; that net they had made so glittering fifteen years before. She found herself hopelessly entangled in its close dark meshes, from which waves of the Adriatic, that beat outside Rialto, had washed off all the gold.

She yielded.

This was not enough. The world must be told that no pressure had been brought to bear upon the Queen of Cyprus; that she had acted entirely of her initiative; that, in short, by her own desire she had made Venice a free gift of her Kingdom.

Again she complied with their demands.

So they promised her the principality of Asolo in the Marca Amorosa and to invest her for life with its Castle that looks far away over the plain to Padua. But they spared her no single detail of the most complete abdication of her sovereignty of Cyprus. They took her from town to town throughout the little island. In everyone of them she entered as a Queen with all the emblems of her state. In the Cathedral Church of everyone of them they divested her of her royal robes and the insignia of her regal office, so that she left the city uncrowned on another progress, for a renewal of this nightmare pageant in some other place. Poor Queen!

The people wept with her, for their own misfortunes and lost liberty as well as hers, and they thronged about her person, showering prayers and blessings on the head that lacked a diadem.

In March, 1489, she had drained her cup to its last dregs of bitterness. The galleys of the Republic were in readiness to take her away. Too deeply moved herself for tears, she bade the mourning crowd be of good cheer. She would come back to them again. Did she really think so? Alas! poor woman!

She had come to Cyprus a bride in the shimmer of gold tissue and the joy of her beauty and her youth. As Bellini painted her afterwards in Venice she left it, robed in black velvet *alla Zipriota*, with a veil and jewels, a widow, childless, discrowned.

And the Venetian standard had floated over the battlements of Famagusta already several days.

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"Pass'd! pass'd! for us, for ever pass'd, that once so mighty world, now void, inanimate, phantom world,
Embroider'd, dazzling, foreign world, with all its gorgeous legends, myths,
Its kings and castles proud, its priests and warlike lords and courtly dames,
Pass'd to its charnel vault, coffin'd with crown and armour on,
Blazon'd with Shakespeare's purple page,
And dirged by Tennyson's sweet sad rhyme."

XVIII.—OTHELLO'S TOWER.

Memorials of the Venetian occupation of Cyprus are almost the first that meet a traveller's enquiring gaze on arrival at Famagusta harbour. On marble tablets brought from Salamis, in work of the Italian Renaissance, the Lion of St. Mark figures in bas relief over the sea and castle gates. The latter

bears the oldest date of the Republic's fortifications, 1492, and the name "Nicolao Foscarini Cypri præfecto." But it is not in him, or his governorship that we of to-day are interested, but in that of another Captain of Cyprus, known as Othello.

He may not have been such a mythical person after all as is generally believed, nor black skinned as Shakespeare made him, though he rightly felt the necessity of excusing his heroine's infatuation for a Moor.

In the days when "the Turk with a most mighty preparation" was making for Cyprus, the Senate had a gallant and devoted servant in one, Christoforo Moro, a Venetian nobleman. His name was a play upon the word *moro* (mulberry) the badge of his house which he bore emblazoned on his shield. He gave his betrothed a kerchief, worked with the same fruit, as a love token and there was

. "magic in the web of it :
 A sibyl, that had numbered in the world
 The sun to course two hundred compasses,
 In her prophetic fury sew'd the work ;
 The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk ;
 And it was dy'd in mummy which the skilful
 Conserv'd of maidens' hearts."

It brought poor Desdemona dire misfortune, and no wonder. With so weird a history it should never have been chosen as a love gift.

It is said she was a daughter of the Barbarians and related to Cecilia Priuli, whose son and grandson Marino Sanuto was a diarist. He has something to say at a later date in his record of passing events, of this Christoforo Moro, who (as it would seem) was but newly wed, when the Senate chose him for the defence of their colony of Cyprus.

"Othello, the fortitude of the place is best known to you; . . . you must, therefore, be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition."

As a matter of fact when the Republic formally took possession of the island, its most important town and harbour—in truth, its key—was in a semi-ruinous condition. The Venetian troops that had occupied Famagusta for eighteen years had been quartered in disused churches and private dwellings. No rent had been paid, nor had there been the smallest attempt to repair these temporary barracks. Now, menaced by a barbarous foe, officials and inhabitants combined in importuning the Senate to fortify the city and put it in a proper state of defence.

It was clear enough that a Captain of Cyprus would be running no ordinary risks grappling with no common dangers. Are any worse than unpreparedness? Yet the bride of Othello was willing to share them.

"That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world : . . .
. . . Let me go with him."

She never dreamed, gentle, gracious, loving Desdemona of slander and lies; of jealousy so fierce and oriental in its savageness that she must soon outrun the measure of her days.

The second Act of Shakespeare's drama brings the Venetian galleys and the new Captain of the island to "A Seaport in Cyprus," which of course is Famagusta. Scene 3 is laid in the fine banquetting room, which relentless time turned

into a storehouse, till it was cleared in 1915 for Syrian refugees fleeing, as chance would have it, from the Turks. It runs along the north side of the open court, a fine old Gothic "Hall in the Castle" older than the Venetian epoch, dating back to the 13th century. Little imagination is needed to fill it in fancy with Othello's rollicking dare-devil soldiers shouting a chorus to Iago's song:

"And let me the canakin clink, clink;
 And let me the canakin clink:
 A soldier's a man;
 A life's but a span
 Why, then, let a soldier drink."

Under the Venetians the castle itself served partly as a prison, partly as a residence for the Governor. This portion of it, we must suppose, was in the round tower, which tradition has called Othello's and where the last scene of Shakespeare's tragedy was laid.

O travesty of love, that could so ill requite it, that gentle pleadings and innocence availed not to allay unjust suspicion; that in her own kingdom, Love herself could not rise triumphant to avert the horrid deed to follow Othello's frenzied call:

"Put out the light and then—put out the light."

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For final record we have Sanuto's entry in his diary:

"Oct. 27, 1508. This morning Sir Christofalo Moro was in the Cabinet unshaved, because in mourning for his wife, *who died on her way from Cyprus.*"

VOEU A VENUS.

Pour garder Cypre contre l'armée Turque.

Belle Déesse, amoureuse Cyprine,
 Mère du Jeu, des Grâces et d'Amour,
 Qui fais sortir tout ce qui vit au jour,
 Comme du tout le germe et la racine!
 Idaliennne, Amathonte, Erycine,
 Desfends des Turcs Cypre ton beau séjour :
 Baise toi Mars, et tes bras alentour
 De son col plie, et serre sa poitrine.
 Ne permets point qu'un barbare Seigneur
 Perde ton fle et souille ton honneur
 De ton berceau chasse autre-par la guerre.
 Tu le ferais : car d'un trait de tes yeux,
 Tu peux fléchir les hommes et les dieux,
 Le ciel, la mer, les enfers et la terre

Pierre de Ronsard.
 (1524-1585).

XIX.—THE WALLS AND GATES.

My Lords, if you would like to know how the Turks took Cyprus, I will tell you the whole story. Weep ! weep ! for it is a sad tale. Now, I shall begin to recite it to you and I want you all to listen.

The Sultan Selim was in Constantinople seated on his throne, or divan. It was covered with silk sewn with pearls, diamonds, emeralds and other jewels, and it was wonderfully wrought with gold thread. His robe too was of gold. He sat motionless, like a dead man. His hands lay idly in his lap and his eyes were cast on the ground, for he was thinking of Cyprus and how he would take it from the infidels. Even when his father Suleiman the Magnificent had been alive, Selim had asked many questions about that island, having heard of its famous vintages. For he loved wine so much that he was called Selim the Sot.

Besides he wished to perform a pious act: to build a beautiful mosque at Adrianople to the glory of Allah and to mark his own accession to the throne of the Ottomans. It was to be grander than that of his father, which is set on a hill above "The Threshold of Felicity" and has four minarets. Selim was determined his should have six. But the *Mufti* had said the money for the building of this fine mosque must be snatched from dogs of unbelievers and not taken from pious Moslems. The holy man and Selim's trusted adviser, a renegade Jew whom he had set on his right hand, both counselled him to attack Cyprus. The Sultan and his friend had already drunk long and deep to the success of the expedition, and Selim in his cups had vowed that Miquez should rule over the island. The Jew had taken him at his word and actually began to call himself King of Cyprus. Then Selim sober took back the promise of Selim drunk and made the Hebrew Duke of Naxos instead.

The latter had good news from friends of his own faith in Venice, who kept him advised. They wrote to say a terrible fire had destroyed stores and powder. Selim summoned a *divan*, but as he would not have the Venetian ambassador know of this, it was called a hunting party. The Sultan and his Pashas of tails met on horseback outside Constantinople. Then said Selim to them:

"O wise and great Pashas! Shall we make Cyprus the Renowned ours? If the island yield to us at our asking, all well and good. If not, we will make war upon it."

Now the Grand Vizier, Mehmed Sokolli, knew that there was great discontent among the Cypriots against the hard sway of Venice and the cruel Latin priests who persecuted the Orthodox. The *parici*,

peasant slaves of the Franks, had sent two messengers to pray for the rule of the Grand Turk! But the Sultan's first minister favoured the infidels because the last *Bailo*, Bragadino, had given him plenty of *bakshish* in exchange for those two Cypriots. Nothing more was ever heard of them and their mission to the Sultan. Therefore he said it was not fitting to make war on a country with which the Turks were at peace : it would bring dishonour to the Porte. But Piali Pasha and Lala Mustapha were not of this opinion. They, as late admiral and generalissimo of the forces, had failed in the siege of Malta and had fallen into disgrace, mainly through the scheming of the Grand Vizier. They applauded the Sultan's plan, hoping it might bring about the downfall of their enemy in the councils of Selim. But it did not for quite another reason. Mehmed Pasha suddenly sided with them. He had sent a secret missive to Bragadino's successor telling him that the Sultan, like all new Sultans, had a strange whim. He had taken a fancy to the rock which was called Cyprus. It would be a gracious act on the part of Venice to make his Master a present of the island. The Grand Vizier also hinted that a handsome gift to himself might help to make them all as great friends, as he would wish. But the new ambassador, Barbaro, was so wanting in a sense of favours he had not replied and the indignant Mehmed Sokolli felt such black ingratitude should meet with its own fitting punishment.

Thus it happened that at the second *divan* all these great Pashas were agreed. They debated how they should begin to take Cyprus, and one, whom the Sultan loved, said :

"O Great and Glorious Sultan ! send Cubat Chaoush to the Serenity which is at Venice."

They began to write by the light of the moon and the stars, so long had their Council lasted, and they gave the letter to the Cavass.

When he was nearing the Rialto, Cubat began to wonder how he should make his salutations and gild the words of his message lest the Serenity cut off his head.

"How fares it with you, Serenity, who are the Great Doge of the Franks? My Sultan sends you his salaams. He desires that you make him a present of Cyprus the Renowned. But if you will not do this willingly, the great and glorious Selim will make war upon you."

The Chaoush was so long in returning to Constantinople that the Sultan and his Pashas of tails began to be anxious and annoyed. They were wondering and waiting and sending out messengers to meet Cubat till at last he arrived.

"O Great One! Your servant is present and brings you news. The year has twelve months and thirteen moons. The infidels will not give up Cyprus to you. The dogs say they have brave men to fight. You will send your Janissaries: they will send women."

Then spoke the second Pasha, saying,—

"O my Sultan! You must cover the sea with ships."

And the third Pasha also,

"Fill the heavens, O mighty Sultan with the flashing of swords. On the 23rd April, the Feast of St. George, you will sail against Cyprus."

Then they began to make weapons with great haste and to count their army. They had 120,000 men, whom they shipped on to frigates, galliots and smaller craft to the number of three hundred

and forty-eight. At Easter—that being an auspicious season—they started for Cyprus, and sailing like the wind covered a thousand miles in a minute. They brought all their army to the island in two journeys. When the galleys came in sight of the Fort at Paphos, if you had been there, you would have seen how all the brave men turned pale and the soldiers and the little children were white with fear.

Lala Mustapha was all for attacking Famagusta first, but his spies brought him news that the capital was very weak, so he turned his course and marched on Nicosia. It took forty-two days to vanquish that city and it was given up for three more to robbers and murderers: 20,000 persons were put to the sword. Then, like locusts, the great Turkish army swarmed over the plain to Famagusta. They besieged the port for eleven months, and when it was given up to them, they slew the brave garrison and flayed alive the Venetian leader Marc' Antonio Bragadino.

The writer of this was a poet and, as he is dead, you must pray for him, and to me you should say “*Efcharisto.*”¹

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Meanwhile what had the Venetians been doing?

Their *Bailo* at Constantinople, Barbaro, had warned the signory of the warlike preparations and the object the Porte had in view, but all to no purpose. His government would not listen. The Senate declared that there was nothing to fear from the Sultan, on whose friendship they could rely. They declined even to take precautionary measures until they heard, with alarm, that the Turkish fleet

¹ Thank you.

had sailed for Cyprus. But the land forces they could spare were too insignificant in numbers to be of use against a well disciplined horde, when Nicosia was needing five hundred soldiers to man each of her eleven bastions. The Cypriots were untrained and unskilled in war. Unhappily also for them, supreme authority was in the hands of Nicolo Dandolo, a man whose ineptitude was so apparent, his supineness so glaring that it verged on treachery. In consequence there were jealousies, quarrels and fatal disagreements among the leaders. Though Dandolo's term of office was nearly at an end, the Senate permitted him to continue in the most important post in Cyprus. He was "the root and reason (as everyone says) of the ruin of the realm."

The citizens were filled with dismay when war was declared. They beseeched Heaven to help them, and to their undying honour, the Latin Bishop of Paphos, Contarini, in soldier's garb, and the Superior of the Carmelites, crucifix in hand, upheld the courage of the besieged by word and deed.

Three years previously Venice had decided to fortify the capital with banks of earth faced with square stone and had reduced the enceinte of the city. But the walls had not nearly reached the height intended, nor were the fosses dug out below. The defences were inadequate; the bastions insufficiently manned. Though Dandolo had declared the bastions to be "so many mountains," as the brave garrison dwindled in numbers the Turks scaled them again and again leaving behind on the ramparts the red flag of crescent and star. The first standard bearer who planted the Ottoman flag on the walls of Nicosia has been immortalised by a beautiful mosque. It is built on the Constanza bastion,

southeast of the city, where he paid for his daring with his life.

But so far as the enemy was concerned the three vaulted tunnelled gates of Del Provveditore, leading to Kyrenia, Giuliana (now called T.) San Domenico remained unharmed. that help so greatly to make Nicosia picturesque have still escaped destruction: not so the third. It was cleared away after the British occupation to make room for a new cutting, which belies its name of Paphos Gate. At the same time the fosse was planted with trees. Most welcome greenery amongst old walls, but scarcely compensating for other offences of neglect and demolition.

Famagusta was in a much better state of protection. Its walls, varying from 13-20 feet in thickness were considered impregnable, provided the garrison was sufficiently large to hold them against the enemy. The citadel, built on a slight eminence, had been surrounded by a deep fosse cut out of the natural rock, which, when filled with water, completely isolated it as if it were an island. "The enceinte is one of the most beautiful and complete bequeathed to posterity by the engineers of the Renaissance."

Strong walls outside and brave defenders within! If only help had come! But the troops of the Republic in alliance with those of Spain and of the Pope failed them at the most critical juncture. When the combined fleet reached Crete on its way to Cyprus, news was brought of the fall of the capital. Instead of sailing then and there to the assistance of the beleaguered garrison of Famagusta, as was advised by most members of the war council, Doria refused point blank to risk the safety of his ships! He declared their objective had been to raise the

siege of Nicosia. He left Famagusta to its fate, and "Bragadino and his men wiped out with their blood the original stain of the domination of Venice."

Some there were who escaped torture and dishonour by death terrible enough in itself. Two galleys of Mehmed Pasha had been laden with spoil and with all the most beautiful maidens and youths as an offering to the Sultan and his son Murad. But the courage of a noble woman defrauded the Turks of this treasure, for she set a light to the powder barrels and every soul on board both ships was swept into eternity.

And the beautiful Frankish city was ruined for all time. Nothing remains to-day but memorials of its past grandeur and of that tremendous siege.

There are the cannon balls whitewashed and heaped up in piles within the Palace yard: metal ones too in the makeshift Museum, which was once an ancient church. There is the tomb of Jumbalat, the Turkish warrior, who was laid to rest at the bottom of a deep pit amongst crumbling walls, where tiny lamps lit by the faithful flicker dimly and a sacred olive tree spreads its sheltering branches over the grave. Here, says tradition, the Venetians had a huge revolving wheel spiked with knives, on which they flung the Turks as they scaled the walls till that horrible abyss was choked with dismembered dead. There is the mausoleum of the famous Lala Mustapha, who conducted the siege and who died subsequently in Cyprus. It is without the walls, at the corner of the Larnaca road and faces the Land Gate of Famagusta. This entrance is perhaps the oldest portion of the fortress after the Citadel. The fine, open arch facing south towards the new town and suburb of Varoshia is connected with the highway by a bridge that spans

the fosse. Over it pass long trains of camels laden with produce for export to Egypt, and Turkish women, singly or in groups, muffled in white chershafs.

The round tower of the Water Gate looks far out to sea. It is wholly Venetian, pure Italian Renaissance in style and form, and the marble for the building of the portal was brought from Salamis as late as 1496. Over this, the only other gate Famagusta ever had, is a square plaque with the winged lion of St. Mark sculptured upon it in bas-relief.

Within a dead, strangely silent city.

But watch awhile when the sun is setting and his warm glow touches the grim walls gently, deepening the hues Time has painted on them. The ruined church of St. Peter and St. Paul will be lit up brilliantly as if for vespers, and the great mosque, that once was a cathedral, remains quite dark.

THE BOOK OF THE PEOPLE.

PART I.

FABLES.

“ L’île de Chypre . . . a commencé par des merveilles ; les premières pages de ses annales sont des fables, et comme ces fables sont pleines de poésie et d’images riantes, elles se sont conservées dans la mémoire des hommes.”

M. Michaud.

20. THE THREE-EYED MONSTER.
21. THE KING’S SON AND THE DAUGHTER OF THE
MAN WHO SOLD FAGGOTS.
22. THE KING AND HIS PIOUS SON.
23. THE BORN THIEF.
24. THE NEGRO AND THE WITCHES.
25. MILOSKIS.
26. GOLD-FISH.
27. THE TALE OF A TRAVELLING TINKER.
28. THE CASTLE OF THE FORTY OGRES AND THE
KING OF THE GOLDEN APPLE.
29. VASILIKA.



FABLES.

XX.—THE THREE-EYED MONSTER.

The beginning of the story and good evening to your Lordships.

Once upon a time there was an old woodseller who had three daughters. He had also three donkeys that he drove into the forest every day and loaded up with faggots to sell in the village, for that was all they had to live by. So they were very poor, my Lady, and it was as much as the father could do to feed his children. He was unhappy, too, because he could not bring them any little presents, but there was never a grosha to spare.

At last one day his sales were better than usual and he was able to buy a *mandili*. What excitement there was, my Lady, amongst those three girls, and the eldest took it to wear first. Next day she put it over her head and sat on the window seat looking out on the road. Then, my Lady, a merchant was passing and he fell in love with her, and he asked the neighbours "Is she married? Is she married?" And they said, "No, how should she be married, when her father has no money to give his daughters?" He was so pleased to hear it that he sent an old woman to arrange a marriage and said if there were no dowry, he did not mind; he would take her without one.

Of course, my Lady, the parents were delighted to give her to him. The wedding took place and the bride went with the merchant to his house. Over the seat of honour where she sat on the divan

hung one hundred and one keys. These her husband gave her, telling her that she might go into one hundred rooms, but not to open the door of the hundred and first because it was empty and in ruins.

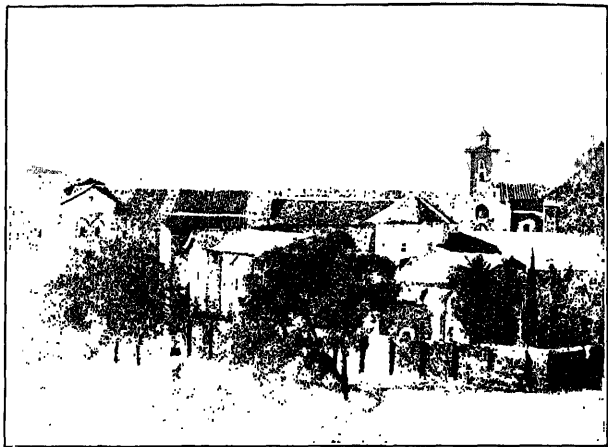
"After all," said he, taking it back, "perhaps I had better keep that key myself."

Next day the bride began to go over her beautiful big house. She was astonished at the riches it contained. After she had examined the hundred chambers of which she held the keys, she began to wonder why it was her husband trusted her with all the treasures she had found, and yet would not give her the key of that one room. Then one day, my Lady, she happened to notice where her husband kept the key. She took it, went to the forbidden room and opened the door. She looked round and saw four bare walls and a huge box in the middle, that was all. But the room had a window and the young wife thought she had found out the reason why her husband did not trust her to go there. For none of the other chambers overlooked the streets of the town. She went to it and sat down and then she found there was not a road below as she had thought, but a cemetery. As she sat there a funeral party arrived. They were all very quiet, no one was crying. She began to cry herself, feeling that her own burial would be like that, with no one at it to weep for her, for her husband would not allow her relations to come to the house.

When the body had been laid to rest and the mourners had gone, the young wife still sat by the window. Presently she saw her husband enter the graveyard. His head was as big as a drum and he had three eyes. His hands were so enormous



THE TEKKE OF UMM HARAM.



KYKKO MONASTERY.



THE TROÖDOS MOUNTAINS.

that they might have clasped the world. His nails were each a *pic*¹ in length and he began to claw up the earth where the corpse was. She could not move, her hair was all on end, for she saw her husband eat the dead man. She kept quiet till she was quite sure it was so and then she got up; but she trembled all over as if she had ague and she had to go to bed.

Later in the day the husband came home looking as usual. He opened the door of the room and saw marks of footsteps.

"Ah, Hah!" said he, "what a good thing I have found out that she has been here. She will tell people now what I have hidden from her and what she has seen."

The monster opened the box and put into it the skin, bones and hair of the corpse he had eaten. Then he noticed that the window was open. He closed it, muttering:

"I shall just go and look for her and see what she has to say for herself. I wonder if she will confess."

He went to his wife's room and found her under three *paplomas* because she shivered so from cold and fear. When he came near her she shook all the more, so terrified was she, and he saw that. But he said very gently:

"What's the matter, my darling? Are you ill?"

"Yes," said his wife from under the three quilts, "I am so ill I think I am dying."

She kept her eyes tight shut, so that she should not see the monster and she buried her head under the *paplomas*.

He said, "My darling, would you like your mother to come to you. Shall I go and fetch her?"

¹ Two feet.

"Oh yes, I should like to see her," said the poor wife.

The monster went out of the room, but he did not leave the house. He transformed himself into the likeness of his mother-in-law and came back again disguised to his wife's bedside.

Then he said in a woman's voice, "What's the matter, my dear daughter? Your husband is a bad man who does not fear God. He is a tyrant. What has he done to you, who are his victim, to make you ill? tell me, dear."

"He hasn't done anything, mother," replied the girl. "I don't know why I am so ill."

"You have so much money. Won't you give some to your poor old mother, who can hardly live?"

"Dear mother, I can't. When your son-in-law comes back, ask him for some."

As the girl gave no hint whatever of the horror she had seen, the pretended mother said good-bye, went away, and presently returned in the merchant's shape.

"How are you my dear?" he said, "Did your mother come?"

"Yes, she came and asked for some money, but you were not in and I didn't give her any."

"But why not? You are mistress of the house."

"No," she said, "the house is yours, my Lord, and the money. I could not give her any."

Then he said to her, "Would you like all your relations to come? Shall I go and fetch them?"

"Oh yes," said the girl thankfully, "If you only would."

One by one the monster personated all her relations, until there was only her old grandmother left, and his wife had breathed never a word of what she had seen in the graveyard.

"There is still your old granny," he said, "do you want to see her?"

"Oh," said the girl, "please do bring my dear, kind granny to see me."

The monster went out and came back disguised as the old grandmother and he was more cunning this time and behaved very craftily.

When the girl saw (as she thought) her loving grandmother, she burst out crying.

"Darling, darling Grannie, welcome! Come and listen to the dreadful thing I have to tell you. How frightened I am and how I suffer!"

"What has that cruel man done to you, poor child?"

And the girl poured out the whole story.

When she had finished, the old woman began to turn into a monster. He grew larger and larger until he became the three-eyed ghoul the wife had seen in the cemetery.

"You wicked woman!" shouted the awful creature. "I changed myself into every one of your relations and you held your tongue till you thought yourself alone with your grandmother. If you had kept my secret, I would not have eaten you; but as you have let it out nothing can save you from your fate."

The wretched girl tried to get out of bed and run away, but of course the monster would not let her go! Then he built up a huge fire so that the flames rose halfway to heaven and he began to make a long skewer red hot.

"Come, come," said he, "the skewer will soon be ready to roast you on. Oh, dear! what a pity I took an oath to eat you up, otherwise I would much rather drink you."

"Oh! master," cried the girl. "I belong to you, do what you like with me but give me two hours to say my prayers and make my peace with God. After that you can eat me."

He let her go for a moment, and she rushed away and got the key of the forbidden chamber, opened the door and let herself drop from out of the window. She began to run as hard as ever she could, hoping someone would save her. She met a man with a cart and called out to him,

"For God's sake, pity me, save me from the three-eyed monster, who wants to eat me and is running after me. Where shall I go for safety? I've lots of money in my pocket."

"I don't know what to do with you" said the carter. "How can I hide you? The ghoul might eat my horse and me too in his rage. Run, run, there is one of the King's camel drivers. Perhaps he can help you."

She ran on till she overtook the *camilaris*,¹ and begged him to save her from the ghoul who wanted to eat her. And he had pity on her, my Lady. He took a bale of cotton off one of his beasts and rolled her up in it.

We left the monster busy heating the skewer and when it was ready, he called out,

"Come now! Have you said your prayers? The skewer is ready."

But there was no answer, and when the ghoul went to find the girl, she was nowhere to be seen. He sent people in all directions and he could not think how she had escaped him, until he saw the open window in the forbidden chamber. Then he jumped out himself and rushed off to catch her.

¹ Camel driver.

Everybody who saw him either fainted away, or died of fear.

"Hi! carter, stop! or I will eat you and your horse," shrieked the monster. The poor carter pulled up short, my Lady.

"Fool that you are, have you seen a girl running away? You must tell me, damn you!"

"In God's name, no," said the carter. Go on, there is a camel driver ahead of me; perhaps he saw her."

So the ghoul hurried on until he caught up the camel driver, whom he asked, if a girl had passed him running away.

"No," said the camel driver, I haven't seen any girl. I don't know what you are talking about."

Then the ghoul thought that after all she might still be in his house, hiding somewhere. But when he got back, he changed his mind again, for he became suddenly suspicious of the camel driver. So he picked up the red hot skewer and determined to examine the bales on the camels with it. He jumped out of the window with the skewer over his shoulder and ran along the road. Everybody who met him closed their eyes with horror at such a fearsome sight.

The monster overtook the camel driver again and called out,

"Stop! I want to make a thorough search."

(When the camel driver and the girl heard this they nearly died of fear.)

"Make haste, fool! Take down all your bales from the camels."

The poor man was trembling so much he could hardly obey. He got them off slowly one at a time.

The monster began to push the skewer through each bale and draw it out. The girl was in the

last of all and when the ghou! had prodded it and thrust the hot iron from one end to the other, the camel driver said,

"Now, be off with you, for as you know, there isn't any girl here."

And as soon as the ghou! had gone, he called to the girl to know if she had been hurt.

"Yes" she answered, "he has wounded me in the foot, but I was able to wipe the skewer, so that he should not see the blood on it."

The camel driver said to her, "Don't let it worry you that I am going to take you before the King. He is very kind and will see that you are properly looked after and protected from harm."

When they arrived at the Palace the camels were unloaded in the courtyard and the bales left there, except the one in which the girl was hidden. This one the camel driver had carried into the *khan*. When the Palace servants saw this they thought he meant to steal it and told their master. The King sent for the man and asked him why he, who had always been an honest camel driver, had tried to hide one of the bales.

Then the camel driver asked leave to tell the story of the poor girl whom the ghou! had wanted to eat and how he had pitied her so much that he had hidden her in this bale.

The King was much entertained by the tale and had the roll of cotton unstitched before him, when out fell the girl.

She was much abashed to find herself in the Palace in the King's presence and made a low curtsey as well as her bleeding foot would allow. The King was very kind to her, assured her of her safety from the ghou! and had her wound tended so that she was soon quite well. She asked for work to do,

not liking to be idle, and said she would embroider a picture of the King crowned and seated on his throne. They gave her velvet, silk, pearls and thread, and when she had finished this splendid piece of needlework, she presented it to the King, who was struck dumb with astonishment at its beauty. And he said to the Queen, "Could we possibly find a better wife for our son than this girl. To be sure she is not of royal blood. *Emberazi*,¹ it really does not matter, her manners are quite good and I like her. Tell me your opinion." Whereupon the Queen dutifully answered that she was quite satisfied if the King desired it. They spoke to the girl, who began to weep bitterly because she dared not seize such a lucky chance.

"The three-eyed monster will eat me and your son" sobbed she.

But the King said that was all nonsense; nothing could possibly happen in his domain.

The girl insisted that a house must be built for them with a top floor and that seven steps should lead to the upper one. This stairway was to be contrived with two pits at the base covered by matting and barley seeds strewn on all the steps.

The wedding took place as secretly as was possible for a Prince, but all the same the news was passed on from mouth to mouth until it reached the ears of the three-eyed monster. When he heard his wife had married the King's son he was furious. He got some huge sacks which he filled with black men; pretended he was a merchant; travelled quickly to the Palace; and arrived in the evening. The bride did not see him until everyone was seated at the supper table and she guessed at once that he was

¹ Never mind—of no consequence. (A very favourite expression).

the ghou. She begged that the merchant should be asked what goods he sold, and the reply was,

"Pistachio nuts from Aleppo, dried *caisias*¹ and chestnuts."

The King's daughter-in-law sent a message to say she would like some to eat at once; but the merchant excused himself from opening his goods till morning, when he would do so with pleasure.

Now it happened that the King's jester was listening. He thought he would like some nuts and he crept off quietly to open the sacks and steal some. When he touched the first bag, a voice inside said, "Is that the master?"

Then the jester tried each sack in turn, but always with the same result. He rushed back to the supper table and called out that the merchant's goods were black men. When the bride heard this she entreated that the bags might be opened at once, instead of waiting until the next day to see what was really in them. So a *jelet*² was sent to examine them. When he touched the first sack a voice said

"Is it time now, Master?"

"Yes," said the *jelet*, and, as the black man crept out, he cut off his head. In this way all the black men were killed one after the other.

They told the daughter-in-law that there was nothing to fear now, but they forgot the monster himself, who had hidden directly his secret was discovered. When all the men had returned to the Palace and the household was asleep, the wretched merchant went to the bride's house and transformed himself into a giant. He threw earth from a grave³ on to the sleeping husband to prevent him from waking, and then he called out to the girl,

¹ Cyprus apricot, pronounced caisha.

² Guard.

³ Appendix Note 8.

"Come along, my Lady, the skewer is ready for you and I'm going to eat you up. If I had not sworn to do so, I would just drink you down at one gulp."

Directly the poor bride saw the monster she began to push and pinch the sleeping Prince, but she could not rouse him on account of the grave dust. The ghoul made a grab at her and began to drag her slowly down the stairs, step by step. But the girl made him go first and he obeyed her, for he did not want her to shriek and perhaps wake up the household at the Palace.

When the monster reached the bottom step the girl took firm hold of the wooden rail and gave him a great push, so that he lost his balance, slipped on the hard seeds and fell into the pit that had been dug there. In it were a lion and a cheetah, and they devoured him at once; but the girl did not know this. She thought he would be able to get out of the hole and eat her up after all, so she fell across the step fainting from fear.

The dawn broke of the next day. The King and Queen and all their household rose as usual and waited for their son and daughter-in-law to join them. At last the Queen grew so anxious she said she would go herself to see what they were doing. She found the Princess fainting on the stairs and the Prince lying in bed apparently lifeless. She sent for a doctor and very soon the young couple revived, and the girl was able to tell them the story of her escape from the monster, whom they discovered had been eaten up by the wild beasts in the pit.

So, my Lady, there was a great feast which lasted forty days and forty nights. We left them very jolly and happy, and came on here.

XXI.—THE KING'S SON AND THE DAUGHTER OF THE MAN WHO SOLD FAGGOTS.

There was a King once who had a son, and the son said he would not marry unless he could find a girl who spoke in a manner like unto himself and that was in riddles. One day a woodseller heard him talking and he listened with surprise, because it reminded him exactly of his own daughter. He remarked on it to the servants at the Palace, who told the King, so he was summoned to repeat what he had said to him and the Prince. The latter was eager to know if what he had been told was true.

"Behead me, if it be not true!" said the woodcutter.

"Old man," replied the Prince, "I would like to go to your home."

So they started together, and when they came to a hill the King's son said,

"Take me and I will take you and we will go up that hill."

"But, sir," said the woodseller, "how can I who am old, help you who are young?"

"Go on, old man, you didn't understand me," replied the Prince.

As they walked on they passed a field of corn ripe for the sickle, and the King's son remarked,

"Woodseller! the man who owns that corn has either eaten it already, or he will eat it; which is it?"

"How can he have eaten it when it is not yet cut?" asked the woodseller.

"Go on, you didn't understand me," said the Prince.

At last they arrived at the house, and the woodseller made way for the King's son to enter, but the Prince said,

"No, go in first, I'll follow" and suddenly he pushed the old man inside and banged the door to on himself.

The girl called out from within, "We had a horse once but he is dead. Good evening, master, open the door and come in."

So the Prince entered and began to talk to the girl, and he asked her for sweets and fruit to eat, but she said,

"The singers came and eat up everything and they have left the cupboards open."

And he knew from her answer that they two spoke each other's language. Then he said,

"Your second story is good but a little aslant."

"It is crooked I know," said she, "but full of corn."

When the King's son had gone to bed, the father said to his daughter,

"Tell me what you were saying to each other, and what the Prince meant when we were walking here and came to the bottom of a hill. I didn't understand."

"Well, what did he say?"

"Take me and I will take you and we will go up that hill."

"Oh! my father, he only meant, "Let us support one another and back each other up in a difficulty."

"Then, after that we were passing a field and he asked me,

"The man who owns that corn has either eaten it already, or he will eat it, which is it?"

The girl laughed and said to her father,

"He asked you if the man had borrowed money on that field and would have to pay it back in corn or if he could eat the bread himself when the wheat is ground into flour."

"Yes, I see," said the old man slowly. "But what did you mean when you called out to him that our horse was dead? We never had one."

"He knew I meant our watch dog," replied the girl, "and that there was nothing to be afraid of."

"Well darling, then he told you the second story of your house was nice, but it was aslant, and you said it was crooked, but full of corn. I could not understand you at all."

"The Prince meant that my face was nice but that I had a wall eye, so I told him I knew that, but I had plenty of brains."

"Yes," said the old man, "now I understand."

They both fell asleep till morning, when the King's son promised to marry the girl who talked in riddles like himself, and he returned to the Palace to make preparations for the wedding.

When the Prince reached home he sent for his negro slave and gave him twelve rolls of bread, a round of cheese and two skins full of wine to take to his betrothed and told him to say to her,

"There are twelve months in the year, the moon is round and the skins of the goats are full to bursting. Send a message in return to tell me what your mother is doing and your father and sister and what are you busy about yourself?"

The slave arrived at the woodseller's house. He gave the girl her lover's present and his message to which she replied,

"My compliments to your Master. Tell him that the year has only eleven months and the moon is not at the full, it is half moon. The skins of the goats rumble. My mother has gone to heaven to bring a soul and my father to cut the roses of May. My sister embroiders in a frame and I am busy making old things new. When you

have told him that, nigger boy, if he begins to beat you, say to him, For the sake of your little partridge, do not hurt the blackbird."

The girl's father was listening to all this nonsense and he asked her to explain what it meant.

"Well, you see, father, my lover sent me twelve rolls, a whole cheese uncut and two skins of wine full to bursting. But the messenger, with perhaps a friend, ate some of the bread and cheese and drank some of the wine. The Prince must be told that I did not get all his present and I have let him know; but I'm sorry for the slave whom he will certainly beat when he hears it, so I added that for my sake he must not hurt the nigger. As for the rest of my message to him, I said that my mother awaits the birth of another woman's child; you, my father had gone to cut faggots; my sister embroiders and I am making my old dress into a new one."

"Take my blessing, dear daughter," said the woodseller. "I didn't understand, how could I?"

The black slave delivered the message to the Prince at the Palace, and immediately his master fell upon him and began to beat him till the man exclaimed,

"Amman Effendi! For the sake of your little partridge, do not hurt the blackbird."

When the preparations at the Palace were all finished, carts were sent to fetch the bride. The violins were tuning up and I left them all joyful and came on here.

XXII.—THE KING AND HIS PIOUS SON.

There was once a King with a son to whom he had given a wonderful education. Every science

and art known had been taught to that clever boy, excepting only astrology in which he had yet to be instructed. His father sent for several celebrated professors and the lessons began well. The Prince learned with such ease that his masters were delighted with his progress. In reply to His Majesty's enquiries, which he made daily, they could not say enough in his son's praise.

But there came one terrible morning when the King found all the professors very grave and sorrowful. So sad were they that they would not even give a reason for their grief, but they yielded at last through fear, for the King became so angry they were obliged to tell him.

"How can we say it, O Lord King? We have found in the books of prophecy that your son will be shot dead when he is twenty-one."

And the poor King fainted away.

When he recovered consciousness he paid off the learned men and sent them all out of his sight. Then he sat a long time with his head on his hand thinking how he could avert this terrible misfortune from his only son, who would die in less than fifteen days, if the astrologers' prophecy came true. First he commanded every mason in the town to give his time and labour to build him a new palace near the sea. So hard and continually did they work that a great pile rose by the edge of the deep waters and was finished in five days. The King went to live there taking the Prince with him. He next ordered a cage to be made all of glass, with golden fittings, a long chain and at its end a great gold anchor. There was a supply of food inside for eight days and different kinds of books to read and amuse the Prince, whose father said to him :

"My dear son, if you want my blessing you must not refuse anything I ask of you."

"What is your pleasure, O my father?" said the Prince, and in obedience to the King's wishes he entered the cage, which was locked and slowly lowered to the very bottom of the sea. There the young man sat reading, first one book and then another, until he had finished them all, except only one—the Psalter. And he determined to read that holy book until the eight days were ended.

Now his father had been so anxious and unhappy about his son, that he had told him if anything should happen and he wished to be drawn up suddenly, he was to shake his glass prison. And the King had stationed *Koli*¹ along the shore to report at once to him if the Prince gave the signal. And it chanced that as the young man drank in the truths of the Psalter he came to the words:

"Oh Lord, thy way is in the sea and thy paths in the great waters."

He began to reflect on them, saying "But if God is in the depths of the ocean, why do I stay shut up in this glass prison?" And he began to shake the cage so violently that the *Koli* drew it up without waiting for the King's commands. The unhappy father was grieved that his son could not comply with his wish to remain in safety for even eight days, but the young man was quite firm in his decision that he would never, never again go down into the depths of the sea. Instead he determined to go to church regularly every day. But one Saturday friends came to visit him in the Palace and though he knew it was time to go to vespers, he could not leave his guests out of politeness. He was deeply grieved, and when at last

¹ Night police.

they went away he took a long walk to forget his sorrow. After he had gone some distance he caught up a pedlar who was muttering to himself, and as the Prince was passing the man, he heard him say :

"Thrice cursed be that wretched hour when I went to vespers and lost my chance of making such a lot of money."

"How much would you have gained?" said the Prince. "If you will attend vespers once for my sake, I will make up to you what you have lost."

"You must give me the money whether I go or not," said the pedlar, "I don't want to go to vespers," he added in a grumbling tone, "I can't go to vespers, I should lose still more."

So the Prince gave him a big sum and the pedlar hurried on ahead of him leaving his benefactor to follow. Then the King's son, whom the astrologers had doomed, heard a revolver shot close to his ear, but it passed him by and the pedlar in front of him lay a dead man in the road.

When the shot was heard in the Palace the King and all the household came running out greatly alarmed and fearing that the terrible prophecy had been fulfilled. But when they found the Prince alive and well they all went to church and held a great thanksgiving service, praising God who had preserved his servant from danger when he had just reached the age of twenty-one.

XXIII.—THE BORN THIEF.

Once upon a time there were two brothers. One was a rich man, who had no children; but the other, who was poor, had three sons. The wealthy



THE ENKLEISTRA.



KOLOSSI.



THE ARMS OF THE LUSIGNANS.

brother offered to adopt one of them to help their father, and the latter very gladly sent the eldest boy to his uncle.

After a few days uncle and nephew went for a walk together and climbed up a mountain. At the top the uncle said,

"My boy, what would you like us to do up here?"

"Throw stones for fun," replied the child.

"Nothing else?" asked his uncle.

The boy was silent and next day he was sent back to his father with a message that he did not please his uncle and one of his brothers was to come in his stead.

The second boy came but exactly the same thing happened, so he also was returned as unsatisfactory and the youngest nephew arrived to try his luck.

This time instead of taking the boy up the mountain, his uncle shut him up in a room with beams across the ceiling. From one of these hung a *koulouri*.¹ As the day wore on the child grew hungry but the roll was too high up for him to reach, so he planned how he could make it fall. There was a syringe in the room which he filled with water and he squirted the *koulouri* till it was so wet it dropped on the floor. Then the boy picked it up and ate it. In the evening his uncle came in and asked him how he had spent the day.

"Well enough!" answered the child.

"Weren't you hungry?" said his uncle.

"Oh no, I squirted the *koulouri* with water till it tumbled down and then I ate it," replied young hopeful.

Next day the uncle took his nephew for a walk to the Bamboula² and said to him, as he had done to his brothers,

¹ Wheaten roll with sesame seeds on top.

² Small hill.

"My boy, what would you like to do up here?"

"Let's steal something and eat it," said the child.

"How can we? What is there to steal?"

"Look down below there, uncle. Do you see that man with a lamb over his shoulder. He is going to keep *sicosie*¹ to-night. Let's go and take it from him."

"But how can we, my boy" asked the uncle, "when he carries the lamb over his shoulder?"

"Listen, uncle! I will go on ahead and when you see the man put the lamb down on the ground, do you pick it up and carry it away up the hill."

The boy dropped one of his shoes in the path, walked on a little way and left the other one also, as if he had lost them. When the peasant with the lamb came along he passed by one shoe without picking it up; but when he saw the fellow to it, he put down the lamb, tied it to a bush and turned back to get the first shoe. In the meantime the boy had whisked it away and the man hunted about trying to remember exactly where he had seen it. Whilst he was wandering up and down the boy's uncle took the lamb and carried it away up the hill as he had been told to do. There the cunning child met him and they sat down to a hearty meal.

When they had finished eating the uncle said,

"Now what shall we do next?"

"Look! uncle, there's the same man with another lamb. Let's go and take it too."

"Oh! how can we possibly do that a second time?" asked his uncle.

"Don't you worry about that," replied his nephew. "When you see the lamb tied to a tree, just you take it away as you did the other one."

¹ The last meal on the eve of a fast.

The boy then went off and hid himself amongst the undergrowth and began to say :

"Ba-a, ba-a."

The villager thought it was the lamb he had lost, so he tied the one he was carrying to a tree and went off to find the other. But poor man, he found soon enough he had been deceived and his second lamb was stolen as well.

Meanwhile uncle and nephew had met on the top of the hill and were gorging again. When they had eaten till they could eat no more, the uncle said,

"What shall we do next, my child?"

"There's a man ploughing down there, uncle. Suppose we go and steal one of his bullocks."

"Impossible! how can we when he's driving them both in front of him."

"Don't you worry about that, uncle. You come along with me."

When the pair got down to the bottom of the hill, the child ran off by himself and stood at some distance from the peasant crying,

"*Thamma, thamma.*"¹

The ploughman thought the boy had found a treasure. He left his animals and rushed off to see what it was. The uncle, who was hanging about awaiting his opportunity, at once unspanned one bullock and drove it up the hill.

When the peasant came up to the child, he asked him what the miracle was that had made him call out.

"Why!" said the boy, "I never saw a man before ploughing with only one bullock."

Then the man turned round hastily and saw that one of his animals was gone, so he tried all

¹ A miracle.

he could to find it. Whilst he was seeking it, the boy took a roundabout path and got up to the top of the hill, where he joined his uncle. Between them they killed the bullock and ate it all up—only bones and skin were left.

When next the uncle asked his nephew what they should do, the boy replied,

"My dear uncle, we won't bother any more with such trifling thefts. Let's rob the King's safe."

"My child!" said his uncle, aghast at his daring. "How in the world are we to do that?"

"You leave it to me," answered his nephew. "Only buy me a *zimbili*,¹ some rope and a couple of hooks and I will manage it right enough."

When night fell, they started off for the Palace and the boy climbed up on the roof. Then he drew his uncle up after him and together they loosened a marble tile so that the child could drop into the room below. He filled his *zimbili* with money and got his uncle to draw him up again. This they did three nights running.

It happened at the end of the week that the King wanted to pay his servants, but when he opened his safe he saw it was empty. There was a great hue and cry then for the thief, but no one could give any help, or even make a suggestion. At last the *Vizir* said the best plan was to set a thief to catch the thief and they must ask the advice of one who was in prison. This was done, and he told them to shut up all the doors and windows of the Palace, look out for a light, and let him know where they saw it. On being told that the light was seen on the roof the thief advised them to put a cauldron full of boiling tar immediately under the hole.

¹ Satchel.

When night fell and the uncle and nephew climbed the Palace wall, the child smelt the tar and guessed some trap had been laid for him, so he sent his uncle down into the room instead of going himself. The unlucky man stuck in the tar and begged the boy to draw him up, but the child had not strength to do it. He called to his uncle to try and get out, but the man was being burnt up and could no longer speak. When his nephew was sure of this, he dropped into the room, cut off his uncle's head and got away with it to his aunt's house. She, poor woman, was dreadfully upset, but the boy begged her not to cry or they would all be lost.

Next morning when the King and his courtiers entered the room, they saw only a headless trunk, and they again asked the advice of the thief who was in jail. He told them to take the body to the Bazar and set some men to watch secretly, and see if anyone cried as they came past the body.

The boy happened to pass it, so he ran home at once and warned his aunt that if she wept, they would certainly all be lost.

"But," he said to her, "if you feel you must weep, you had better take some bowls of *yaourt* into the Bazar and call "*Gala oxino, yaourt,*" (sour milk, *yaourt*). When you get near the body let the bowls fall and break into pieces. Then cry as much as you like. His aunt followed the boy's advice and when the watchmen were questioned they said that nobody had cried except an old woman, who had broken her bowls of *yaourt* near the dead body.

"Why, that was the thief's wife," said their counsellor, "what fools you were not to catch her."

When the King heard this he went himself to the thief who was in prison and asked him what to try next. The thief told him to have several *khrousa*¹ strewn on the ground under the body and that he was sure the dead man's comrade would not be able to resist stealing them. The watchman must keep a sharp look-out and seize him red handed.

Next day, when the boy passed through the Bazar he saw the money. Off he went to find a friend to come and play horses with him under the dead body, giving the child ten paras as *bakshish*. He had put some glue on the soles of his own shoes and every time he ran across the money twelve or fifteen pieces of gold stuck to them. The watchmen saw the two children playing about, but they never dreamed of suspecting a couple of little boys. At the end of the day they counted the *khrousa* and discovered how few were left. Of course the King punished them very severely for their stupidity and carelessness and again asked the imprisoned thief for his advice.

"Take a camel," said he, "load it up with costly merchandise and keep a proper look-out for the thief. He won't be able to keep his hands off the goods."

When the cunning boy saw the camel being driven through the town, he disguised himself as a wine seller and went round with the *jemals*,² who were really police. He sold his wine to them at ten paras the quart and very soon they went staggering about quite drunk, leaving the camel to look after itself. It was quite easy for the boy to drive it to his aunt's house, where he unloaded and then

¹ Pieces of gold money generally worn round the neck.

² Camel drivers.

killed the animal. Its fat filled two huge jugs. After that he took a razor and ran back to the men, who lay in a drunken sleep by the roadside, and shaved one side of their faces. They were dreadfully ashamed when they awoke to find what had been done to them and confessed everything to the King.

He, poor monarch, again had recourse to his adviser the thief, who told him to send a beggar to every house in the village to ask for a little camel's fat as medicine. When the old woman begged some lard of the boy's aunt, she was given such a big bowl full, she was quite sure the thief lived there. So that she might be certain of the house she smeared a mark on the door with the white fat as she was leaving. But the boy saw it when he came home and immediately guessed what had happened.

"My aunt! my aunt!" he cried, almost in despair. "I'm afraid we are lost. Give me a bowl of lard and I will grease all the other doors like our own and perhaps we shall escape."

Of course when the old woman brought the King and courtiers to the village to catch the thief, every door had the same sign on it in lard, so they were completely baffled. They trooped off to the jail and told their counsellor, asking for more advice, but he could only say helplessly:

"That thief's a better man than I at the game. I can't think of anything else. He's too smart for me."

But the King was determined to try and catch this clever scoundrel and tried another plan. He commanded his troops to line the market square and the public crier was told to announce

that the King admired the thief so much he would make him many presents if he would give himself up. The boy heard this. He dressed himself in a uniform like the soldiers and when the *tellali*¹ called out "Who is the thief?" the boy said "I am!" But directly he heard around him cries of "Catch him!" he dived amongst the soldiers, also calling out "Stop thief! seize the fellow!" and so managed to escape.

The King, nothing daunted by this failure, made another effort. The crier was instructed to announce that if the thief would confess everything, he should marry the King's daughter and become the King's heir.

On this the boy went straight to the nearest cemetery and cut off the hand of a dead man. The same evening, but very late, he presented himself before the Princess and began to tell her the whole story of his thefts and what a clever fellow he was. But she clutched at his hand and shrieked out,

"Come, come! Here's the thief. I've caught him."

The courtiers came rushing into the house with lights, only to find that she was holding the severed hand of a dead man.

This strange and wonderful feat quite conquered the King. He swore a great oath that he really wished to marry his daughter to so quickwitted a knave and would gladly abdicate in his favour.

Then there was a wedding feast that lasted forty days and forty nights and the born thief became a King.

¹ Town crier.

XXIV.—THE NEGRO AND THE WITCHES.

Once upon a time there was a man and his wife. They were very poor, and they had one son and one daughter. Then the father died. After that the boy used to go out shooting all day to get food for them to eat. Once, a long way from home, he came upon a tower. He went in and walked all over it and at first did not see anyone. Just as he was leaving he found a black man and up went his gun to his shoulder. He shot the negro and flung his body into the ruins of a house near by. He took his horse, went off hunting on it and rode it to his home. He told his mother and sister he had a new house for them, and they all settled down in the tower.

One day, when the lad was away, the two women took a walk and found the body of the negro. They ran back and fetched soup and hot wine, and suddenly the black man came to life. After this, whenever the boy was out shooting, the negro used to come and visit the women and sit and talk to them. He always knew directly the young man was returning because the tower began to shake. Then he ran away and hid.

At last the black man made up his mind that he would kill the lad and he told the boy's mother of his intention.

"But how are you going to do it?" said she, "Do you think you can?"

The negro told her that she must pretend to be ill. When her son came home she was to tell him that nothing would cure her but a water melon, which could only be found on the other side of the mountain. It was guarded by forty dragons, who would certainly eat him.

When the lad returned from hunting, he found his mother in bed.

"Why, what's the matter, mother?"

"I am ill, my son."

"Shall I fetch the doctor from *Hora* for you, mother?"

"No, dear boy, go and buy me a water melon. When I eat some of it, I shall be restored to health."

"But where can I get one?" said he.

"On the other side of the big hill, son," replied his mother.

The boy mounted his good steed "Mavro"¹ and rode off to bring the water melon. When he had ridden about an hour he came to a castle, where lived some wise women. The witches were looking out of the window, and when they saw the lad they called to him to come and talk to them. And they asked him where he was going. He told the sorceresses that his mother was ill and had sent him to fetch a water melon for her from the other side of the mountain.

"Boy," said they, "the garden to which you are going is guarded by forty and one dragons. When you enter, you must salute them very politely. They will ask you what you want. Say you want a water melon and they will answer, *With pleasure*. Then you will make your horse jump right into the middle of the bed, snatch a water melon and ride away quickly."

"Don't forget to call in here on your way home" they all added.

Off went the boy post haste. Everything happened just as the witches had said it would, and before going home he stopped at their castle. They asked him to sit at table with them, but the

lad excused himself because his mother was very ill and perhaps dying.

"Your mother won't die," said the sorceresses and they made him sit down. Whilst he was eating, they changed his melon for another one, and when he had finished his meal they let him go.

As he was nearing home the tower trembled and the negro ran away to hide.

"Have you brought the water melon, my son?" said his mother.

"Yes, here it is," said he.

But his sister grumbled because he had been away so many days, she thought they would have starved. So off the lad had to go shooting again to get them food.

The negro was dreadfully disappointed that the dragons had not eaten the boy and when he looked at the water melon he saw that the witches had changed it for another one. He threw it down in a rage and said to the mother:

"So the dragons did not eat him after all. How shall we kill him? You must send him to fetch a cabbage for you that is guarded by fifty and one dragons. Surely one of them will eat him."

As the black man was speaking the tower shook, so he hid himself.

It was the boy as usual, and he asked his mother how she felt.

"I am very sick," said she. "You must get me a cabbage. If I eat the heart of it I shall be quite well again."

"Where shall I find the cabbage you want, mother?"

"Do you see that dark mountain, my son? It is there you will find cabbages."

The boy mounted Mavro and rode away. Again he had to pass the Witches' Castle and again the sorceresses warned him of his danger.

"Where you are going," said they, "you will find fifty and one dragons and you must approach them very humbly. When they tell you they will give you ten cabbages, you must reply :

"Oh no, my good Sirs, ten is too many ; the one in the middle of the bed is enough."

"They will be angry, but the more enraged they get, the more polite you must be. Make Mavro jump right into the middle of the bed, pull up a cabbage and ride away as fast as you can."

"Don't forget to come back and see us," they all added.

The boy did as he had been told, but when he pulled up the cabbage the dragons chased him and he was so terrified, he lost his way. He rode and rode for three days and nights and could not find it. He dismounted, sat down by the wayside and wept with despair.

When the boy did not return, the witches were afraid he had been killed by the dragons. The eldest said to the second,

"Go and tell the eagle to come. We will tie a little note to his foot and send him to find the boy. Then we will know what has happened to him."

And they told the eagle to alight on the lad's knee, so that he would not fail to see their letter.

The king of birds soared away into the clouds and presently he swooped down, having seen the boy crying by the side of the road. When the letter had been untied from his foot he rose again in flight, but slowly so that the lad could follow him to the Witches' Castle.

The sorceresses were delighted to see their friend, and whilst he told the eldest his adventures, the youngest witch changed his cabbage for another one.

The boy had been away so long, that the black man thought he was dead. When the tower began to shake and he knew the lad was coming, he was bitterly disappointed.

"I lost my way and thought I would never find it again," said the boy as he held up the cabbage joyfully.

When it was given to the negro he saw the witches had changed it. He was so upset that tears of rage rolled down his black cheeks. And the mother of the boy saw this and said to him,

"Think of a worse place and I will send him there."

The black man thought deeply a little while and then said,

"We will send him to the Immortal Source, where there is a mountain which opens and closes. Perhaps he will be caught in the fissure and killed."

"Shall I pretend to be ill again?" said the woman.

"No," replied the negro. "This time his sister must say she is dying."

The tower shook, the black man hid, the boy came in and found his mother weeping.

"What are you crying for, mother?"

"O, my son," said she, "your sister is dying."

The boy ran to see the sick girl and said to her, "What's the matter with you?"

"I don't know," she wailed. "I'm so ill that I'm sure I'm dying. You must go and get me some water from the Immortal Source which, when I drink it, will cure me."

She gave him a little flask and the boy rode away on his errand.

The witches were out in the road this time awaiting him. They took him into their castle and asked him where he was going. When they had heard, they advised him to leave his horse near the Sliding Mountain and jump off Mavro's back right over it, fill the flask and ride off as quickly as possible.

"Don't forget to come and see us on your way back," they all added.

The boy rode away. When he reached the mountain it was just parting asunder. He jumped over it, filled his little bottle and sprang on his horse. But the mountain closed suddenly and Mavro could not move, because his tail was caught in the cleft.

The eldest witch was a very wise woman. She guessed what had happened and told the second sorceress. They wrote a letter to the boy telling him to pour some of the water of the Immortal Source on the horse's tail. This they tied to the eagle's foot and sent him off to the Sliding Mountain.

Mavro was released and brought his master safely to the Witches' Castle, and whilst the boy was telling the eldest one that she had guessed quite rightly, the younger one changed the water in his flask.

The boy hurried home and gave his sister to drink from the bottle he had brought. She got up at once from her bed, declaring that she felt quite well and very hungry, so he went away to shoot food for her.

Directly he had gone, the black man came out of his hiding place and took the flask. He threw it down in a passion and broke it, for he knew the witches had changed the water.

Then the boy's mother said despairingly to the negro,

"What can we do to kill him?"

The black man answered,

"I must do it myself. When he comes back, tell him you will comb his hair for him and give your girl a pair of scissors so that she can cut off his three golden hairs. That will take his strength from him. Then call me."

When the boy came back she made him lay his head in her lap. She cut off the three golden hairs and called to the negro.

The black man rushed out from where he was hidden and cut up the lad into four portions. These he put into a sack, which he tied on to Mavro and drove the horse out riderless into the road. That clever animal went straight to the Witches' Castle.

When the sorceresses saw Mavro, they ran downstairs and opened the door. Out of the sack they took the boy's trunk and arms and legs, and they united them with water from the Immortal Source. But there was no head, so they begged the eagle to find it for them.

When the nigger saw the King of Birds circling round and round the tower, he said,

"You want his head I suppose. Well, there it is, take it."

He had nailed it on a plank, but now he threw it to the eagle, who carried it off in his beak to the witches.

When these wise women put it on the body and threw water from the Immortal Source over it, the head joined on to the neck and the boy came to life, but he could not speak. They put a piece of water melon in his mouth and his tongue was loosened. They gave him the heart of the magic

cabbage and the blood flowed all through his body. He was as well as if he had never been chopped up. The witches had to tell him all about it. Then he rode straight back to the tower and killed his mother and sister and the negro.

XXV.—MILOSKIS.

There was once an old woman and she had a son. He sat all day beside the chimney and because of this he was given the name of Miloskis, which means fireplace.

One day his mother said to him, "Go and get me some faggots."

"Bring me my donkey," he answered, "and I will go and fetch some."

When she brought it, Miloskis asked his mother to put him on its back, which she did.

"Give me the rope" said he and she gave it. Then he asked for his stick, so she handed it to him.

"Hit the donkey with it!" said he, and his mother gave the beast a whack, so they started.

After Miloskis had ridden some distance, he saw a tank with only one fish swimming about in it. He got off his donkey to catch it and after dodging one way and then another, he managed to hook the fish. But it begged him to let it go and he would be greatly rewarded by his kind act.

"How can you reward me, I should like to know?" said Miloskis.

The fish said to him, "Whatever you wish for, you have only to ask it in the name of God, in the name of the Fish, and in your own name of the sinner Miloskis."

So, sinner that he was, Miloskis forgot to get the wood, but went back to his mother without it.

"Curse you!" said she, why did you not bring me some faggots?"

"Never mind, mother," he replied, "whatever I want I have only to say the word and I shall get it."

"What will you ask for first?" said his mother. Miloskis answered, "In the name of God, in the name of the Fish, and in my name, the sinner Miloskis, I wish that *tapatsia*¹ may be full of bread." His mother ran to look into the basket and when she saw the loaves right up to the top she began to bless her son.

One day Miloskis was passing the Palace and the King's daughter was looking out of the window. She called rudely to him, "Foolish, idle lout where are you going?"

He turned back angrily and said the magic words, "In the name of God, of the Fish and Miloskis, I wish that you have a baby and it shall be a boy."

It happened so, and when the child was forty days old he was exactly like Miloskis. And the King who was very angry with his daughter, had a large chest made in which he put the baby, its mother, Miloskis, and one oke of dried figs. Then he had the box thrown right out to sea. It was evening.

The King's daughter said to Miloskis,

"You who have the gift of magic and are so proud of it, get us out of this dreadful plight."

He answered, "Give me some figs and I will repeat my charm. In the name of God, in the name of the Fish, and in my name, the sinner Miloskis, I wish we were all on dry land."

¹ Basket in which the bread is hung up away from mice.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when they found themselves seated on the shore.

Then said the girl, "O do ask for some bread, I am so dreadfully hungry."

"Give me some figs," said Miloskis and he conjured up not only bread, but all kinds of dainty dishes.

"We want a house to live in now," suggested the King's daughter, and when Miloskis again repeated the spell, lo! they were at the door of a beautiful palace. It was far grander than that of the King, as that monarch saw for himself, when he got up in the morning. He sent his servants at once to find out to whom this splendid house belonged and graciously announced that he would visit it later in the day.

Everything was made ready for his coming. Miloskis ordered a delicious luncheon to be served. The King could not conceal his astonishment and he asked how so fine a palace could be built in a few hours.

Miloskis explained, "I have only to say In the name of God, in the name of the Fish, and in my name, the sinner Miloskis, and what I want is done. And I wish to see you changed into a cat."

"Miaw, miaw!" mewed the poor King. But his daughter was so sorry for him that she begged Miloskis to transform him into a man again.

Then they were married, and I left them well and happy and I have found you better still

XXVI.—GOLD-FISH.

Once upon a time there was an avaricious King and he had a poor brother who gathered brushwood in the hills. The courtiers suggested that

the King should adopt one of his brother's children. He did so and sent the boy to school, where he worked hard at his books.

One day the King was very ill and miserable. Many doctors were called in to see him. They all looked learned and grave, and said nothing would cure him except the Golden-fish that swam at the edge of the sea. A crier was sent out to give notice to the fishermen. They spread their nets, they angled, but all to no purpose, the Gold-fish would not be caught. With them had gone quite a little fisher lad, for the King's adopted son had asked that this boy should be sent with the rest.

"But I have no boat nor rod" said the little boy, "how can I go and fish."

"I will buy you a rod," said the King's nephew. The boy also asked for bread and tobacco which was given to him. Then they went together to the edge of the waves and began to fish, but the fisher lad caught nothing and was angry.

The Prince said to him "Give me the rod and let me fish a little."

Directly he threw the line, he caught Gold-fish.

"Well! we have had a piece of luck! Here, boy, take a hundred piastres as your share."

"You are joking, Master," said the fisher lad.

Then said the King's son, "Here take a thousand piastres for your trouble."

Again he received the same answer from the boy, "You are joking, Master."

"Take ten thousand piastres."

"Give them to me, Master," said the boy.

Then the fisher lad bought clothes and sat in the coffee shops drinking all day and idling.

His friends asked him where he got the money from. He told them it had been given to him in payment for a day's fishing; and how the Prince had caught the Gold-fish himself and had flung it back into the sea.

This strange story went round the town and at last reached the King's ears. His adopted son also heard it and he was so frightened that he ran away to the house of his real father to whom he confessed everything.

"My son, you will find two or three loaves in the *tapatsia* and I can give you five or six piastres. Take that old donkey, and fly! fly! for your life."

When the boy had been riding for about an hour, he got off the donkey and sat down under a tree to have a rest. There was an old man sitting in the shade too, who wished him good morning and blessed him.

"I'm so glad to have met you, uncle," said the runaway.

"Why? what's your trouble my lad?"

And the boy told him the whole story.

The old man listened very attentively. Then he advised the boy when he met anyone to offer some bread, giving the stranger the loaf to cut.

"If he should keep the first piece for himself, leave him and go on your way. Have nothing to do with that man. But if he gives you the first slice, take him with you."

The boy mounted his donkey and rode off. After a little while he fell in with a shepherd to whom he called out "Good morning to you."

"Welcome, boy," answered the shepherd. "Come and eat."

They sat down side by side, and the boy handed his companion a loaf which the shepherd cut, keeping the first piece for himself.

So remembering the old man's advice, the lad got up immediately and continued his journey. Hardly had he gone any distance, when he caught up a man on a camel, whom he greeted and asked to get down and have a meal with him. The boy handed him a loaf which the *camilaris* cut, but as he reserved the first slice for himself, the boy left him, mounted his donkey and rode on till he came to a bridge. He found a man seated on it whose feet dangled in the water.

"Good morning to you," said the boy.

"Welcome, boy," the man answered and they began to eat in company. And when the man cut the loaf he gave the first piece to the lad and the next he took himself, for he was GOLD-FISH.

Then the lad knew he must follow him, and at last they came to a town. They asked the first old woman they met, if she could give them a shelter for the night in her house.

"I am so miserably poor," said she, "I can't do anything for you."

They assured her that they only wanted to sleep under a roof and they would pay her, so she said "Come in, and if you like it well enough, you can stay the night."

The comrades gave the old woman money to buy food for them, which they ate together and then slept till morning. After they got up they went for a stroll and saw a very nice lodging which they found out belonged to the King, who had built it for strangers passing through his town. They decided to ask the old woman to go and bargain for the room for them. They gave her a

hundred *piastres* and she arranged that they should sleep there.

When evening came the friends went to their lodging and the boy was so tired, he was soon in a heavy slumber, but the man kept awake. At midnight a door in the wall opened suddenly and out came a dragon; but Gold-fish was ready for it and beat and killed it with his sword. The boy awoke and jumped up just when it was dead.

Together the comrades began to explore the place from which the dragon had entered their room and they found a trap-door leading into a vault full of money. They walked on until they came to a chamber where there was a pretty maiden and she was very surprised and asked them how they had got into the dragon's home. When she heard her terrible master was dead, she gave each of them a fine costume and lots of money. Then they climbed back to their own room.

In the morning they sent for the old woman and gave her one of their suits to take to the King as a gift. He was delighted with it for it was all covered with diamonds, and he sent the travellers an invitation to his Palace. They had a splendid reception and the King asked the boy if he would marry his daughter.

"Charmed I'm sure and greatly honoured," replied that gallant lad.

And the wedding festivities lasted forty days and forty nights.

XXVII.—THE TALE OF A TRAVELLING TINKER.

Once upon a time there was an old woman who had one son. He was a tinker by trade, but he

was also a fiddler. For this reason he was invited to go to a neighbouring village for a wedding. But he refused. He was wanted to play the "Paralimnitissa," the "Fold," the "Ballos," and the "Cartzilamas" which the women dance when the *ploumisma*¹ is given to the newly married pair. His mother begged him to accept and get some money by his playing to buy flour, for they were very poor and had no bread.

For a long time the tinker said "No, no" and would not, but at last he yielded to her importunity if she would consent to bake him seven *pitās*.² She, poor old woman, thought he might do with fewer and she asked him if he really wanted as many as seven. Her son answered "Yes, yes" so angrily that she made the scones and gave them to him to put in his *saki*.³

The tinker put the *stratouri*⁴ on his beast, threw across it the *saki* with his seven *pitās* and set off with his fiddle for the village to which he had been invited. As he rode along he felt so hungry that he ate a scone. Presently he took another out of his bag, and another, till he had eaten six and had only one left. He determined to leave the last until the village was in sight. He shaded his eyes from the setting sun with his hand, and thought he saw it in the far distance, so he got down from his donkey, sat cross legged on the ground and finished the last crumb. After that he rode slowly along, until he came to cross-roads and then, not knowing which he should take, he chose the wrong one.

The path that the tinker had fixed on led to a huge cave where a dragon lived, but this he did

¹ Presents of money. ² Scones made of flour, water and salt.

³ Bag thrown across mule or donkey.

⁴ Cypriot saddle.

not know, so in he went and found a big table and an immense cloth spread over it.

"I'm in luck," said the tinker "these are very comfortable quarters."

He sat down and made himself quite at home and bethought him he would like some bread to eat. He was looking about for it, but it was difficult to see, for night had fallen and the cave was quite dark. At all events he could not find any food and suddenly he heard a growl.

"Holy Virgin!" exclaimed the tinker, "what horrible beast is it?" and he crawled under the tablecloth and hid.

The dragon came into the cave so tired out that he lay down to rest. After a little while he took up a silver bowl that was on the table and said,

"*Tassimou*,¹ *tassimou*, bring me fifty different courses to eat for I am very hungry."

One dish followed another and then the dragon said,

"*Tassimou*, *tassimou*, bring me water to drink for I am very thirsty."

When the dragon had finished eating and drinking he put the silver bowl in a corner of the cave and fell sound asleep. In the morning the awful beast got up, shook himself, roared fiercely and went off into the forest.

Then the tinker came out from under the table. He had been afraid to sleep all night; in fact, he was so terrified he had hardly dared breathe. Now, however, his courage returned, he took up the *tassi* and ordered it to bring him food and drink. It obeyed him just as it had the dragon, so the delighted tinker put it into his pocket and started for home, feeling that his fortune was made.

¹ My bowl.

On the return journey he met a dervish whom he saluted, saying "Good morning to you *dervish pappa*."

The Mussulman asked him for a piece of bread and the Greek said to him,

"Sit down, *dervish pappa* and we will eat what the good God sends us."

And he took the *tassi* out of his pocket and bade it bring food that he and his friend might eat together, and water that they might quench their thirst.

"That's a nice thing to have" said the dervish, "Will you exchange it for my *tsiakka*?"¹

"Well, I don't know about that," replied the tinker. "What's the use of it? What can it do?"

"It will go anywhere you choose to send it and cut whatever you want. If you like I'll try it on that herd of bullocks."

"Yes, let's see," said the tinker.

The dervish sent his *tsiakka* to kill all the bulls and sure enough it did, one by one. The tinker was so pleased that he willingly exchanged his silver bowl for this wonderful knife.

After the friends had walked for about an hour, the tinker felt hungry and he asked the Moslem to tell the *tassi* to get some food.

"Why should I get you food," said the dervish, "I don't owe you anything. If you want something to eat, give me back my *tsiakka*."

"You don't owe me anything, don't you indeed?" said the tinker. And he ordered the *tsiakka* to cut off the Mussulman's head. Then he walked off with both the silver bowl and the magic knife.

As he journeyed on alone he met another dervish whom he greeted very civilly.

¹ A big knife.

"Good morning, *dervish pappa*."

"Welcome, friend" answered the Mussulman.

"Have you any bread you can give me?"

"Sit down, *dervish pappa*, and take what God sends us."

Then they sat down side by side, and the tinker took his silver bowl out of his pocket.

"*Tassimou, tassimou*, fetch thirty different courses for me to eat with my friend the dervish. And the dishes came one after the other.

"*Tassimou, tassimou*, bring us water to drink" And the little silver bowl brought it.

"That's is a nice thing to have," said the dervish.

"Will you exchange it for my *terliki*?"¹

"Well, I don't know about that," replied the tinker. "What's the use of it?"

"Whoever wears it becomes invisible" said the dervish, and suddenly rolling the turban round his head, he vanished from sight.

So the tinker exchanged his little silver bowl again quite readily.

As they travelled on together he felt very hungry, so he asked the dervish to order the *tassi* to get food for them.

"Why in the world should I get food for you?" said the Mussulman, "I don't owe you anything. If you want something to eat give me my *terliki* and I'll get you some bread."

"You don't owe me anything, don't you indeed?" said the tinker.

He took out the *tsiakka* and told it to cut off the dervish's head. Then he seized the *tassi* and went off by himself once more, with all three treasures.

The tinker had not walked very far before he met another dervish, and after he had again displayed

¹ Turban.

the wonders of his *tassi* the Mussulman was very anxious that he should exchange it for a *pediauli*.¹

"First I'd like to know, what use it is," said the tinker "what can it do?"

"If you play it over the body of a dead man, he will come to life," the dervish told him. "Let us try it on your old donkey," he continued, "and you will soon see a wonder."

The tinker killed his donkey with his *tsiakka*, and the dervish brought it to life with his flute, so they exchanged the bowl and the *pediauli*. They walked on together again quite friendly, until the tinker's appetite made him ask this dervish also for food, which he refused as had done his dead brethren. In a twinkling he had joined them in the Prophet's Paradise, and the tinker neglected to play the flute over him, so he had no chance of leaving it for this world, had he wished.

Well! to cut a long story short, the tinker reached home at sunset of the second day.

His mother came out of her house to welcome him and asked how much money he had brought from the wedding. When her son told her that he had never been to it, she cursed him, "for," said she, "to-night we shall go to bed hungry."

"Not a bit of it mother," cried the tinker, "we'll have more than enough. Our meal will soon be brought to us."

His mother thought he had gone mad, but as soon as the tinker had rested from his journey, he called her to sit beside him and he took out his bowl.

"*Tassimou, tassimou*, bring us fifty different courses, so that my mother and I can eat together."

¹ A shepherd's flute.

Everything came as he ordered it, not only that day, but the next and the next. The old mother was quite astonished, and she took care to say nothing about the marvellous bowl. Yet after a time the fame of it spread all over the village till at last it reached the ears of the King. He sent for the tinker to come to the palace.

The mother of the tinker was very unhappy when she heard the message and begged her son to leave the *tassi* with her, "for the King will take it away from you," she said, "and we shall get no more food."

But her son would not obey her. He took the silver bowl with him.

The King received the tinker in the most affable manner and asked him if this strange story he had heard were true. Had he this *tassi*?

"Yes," said the tinker, "here it is," and took it out of his pocket.

The King had ordered a repast of meat and wine and many dishes to which he now invited his guest. When he saw the tinker had eaten as much as he could and was besides half drunk and sleepy, he offered to exchange his *hanappi*¹ with him for the silver bowl.

But the man had sense enough left to refuse although he presently fell into a heavy drunken slumber. As he lay like a log the King took his *tassi* and put another like it in his pocket. Then he ordered a servant to take the tinker pick-a-back to his own home.

Next morning when the tinker awoke he was still sick from his drinking bout and he asked the silver bowl to bring him some lemonade, but it

¹ Pocket cup carried only by the rich.

did not come. Then he demanded coffee and again nothing happened.

"I told you so" wailed his mother, "I said the King would take it, but you wouldn't listen to me."

"Be quiet, mother, I'll go and get it back right enough, There's nothing to cry about."

But when the tinker returned to the palace he had a different reception from the last time. The servants and guards had orders to send him away and they would not admit him. Out came his magic knife.

"*Tsiakka, tsiakka*, cut off their heads and kill them all," he cried.

When they were all dead as door nails, the tinker marched right into the King's presence and threatening him with his *tsiakka*, cried:

"Where is my *tassi*?"

The little silver bowl was hidden in a cupboard, and when the tinker had it again in his own pocket, he took out his *pediauli*, saying.

"What will you give me if I bring all these dead men to life?"

"A million piastres, good tinker."

He began to play close to the ear of a servant and soon the man revived and sat up.

"Give me the money O King! and I'll make music like that for the others."

"With so much power, what do you want with money? I'll give you my daughter and you shall be my son-in-law," answered the King.

The tinker and the princess were married and had a wedding feast that lasted forty days and forty nights.

XXVIII.—THE CASTLE OF THE FORTY OGRES AND THE KING WITH THE GOLDEN APPLE.

There was an old woman who had a son. She gave him money one day and told him to bring home some meat from the butcher. The young man went off, but when he came to the bazar he forgot his errand and wandered about for hours trying to remember what he had to buy. At *Dilis*¹ he suddenly bethought him that his mother wanted meat, but when he asked for it at the stall, it had all been sold early in the day : there was none left. He returned home then and asked his mother if she would like him to get half an *oke* of *teratsomele*² and two loaves from the baker with the money she had given him, as there was no meat to be had ? She scolded him right well and told him he was a lazy good-for-nothing, who would never get on in the world. Then she sent him for the bread and syrup. He was so hungry that he bought it at once and hurried back. Whilst he was eating his supper myriads of flies were attracted by the sweet stuff and they stung him. He lifted one hand and with a single blow killed fifty. Then he struck out with his other hand and at one stroke a hundred fell squashed to death.

"Well, I am a *palikhari*,"³ said the boy. I had no idea of my strength. As my mother is tired of me because I have no work to do, I shall ask her to buy me a horse, make me a uniform, give me a tent and all the arms I need. Then I shall go off to the war."

His mother was so thankful to get rid of him that she did everything and got everything he wanted

¹ Prayer between noon and sunset.

² Carob syrup.

³ A strong fellow, the village bully.

and gave him her blessing into the bargain. So he kissed her hand, said goodbye to her and rode away. At the end of every stage of his journey he dismounted, tied up his horse, set up his tent, and after he had eaten, he rode on again. He travelled like that for three months, and one day he came to a wood where stood a castle. As he approached it he saw a channel of running water which emptied itself into a reservoir. This tank watered a large and lovely garden. Here the rider dismounted, tied up his horse and put up his tent in the shelter of a huge plane tree. He soaked his bread in the running water, ate a chunk of *haloumi*¹ with it, and when he had finished, he fell fast asleep.

The castle belonged to a family of forty ogres and they had one sister who lived with them. At noon they were all coming back from a hunting expedition when they saw the tent under the plane tree. They sent the youngest ogre to find out who was this bold stranger. He came back very quickly to tell them that a young man was lying there as sound asleep as if he were dead.

"Good, good!" said one of the forty, "what a nice dinner we shall have to-night."

"No, indeed," said another indignantly, "it is not *palikharia*² to kill a stranger when he is asleep and helpless. We must wake him up and he must fight us all in turn."

"Oh no!" said the eldest of them all, "that would be unfair, one to fight forty. Better give him the chance of winning a wager and kill him if he fails."

To this the forty ogres all agreed to a man,—or rather—to an ogre.

¹ Cyprus curd cheese made from goat's milk.

² Fair play; 'cricket.'

When the young man awoke, he got up, washed himself, watered his horse and was quite ready to continue his journey. Then he saw a number of people coming towards him, and when they were near he realised that they were ogres. Without showing the least sign of fear, he buckled on his sword and lay down again in the place where he had been sleeping.

The forty came up to the tent, looked inside, and saw the stranger still lying there. Then they observed an inscription written all round it in big letters :

FIFTY SLAIN BY THE LEFT HAND AND ONE
HUNDRED WITH THE RIGHT. WOE TO YOU IF
I GET UP.

The ogres looked at each other aghast and they bit their lips. Then said the eldest,

"*Palikhari*, you have come into our grounds without permission; trespassing on our land for reasons known only to yourself. We are here to tell you that if you are able to throw the discus further than we can, we will give you our sister in marriage and make you our brother-in-law."

"I accept your challenge" said the young man.

The youngest ogre threw the discus past the river, the next sent it further away and so on until the eldest flung it to a distance of five hundred *scalas*.¹

"Now," said the young man, "it is my turn," and he threw the discus with such tremendous force that it fell on the mountain.

"You have won," said the eldest ogre "and we are bound by our word of honour. The marriage shall take place in three days, but we must go shooting and bring game for the wedding feast."

"By all means," assented the bridegroom.

¹ A measurement of land.

Next day the ogres asked the young man to go shooting with them. They took a road that led to a place from which branched off forty and one paths. Of these, forty trails offered excellent sport, but the forty-first was a dangerous track. Whoever had the courage to take that route had never returned.

Of course the ogres knew all about this. When they came to the divergent paths they said,

"Here each one of us puts a ring under this great stone and goes down one of the tracks. When he comes back he gets his own ring again and returns to the castle."

They made a pile of their rings beneath the stone, and the forty ogres took the forty safe tracks, leaving the dangerous one to the young man. He took it because there was no other left for him and he walked along until he came to a great bed of rushes. He heard a whistling noise among the reeds, and as he neared the clump he saw a big snake with three heads making for him. Quickly he shot an arrow which struck the serpent in its weak spot. It began to writhe and hiss. The *palikhari* cut off the heads one after the other, and, to make assurance doubly sure, he set fire to the rushes and burned them and all that was in them. He returned to the meeting place and took out his ring from under the stone.

The ogres did not arrive for some little time. They found him sitting there waiting for them. He showed them the snake's heads and told them the whole story of his adventure. Then they all took their rings from under the stone and went back to the castle.

Next day the forty brothers-in-law elect told the young man that the King must be invited to

their sister's wedding. He would be dreadfully offended if he heard of it from other people.

"Certainly," said the bridegroom.

The eldest ogre went on behalf of the forty to give the invitation in person. The King was very affable and enquired to what sort of a man they were giving their sister.

"A great *palikhari*," replied the ogre. "In his own village he killed fifty with one hand and one hundred with the other. Moreover he threw the discus further than any of us. Yesterday he went along the hunter's trail whence none have formerly come back alive and killed the three-headed snake."

Then quoth the King, "If he is such a great *palikhari* as you make him out, he must shoot the wild boar, whose name is Kalatha. Our fields are destroyed by that fierce animal. Time after time we have sent out the strongest ogres to kill the beast and they could not. Do you think this stranger would be able to?"

"He can," said the eldest ogre with conviction, "but not one of my brothers would have the courage to tell him to do that."

"Oh very well, never mind for the present," replied His Majesty. "After the wedding I will write to you concerning this matter and threaten that if my orders are not at once abeyed, I shall have you all put to death. Your brother-in-law will be anxious to help you for your sister's sake if he is in love with her."

As a matter of fact, the King had heard that the sister of the forty ogres was very beautiful. He was jealous of the young man for he wanted her himself in his own castle. However, now he gave the ogre some presents for the bridal pair and dismissed him.

Forty days after the marriage, orders arrived from the King that the wild boar Kalatha must be brought to him alive or dead, or they would suffer the extreme penalty themselves. The ogres pretended to be very frightened and told their sister. She promised that when her husband returned home that night from shooting, she would tell him and beg him to help in killing the wild boar.

Her brothers were delighted and went each to his own work in the castle grounds as usual. One watered the plants, another raked the soil round them, another pruned the trees and another brought firewood : in short, each of the forty ogres had his daily task to perform.

When night fell and the *palikhari* came back from shooting, his wife told him about the King's commands and threats. He promised he would help her brothers as far as lay in his power and he arranged with the ogres to go the very next day to hunt the wild boar.

The forty and one started early in the morning, each on a good horse and armed with a bow and arrow and a spear. When the hunters arrived at the edge of a lake, they stopped to rest beneath the shade of a tamarisk tree. In a little while they were startled by a rustling noise in the bushes and out sprang Kalatha.

Immediately the *palikhari* shot an arrow right into the beast's eye. It charged him like a mad bull, but the young man, coolly awaiting the right moment, struck the boar such a blow on the forehead with his spear that it fell stunned. He cut off Kalatha's head and gave it to his brothers-in-law to send to the King.

When the King received the wild boar's head and heard who had killed that ferocious animal,

he pretended to be overjoyed and sent the mighty hunter fine presents. But in reality he was very depressed, because he could not get the *palikhari's* beautiful wife.

He sent an old woman to the ogres' castle telling her to find out wherein lay this young man's strength. She came to the wife disguised as a beggar and began to talk to her about the wonderful deeds of the *palikhari* in a cunning way. The girl told her that one night her husband had boasted that if the earth had an iron ring fixed into it and he could get a good foothold, he could raise up the whole world.

"Your husband should not brag like that," said the old woman, "because hereabouts there is a famous *palikhari* called Giasso and he must be stronger than your husband."

This conversation the wife repeated to her brave spouse and when he heard it he determined to make the acquaintance of Giasso at the earliest possible moment.

Next day, instead of going out to shoot as usual, he saddled his horse, and said goodbye to his wife. He told her he would not be back for a few days, but on no account to be anxious about him.

He started to find Giasso. As he rode along, he stopped at every village and asked for him. After travelling like this for a whole month, he came to a town where he learned to his delight that the great *palikhari* Giasso dwelt. He found him in a cabaret, walked straight up to him and said,

"You are Giasso, the *palikhari*,"

"And who the devil are you? asked the bully.

"I am Fiakas, brother-in-law of the forty ogres. It is I who killed the three-headed snake and Kalatha, the wild boar."

"Then my friend Fiakas—if you are really Fiakas—let us have a trial of strength."

"Just whenever you please."

"Good!" said Giasso. "This shall be the test, which of us two is the strongest *palikhari*. To lift some object high into the air and fling it down with such violence that it will sink into the earth. If you are more successful than I, you will be my master; otherwise I shall be yours."

"Very well," replied Fiakas tranquilly, and he went with Giasso to the bully's house.

The latter took up a heavy weight, lifted it first of all to his knees, then shoulder high and threw it with all his force so that it was buried in the ground knee deep.

Then came Fiakas' turn. A big barrel stood in a corner filled with lead. He raised it up to his chest, hoisted it further to touch Giasso's shoulder and flung it with such mighty power that it disappeared, being sunk in the earth to the level of a mau's armpits.

"Bravo Fiakas!" said Giasso. "I take off my hat to you, my master. Tell me what you wish me to do, for I am at your service."

"Follow me," replied Fiakas.

"There is nothing I should like better in the world!" said Giasso.

Together they rode off to the castle of the forty ogres and arrived there at setting of the sun.

What a welcome he received from his brothers-in-law, for they were much disturbed! It seemed that six days previously the King had sent a messenger to say he wanted a flask of water from the Immortal Source and Fiakas was to go and get it for him.

When the *palikhari* heard this, he consulted with Giasso. The latter told him that he had a great friend in his village called Ftin-tis-Yis, Ear of the Earth, who knew where that water was to be found.

"If you are willing that I should go and fetch him give me a good horse, my master," said Giasso. "He is a friend of mine and will do me any favour I ask of him."

Fiakas was delighted and sent his henchman off the very next morning. In forty days he returned with such a queer-looking man, who had ears like a donkey. But he was able to hear what was said anywhere all over the world.

Ear of the Earth told the *palikharis* that the Immortal Source was in the Far East and that it lay between two sliding mountains, which parted asunder and closed again. The entrance was guarded by a ghoulish whom they would have to persuade into keeping the passage-way open for them till they could get out. A skin of Commanderia, he suggested, would not be amiss as a present to the gruesome sentry.

Fiakas listened to all he had to say and asked Ftin-tis-Yis if he would go with him and Giasso, which he consented to do.

They made preparations for a long and dangerous journey and in five days everything was ready. Fiakas bade farewell to his wife and brothers-in-law, who all wept at his departure, and the three heroes started for the Immortal Source.

They travelled for many hours and days and at last one night Ear of the Earth told his comrades that he could hear the ghoulish snoring, who guarded the Immortal Source. Then they journeyed on for many more days and he said he could hear the ghoulish grumbling that he had never had a drop

of wine to drink since the time King Alexander the Great visited the Immortal Source.

"I hope in a few days now," said Ear of the Earth joyfully, "that we shall be able to make him a present of the Commanderia."

True enough, for they soon arrived in a desert region where Ftin-tis-Yis could hear the ghouls breathing. Beyond it stood the sliding mountains and they found the watchman seated beneath a great plane tree.

"And what do you want, I should like to know?" said he.

"Some water from the Immortal Source" boldly replied the young man.

"But, my *palikhari*," said the ghouls, "those mountains you see there open and shut. I don't think you would have time to fill your flask and get through again. They would clap to and there would you be caught between them. And I don't think your comrades could keep them apart for you long enough."

"But your Lordship," said the young man, "might I humbly crave that you would condescend to do so?"

The ghouls shook their heads sadly.

"I am very, very weak when I am thirsty," he said. "I see you have some water in that skin, but water does not quench my thirst. Something else is needed to give me strength."

"Perhaps it is wine you require?" said the young man. "We have a skin with us."

The eyes of the ghouls opened wide and lit up in a most surprising fashion. When he heard it was Commanderia, he declared that he preferred it to all other wine in the world.

So they gave him a little to drink and just then the mountains began to separate.

"Stop a moment" he said to them, and stretching out his arms right and left, kept them asunder whilst Fiakas ran to fill his flask at the Immortal Source and back again to the plane tree, where the others awaited his return.

The three comrades thanked the ghoul over and over again, presented the skin of Commanderia to him and bade him good-bye. But he was so delighted with the gift he would not let them go until he had pulled a hair out of the tail of each horse. He gave all three hairs to Fiakas saying,

"One white hair for me who watches over the Immortal Source; one red hair for my brother who stands sentinel beside the Red Apple Tree with its golden fruit; one black hair for my brother who guards the mouth of Hell and all imprisoned souls; take them. When you are in danger burn a hair and hey presto! we will come to your rescue, my brothers and I.

The young man again overwhelmed the ghoul with his thanks, took the three hairs, and the comrades galloped off to the castle of the forty ogres.

One day, when at last the greater part of their long journey was over, Ear of the Earth said suddenly,

"Master, master, the castle is surrounded by three hundred ogres. Your brothers-in-law are fighting for its possession and their own lives."

The young man turned white when he heard this dreadful news, and the three friends put spurs to their horses.

As they were nearing their destination Ear of the Earth said again,

"Master, master, ten of your brothers-in-law are killed and five are wounded."

They saw the castle looming in the distance and Fiakas was quite ready to burn the hairs and get help from the ghouls when he saw the invaders begin to fly at the approach of such well-known *palikharis*. So he desisted, and he and his friends were welcomed with shouts of joy by the twenty-five ogres who were still alive and unhurt.

After an exchange of affectionate greetings Fiakas sprinkled his dead and wounded brothers-in-law with the water he had brought from the Immortal Source and they all sat up and were as well as possible. The whole family had a great joy feast in their garden.

When a few days had passed in jollity Ear of the Earth said to Fiakas,

"Master, an army is marching against this castle. The King of the ogres wants to carry off your wife."

"Are you quite sure of that?" said Fiakas.

It had never entered his head before that the King had set him such difficult and dangerous tasks because of his beautiful young wife.

"Quite sure" replied Ftin-tis-Yis.

"Then as soon as the army arrives I shall burn the hairs."

Three days passed and the castle fields were filled with enemy troops. Some encamped in the garden, some on one side of the wood, others on the banks of the river.

Fiakas burnt the three hairs and waited for help.

Within twenty-four hours the besieged saw a white cloud far away in the east. It came nearer and proved to be a magnificent rider on a cream coloured horse, holding a huge flask in his hand. Here was the ghoul who guarded the Immortal Source. As he dismounted the watchers saw a blood-red cloud come out of the west. Here was

another *palikhari* on a roan. He also dismounted and held in his hand a box in which was a Golden Apple, for he was the guardian of the Red Apple Tree. The white and red clouds faded out from the sky and a dark mass rolled up from the south, which disclosed a third *palikhari* on a coal-black steed. He held a sickle in his hand for he was the ghoul from the mouth of Hell. His arrival was the signal for the declaration of war.

The first ghoul engaged the troops on the river, the second one those in the wood, and the third undertook to deal with the battalions in the garden commanded by the King of the ogres in person.

When night fell the guardian of the Immortal Source turned the course of the river so that numbers of men there were drowned and the others fled in disorder. The ghoul of the Red Apple Tree set fire to the wood where the enemy was stationed and those who did not run away were burned to death. The hellish ghoul blasted the men opposed to him in the garden and killed them nearly all.

When morning broke the garrison of ogres rushed out to help their ghoul friends. They cut down the fugitives and beheaded the King.

The guardian of the Immortal Source then attended to the wounded and dying amongst the besieged, and by sprinkling them with water from his flask brought them all back to life again.

Then Fiakas, the great *palikhari*, surrounded by his forty brothers-in-law, was elected King of ogres by the ghouls, and the guardian of the Red Apple Tree presented him with a Golden Apple.

They feasted for eight days, eating and drinking and making merry. I left them well and have found you better.

XXIX.—VASILIKA.¹

Once upon a time there was a woman who had three daughters. They were so dreadfully poor that the girls had nothing to amuse them except a plant of basil which they tended and watered.

The King's son was passing their house one day and he said to the eldest girl,

"Girl, who rake the earth around the basil, do you know how many leaves it has? tell me."

The girl stared at him with astonishment and ran into the house, for she could not answer his question.

Next day the second daughter was watering the herb when the King's son passed by. Again he called out, "Do you know how many leaves the basil has? do tell me."

She, too, was so surprised that she did not speak, but took refuge inside the house.

The third day the youngest girl was in the garden when the Prince came to the gate and he asked her the same question, but she said,

"You, who can read and write, do you know how many stairs there are by which we may mount to Heaven?"

The King's son was so taken aback that he went off without answering and he disguised himself as a vendor of *pastelli*.² Then he came again outside the widow's house crying,

"*Pastelli Kasavaniotiko*," (the very best from Kasavan).

When the eldest daughter heard the street cry she went out and offered him some rags.³

"No, no," said the Prince, "no rags for me. I want a kiss."

¹ Basil.

² A sweetmeat made from the carob bean.

³ Appendix, Note 9.

But the girl ran away, and so did the second daughter.

Then the youngest came out and she offered the Prince some money, but he would not take that either and said to her,

"I want neither money, nor old clothes. Give me a kiss for my *pastelli*."

"Kiss me!" said the girl, and she kissed him.

"For your sake" the Prince told her, "and for your kisses I, the son of a King, became a seller of sweets."

He gave her all the *pastelli* that he had, and then he went away for ever.

THE BOOK OF THE PEOPLE.

PART II.

FOLK SONGS.

*"Il vaut mieux pour l'île de Chypre s'en tenir
à la poésie qu'à l'histoire."*

de Chateaubriand.

30. THE SONG OF CONSTANDA.

31. THE SONG OF PROSPHYRKA.

32. THE SONG OF YANNACOS.

33. THE SONG OF CHRISTOPHIE AND EMMINE.

34. THE SONG OF RECOGNITION.

35. THE SONG OF MARIEKOU.

FOLK SONGS.

XXX.—THE SONG OF CONSTANDA.

Amidst the boughs of the great hawthorn tree sat a whistling youth. So cheery and mischievous and light-hearted was he, like a goldfinch that sings through the long summer day. Naughty bird that wanted his mother's blessing to go and steal away the love of Constanda from that famous *palikhari* and make a slave of her.

"Good evening, mother."

"Welcome, son of mine, singing bird! We have a dish of hare's feet and another of roast partridge and there is wild onion which gives boys strength and makes *palikhari* of them. We have wine to drink, so good, so sweet, such as is drunk by the great and mighty, and when given to the sick makes them well."

"But I have not come to eat and drink mother, but to ask your blessing, for I want to go and rob Constanda of his love and make her a slave in your house."

"Patience, my son! Let me consult the stars."

Five hours after sunset she began to read the "million sweet-eyed stars" that gave no smiles to her, but only warnings. At the third hour of the day¹ she came back into the house and told her son what she had learned from them.

"Beware, singing bird! Constanda is a great *palikhari*, a lion eater. He is a better swordsman than you: his hand is surer with the spear. Go not to steal his love from him. He will cut off your head and nail it to a board."

¹ i.e. three hours after sunrise.

The boy was very angry.

"Everyone asks a blessing from his mother, but when I come to you, unkind old woman, you croak misfortune."

"Go then, my son, and I hope that God will help and shield you, but when you take the girl, I am fearful for your life."

Impatiently the boy left her and went to his father, who also desired to consult the stars before giving him his blessing.

Five hours after the sun had set the old man left the house to read the portents of the heavens and at the third hour of day he returned and pleaded with the boy not to steal the girl of Constanda. And the youth was very angry with his father, mounted his black horse and rode away over the hills to the home of Constanda.

"My God, if Thou hast created me; Christ, if I am one of your children, hear me and answer this, my prayer! Let me find the man-eating dog tied up and the one that fights shut in the stable, Constanda at table drinking and his betrothed wearing her Sunday clothes after the hot bath."

Had he been a saint, Christ could not have better granted his desire for all was as he wished. Not only was the *palikhari* at supper but he had no sword; it had gone to be sharpened. The girl was dressed in all her finery and had just come from the bath.

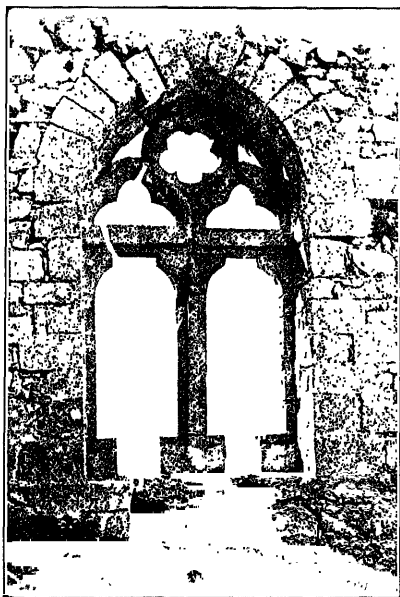
Constanda got up from the table where he was seated, shouted a "welcome cousin!" to the boy and bade him come and eat and drink with him.

"Nay," said the youth, "I have not come for that, but to take away your girl."

The *palikhari* had no weapons, and he wanted an excuse to get them, so he said,



KANTARA CASTLE.



THE QUEEN'S WINDOW, ST. HILARION.



ST. HILARION.

"Just let me tell her first to put on her best clothes, or the people in all the villages you pass through will make a mock of me."

"No, no," replied the youth, "I'll take her as she is, even if you swear on your sword that you would not get arms in the house with which to kill me."

Even as he spoke, he put the girl on his black charger and mounted it himself in front of her.

Then she cried to Constanda, "O how amazed I am at you, who boasted you could beat a thousand men and when you took up your sword the world was at your feet."

The *palikhari* called back to her,

"Wait a little, my darling. Just now I am so busy; when you get a little further off you will find out that those words are true."

But the youth was gone with her, away, away, a thousand miles in the twinkling of an eye.

Constanda went to the stable. He felt in his belt for the keys, unlocked the door and said loudly to the horses, "Which of all of you is the best and fleetest and most willing to go and fetch the lady of the house?"

The poor nags that had been worn out in the war held down their heads and kept quiet. The young ponies were much afraid and trembled, but a horse in a stall answered.

"I have the courage and am ready to go and fetch my lady, who was so kind to me, who brought me barley in her apron and water in a silver jug. Saddle and bridle and bit for me, but never a spur!"

Constanda dressed himself in the most correct costume, gold braided inside, and sewn with crystal on the lappets. Over this gay jacket he wore steel armour which he tested with sword and

lance; neither could pierce it. He mounted the pretty black horse, but he had forgotten the injunction it had given him. When he clapped spurs to its sides it went up into the sky like a bird, and Constanda was very much afraid.

"*Mavro*,¹ as fleet as the wind! When you were young you never played me such a trick as this. Why, now you are old?"

"Feel in your belt for your silver sheath," said the horse. "Pull out your knife and hack off your spurs and we will go down to earth again."

As soon as they dropped to the solid ground they met a swineherd whom Constanda flicked on the cheek with his whip.

"Have you seen anyone pass this way?" he shouted. "Have sixty-five scarecrows gone by out of the hundred thousand?"

"I am surprised, Master," replied the swineherd, "that you first strike me and then ask questions of me. As many stars as are in the heavens and as many leaves as are on the trees and all the grains of sand that are under the sea, that was the number of the flock flying by."

"Tell me, swineherd, where shall I come up with them?"

"If your black horse is fast enough you will catch them at *Hora*,² but if not, you will meet at the fountain."

Constanda urged on *Mavro* and in a little while the horse began to neigh so that the earth shook. Then the youth said to the girl seated pillion behind him, "I think there will be a great storm of thunder, lightning and hail. It seems as if God would destroy the town."

¹ Black one.

² Nicosia.

"Nay," answered the girl, "that is neither thunder, lightning, nor hail, but Constanda coming to fetch me. Better leave me, Dickey bird, and save yourself, for he is on one of my own horses."

"No, no," said the youth, "Let's ride on. What can he do? Too late he is, for I have kissed you and the impress of my love is on your breast."

Just then Constanda came up with them and he caught hold of the girl, asking her,

"Tell me, did he kiss you? If so, I will cut off his lips. Did he caress you? I will cut off his hands. Did he betray you? I will cut off his head."

"Constanda," said the girl, "your words astonish me. When the hawk takes the bird out of its nest, is it only to pluck a feather from it, or to kill and to eat it? He kissed me, he caressed me, he has done with me what he wanted. He has set his seal upon my breast."

And the *palikhari* cut off the boy's head and nailed it to a board. He took it to the lad's mother and throwing it to her, he said,

"I bring you a gift. There! take the head of your son."

XXXI.—THE SONG OF PROSPHYRKA.

There was a Jewish woman once who had a child and she called him Prospyrka. He was able to walk about as soon as he was born and in the middle of the night he asked for some bread. A piece was given to him, but he threw it away, because it was too small. When his mother saw that, she was terrified. She was a kind woman so she talked to him very gently and said,

"Wait, my son, till daybreak, and I will tell the men-servants to bake a lot of loaves and the women to cook several different dishes for you."

The baby stayed quiet until morning and then his mother gave orders as she had said and the servants were all busy cooking. Prosphyrka ate nine batches of bread and he drank the milk of ten *mandra*.¹ A roasted calf was served and another baked in the oven, both of which he finished. Then he ate a camel eighteen months old, a roast pig, nine yards of salad, celery and lettuce. But he was not satisfied. He cried for more and wanted to eat the cooks!

As he could not do this, he gave them one hundred pieces of old gold money to buy a hundred pigs for him. He eat all but six at one sitting, and he went away with the little drove to look after them and be a swineherd.

Prosphyrka slung a *wourka*² over his shoulder into which he put some bread. Then he took the path which led to the forge of a master blacksmith. He saluted him from afar and when he had come up to him, he said,

"O mighty Master Blacksmith! make a staff of iron for me such as was carried by the men of old time."

The Master Blacksmith answered,

"If you buy one hundred *okes*³ of iron and one hundred *okes* of steel, I will make you the staff you want."

When it was finished Prosphyrka took it and went up the mountain. He threw it heavenward and when it fell again he caught it, put it across his knee and broke it in half.

¹ Goat or sheep-fold.

² A leather bag.

³ Oke=2½ lbs. avoird.

He ran back to the Master of the Forge and saluting him he said,

"That staff you made for me is broken in half."

When the blacksmith heard this he was terrified, and he said in a low frightened voice,

"If you will give me twice the quantity of iron and double the amount of steel, I will make you a staff such as was used by the ancients." And he made it.

Prosphyrka took the rod and went up the mountain with it. He threw it sky high and caught it; he put it across his knee and there was an earthquake. At this spot he planted the staff and knelt down beside it. He stretched out his arms and blessed God.

"O God!" he prayed, "if Thou art my creator, hear me! I am a great *palikhari* and I would like to fight sixty out of the 100,000 flocks of scarecrows. Would I could see them as a cloud coming towards me!"

And immediately he had his wish: the scarecrows surrounded him on every side and they said,

"Swineherd, have you seen Prosphyrka?"

"I am such a little swineherd," said he "how could I?"

"Give us bread to eat, little swineherd," said the scarecrows.

"So young a swineherd as I, how can I give you bread?" answered Prosphyrka. He opened his *wourka*, however, and gave them all bread and there was some left over.

"Can't you give us water to drink, swineherd?" said the scarecrows.

"Where shall a little swineherd as I, find water for all of you?" said he.

But even as he spoke Prospyrka struck the rock and five springs of water gushed from it. He filled his palm and gave them all water to drink and still there was some left over in the hollow of his hand to water the field planted with cotton. Then they asked him "Swineherd, are you Prospyrka?"

"How could I be Prospyrka, I, a swineherd?" said he.

Some black men came along and they had dogs with them and they also asked him if he were Prospyrka. Again he replied,

"How could I, a little swineherd, be Prospyrka? Here, take me, fasten my hands behind me three times with chains and put one hundred pounds of lead on my back. Sew up my eyes together with thread three times. Put nine black men in a row and I will leap-frog over them and catch the tenth. Then you must take off the fetters and open my eyes and I will go to my village."

The black men did as they were told and Prospyrka jumped over them as he had said he would, and caught the tenth man, but they did not take off his fetters, nor open his eyes to let him go back to his own town. The black men began to play tomtoms and flutes and they took Prospyrka with them and went on their way. He said to them,

"Take me to any town you like except my own, because my mother will come to the door of her house. She will ask the people about us, who we are, and make a fuss when she finds out that I am her son."

Whether these men did not understand Prospyrka, or whether they did it on purpose, I cannot tell you. They took him straight to his own

village and into the street his home was in, and there was his mother standing out on the road. She had two stones in her hands and she was wounded in the breast. She said to Prosphyrka,

"Is this you, who boasted to me morning and night that your body was so strong, no one could touch you?"

Prosphyrka said to her, "Wait a moment, my dear mother, I will take them out a little further from the village, for if we stay here the whole place will be polluted."

He stretched out his hands and burst asunder his fetters: he opened his eyes and the thread broke. He began to beat the black men with his mighty staff and amongst them he recognised his uncle. So he called out to him,

"Go away, Uncle, don't stop, for the devil in me is aroused and you will be killed by my staff."

His uncle would not move, but called out mockingly,

"If the devil in you is so furious and your staff so deadly, there are lots of wild flowers in the fields, go and smite off their heads."

Then Prosphyrka threw his staff at his uncle and dashed out his brains.

XXXII.—THE SONG OF YANNACOS.

Hot sun and azure sea: waves that rose and fell bearing on their white swelling bosoms five row-boats, each trying for first place to come ashore. At the blue water's edge two girls were standing with hand-shaded eyes to watch the contest of the galley slaves, and one bronzed captive straining at his oar wept at the very sight of their young loveliness and grace.

"What ails thee, slave?" his master asked him.
"Art hungry, thirsty, wanting wine?"

"Nay, my Lord, neither hunger, thirst nor want of wine would wring tears out of me. My thoughts cover the twelve years of my enslavement. They take me back to my young wife but three day's wed, to home, to kindred. Alas! how sorrowful am I!"

"Sing to me, slave, and thou shalt have thy liberty."

"Many a time and softly have I sung to thee, my Lord, and still I am a slave."

Yet once again he drew the silver bow across his violin and to the accompaniment of long drawn out, melodious chords he sang a love song, so honey sweet that it bewitched the listeners on the shore. He willed it that their enchanted feet should lead them to the boat and there he left the maidens, assured of freedom by a master who had ceased to heed his song.

Bond slave no longer, Yannacos called for his black steed *Mavro*, famous charger that champed the bit between his teeth, struck sparks from beneath his hoof beats and with his fiery snorting could destroy a town. Mounted on such fleetness, a thousand miles were covered, whilst Time heaved a short sigh. And as he rode he saw a woman by a stream, clad all in black as one who mourns; wife of a priest was she, whose garments are like those that nuns wear.

"Good morning to you!" cried Yannacos, "whose are the clothes that you wash and kiss?"

"Alas and alack!" said the weeping mother, "They belong to my son Yannacos. Twelve weary years ago he was carried off from his bride. All that time his arms and his sword have lain

rusting and to-morrow they will marry his wife to another."

"Tell me, quickly, can I get to her before the wedding?"

"Yes, perhaps, if your horse is a fleet one, if not, you will still arrive before the ceremony is finished."

Again Yannacos covered a thousand miles in a twinkling and he met a *pappa*.

"Good morning, *pappa*," he called out, "To whom does that vine belong that you tend and water it with such care?"

"It belongs to my dear son, Yannacos. Long years ago he was taken away from the wife to whom he had only been three days married. To-day they give her to another man."

"Tell me, tell me, shall I be in time to stop the wedding?" cried Yannacos.

And without waiting for an answer he rode on and covered another thousand miles, which brought him to the end of his journey.

His faithful black steed neighed loudly and when the unwilling bride heard it, she knew it was *Mavro* outside the house. And she laughed gaily and said to them,

"Cease, cease! my husband has come for me. I know it is he."

And she stretched out her hands to her twelve year bridegroom, and no one could part them—not even the Turks.

XXXIII.—THE SONG OF CHRISTOPHIE AND EMMINE.

All ye who dwell on the mountains of Caramania
come and listen to the woes of Christophie!

The young man's father had sent him to school but he could not learn anything, so he was taken away and put in the house of Dr. Koutsi, the best doctor in all Cyprus. His father thought that by living with a doctor his son would become one also. But day and night Christophie haunted the street where stood the house of Emminé.

Easter came and on the day of the great feast all the Christians went to church to pray. Not so, Christophie. Then his friends began to warn him of his danger and tell him that, as he valued his life, he must keep away from Emminé.

He would not listen. He went home and dressed himself in all his finest clothes, those most correct and becoming and suited to his age. His waistcoat was braided with gold lace and over it he wore a little gold-embroidered coat. He mounted his horse, put spurs to it and rode into the bazar. The *janissaries* and shopkeepers got up to salute him. He was a pupil of the great Doctor Koutsi.

The second time that day Christophie passed the house of Emminé, he made a sign to her, dismounted and went in. About six hours after sunset the *koli*¹ got wind of it that he was with her. They knocked at the door and called to her from the road,

"Emminé, turn out the Greek and not a hair of your head will we injure."

She answered from within, "Enter if you like. Go over the house. If you find Christophie you can behead me."

They took her at her word, came in and hunted everywhere but they could not find her lover. They were all on the point of leaving and everything would have ended happily for Christophie and Emminé had she not let loose her tongue, proud and foolish girl.

¹ The night police.

"Had you feared God, friends and neighbours, you would never have entered the house of a *zaimy*.¹ To-morrow, my lords, if I still live I shall go straight to the Pasha and rend my garments in his presence, because of this shame you have put upon me." So she spoke to them in her wrath.

And they were afraid. But amongst them was a young Turk, a bad fellow. The hand of God had marked him down as evil, for he was blind of an eye. Ah! if only the miserable One-eyed had eaten poison and had died before this night! He said to his comrades,

"Let's go in again. I am sure Christophie is somewhere in the house. This bad girl is trying to frighten us. Stay here all of you. I will make the search and if I find the *giaour*,² I will not kill him, but bear witness against him to the Pasha."

Grasping his club the One-eyed pushed open the door and went upstairs. He felt in his pocket for a flint and lit the little candle that he carried. He began hunting about everywhere, in cupboards, under divans, and he even liften up the pillows. At last, crouching behind a *sandouka*³ and shivering with fright like a little pet dog, there was Christophie.

The lad offered the Turk a thousand *rialia*⁴ and begged him not to go to the Pasha but One-eyed refused to take the money. Christophie then took off his belt full of gold; and that was too great a temptation, so his bribe was accepted. But the silly boy said,

"If you take the *bakshish* and betray me nevertheless, I am sure you will do so at once." This foolish speech made the Turk so angry that he called out to his comrades,

¹ Turkish woman of a good class.

² Christian.

³ A big chest.

⁴ Coin.

"Come up here. I have found Christophie. I caught him like a bird with quicklime."

The *koli* rushed up at once, took the young man, tied him to a plank and put him on a camel. They piled up nine pounds of lead on each of his shoulders and stitched down his eyelids with fine thread.

The villagers had all gathered round him and he called to them not to follow for they would only be saddened by his end. The Turks he entreated to take him straight through the town, not past the house of Emminé, but they were cruel and malicious enough to go down that road on purpose.

She was standing at the window with a beautiful chain wound round her neck, a fan in her hand and she wiped away her tears with a gold *mandili*.

"Heart's dearest," she cried to her lover, "Take care, they will try to turn thee Moslem. Renounce not thy faith, nor crush the Cross beneath thy feet. To lose thy creed is to lose me too. All the sufferings thou to-day endurest will be mine to-morrow."

"My darling, fair and white as the holy candles, chain of purest gold, phial of sweetest *rossoli*¹ whom I chose of all girls in the world to be my love, never will I turn Moslem, never place my foot upon the Cross of Christ. See, I have riches, buy me as thy slave."

"With all the pleasure in the world, lord of my life," said Emminé, "what thou biddest, unargued I obey. If such money as thou hast does not suffice, sell me, who art thy slave, in the bazar."

Then his captors took Christophie away from the house and brought him to Levcosia, to the Palace of the Sérail.

¹ Syrup.

Next morning Emminé rose from her bed, bathed, pencilled her eyes with *khola*, put her *cherchaf* around her and started for the Seraglio. She asked for the *Kadi*¹ before whom she laid her case. She had with her three *kafizia*² piled up with gold.

"*Effendi Mohassil*, Great Lord of our people! Give me the Greek as a present. I will buy him from you."

The *Kadi* was pleased to accept the gold upstairs, but when the Turks below heard of it, they threatened to destroy the walls of the city and behead him if he did not give them the *giaour*.

The *Mohassil* was wily and he said to the *koli*, "Ask Emminé if the Greek forced his way into her house."

Before they could put the question to her, Mehmet, first Agha of Hora, said to the Turks,

"Good people, I will pay you as much as you please for Christophie."

But they were so enraged they would not listen and they called out to the *Mohassil*,

"Be silent. You will never save that *roum*.³ We will burn the town."

Christophie then asked for paper and ink that he might write to his master, Dr. Koutsi.

Alas! who was there to do him the kindness of delivering the letter?

But he wrote it and just as he finished and folded it up a swallow passed that way. It swooped down and took the letter in its beak to Koutsi, who was away riding his donkey, unaware of what had happened.

The Turks then, not quite knowing what to do with Christophie took him away from the Sérail

¹ Turkish judge.

² Measure for grain like a box.

³ Christian, stranger.

and brought him before the Chief Dragoman. The latter glanced about him at the crowd and saw there were about three to four hundred present. He went to the *Mohassil* and said to him, "Have pity on the boy."

The *Mohassil* was afraid to do anything himself but he went to the window and called out to Ali *Muderi*.¹

"Take that girl and question her. Did the Greek force his way into her house?"

Then he addressed the crowd saying once more, "Good people, give me the *roum*. I will pay anything you like for him."

Again the angry mob cried "Be silent! Ask not for the *roum*. We will burn down the *Sérail*."

Emminé's mother was present and she said to the girl,

"Dear daughter, say that the Greek forced his way into the house."

But the girl answered proudly, "Why should I lie? He was my lord and my lover. He loved me! he loved me! and I—I loved him!"

And when the Turks heard it, two *Cavasses* came and seized Emmine and with a sword cut off her head.

And the crowd shouted that Christophie should die too and he began to tremble like a leaf. He sent a letter to his father Deliyorgis to come and save him. And his father took a mule and put on it a *stratouri*. Across it he threw the *saki* filled with all the gold he had and he took it to the *Mohassil*. But the *Kadi* said to him,

"Come, Deliyorgis, come and hang your son."

"My Lord," said the poor father, "What sort of justice is that?"

¹ A Turkish title.

"Have you never seen a father hang his son?" said the *Kadi*.

And because the poor man would not, they beheaded him and Christophie and put their bodies together in the ground.

Just then Koutsi arrived and he wept with grief saying,

"Ah, dear Christophie, had I only known sooner and come in time, I would have given them your body's weight in gold."

XXXIV.—THE SONG OF RECOGNITION.

Over the hills the dawn is breaking.
The birds wake in their nests. They flutter their wings.

They go to find food for the coming day.
The house door opens, a woman comes out.
She goes to the well to fetch water.

A man goes there, too, to water his horse.
He finds the woman lowering her buckets.
Her eyes cast down, she does not turn to look at him.
When she has drawn forty-four buckets, she sighs heavily.

The man says to her "You are tired drawing water from the well, you suffer from your task?"
She answers wearily, "No, not for that reason do I sigh.

My heart is sad for my husband abroad in foreign lands whom I have not seen these thirty years."
The man says to her, "Tell me what he is like, perhaps I have met him."

"Tall and slight he was like yourself, my Lord, His moustache so beautiful it reached his ears."

The man says to her, "I met him last night in the wine shops of Polis Khrysohou.

I gave him a piece of stuff and I came here to ask you to return it."

"If you have given him a piece of stuff, go and ask him for it."

The man says again "I met him last night in the bazar of Polis Khrysohou.

I gave him a church candle and I have come here to ask you to pay me."

"If you have given him a church candle, go and ask him to pay you for it."

The man says again, "I met him last night outside the shops of Polis Khrysohou.

I gave him a kiss and I want it from you."

"If you gave him a kiss, go and ask him for it."

The woman takes up her bucket and begins to go to her house.

The man goes after her, step by step he follows.

When she nears the house she begins to run.

She rushes in, she bangs the door, she locks it.

The man says from without, "My darling, open, it is I, your husband,

It is I, your mate, crown of your life."

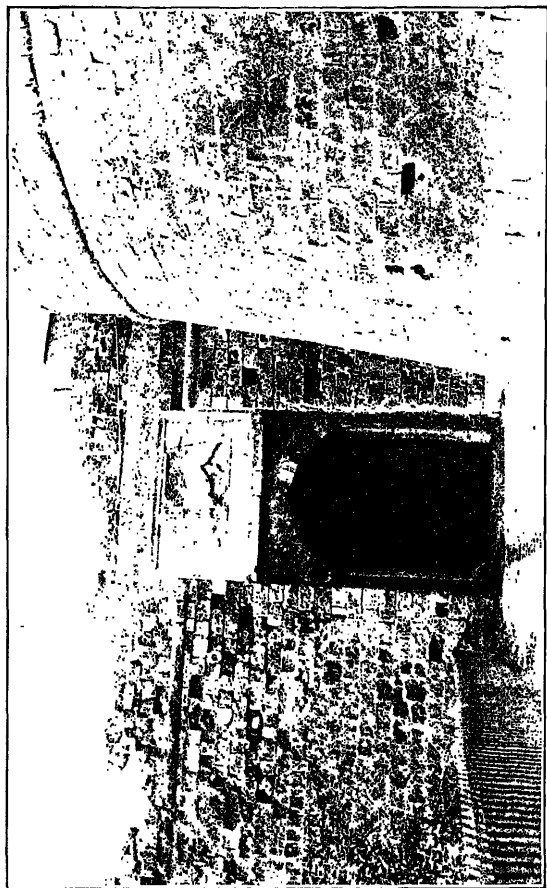
From within she asks him, "Tell me some little thing that you remember,

Some trifle you recall about the garden and the courtyard."

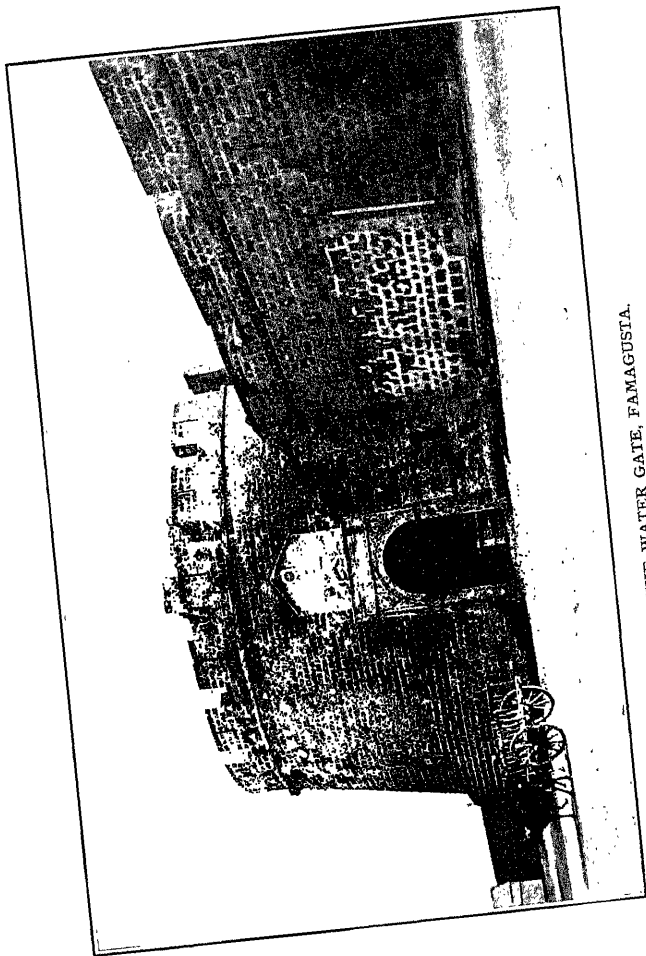
"In the middle of the garden stands an olive tree, and in the court a little vine.

Its grapes are beautiful and sweet is the fragrance of the wine they yield."

The woman says to him, I am sure my neighbours know all this and they have told you.



THE ENTRANCE TO OTHELLO'S TOWER.



THE WATER GATE, FAMAGUSTA.

Tell me some trifle that is in the house ; perhaps then I will open to you."

" In the midst of the room where you sleep, beside your bed a tiny golden lamp burns."

The woman says again, " My neighbours have seen it, it is they who have told you.

Tell me of some mark upon my body, maybe then I will let you enter."

" Above your heart you have a mole, and another on your shoulder.

Between your breasts there is a white mark like the moon."

The woman calls out to her servants " Hither ! come, make ready for your master."

She stands upon the threshold ; husband and wife clasp hands.

XXXV.—THE SONG OF MARIEKOU.

Let us pray to the Holy Virgin. On the day of her Feast at Kyl' . R' . . . and Abbots and all sick persons are . . . infirmities.

O Holy One ! Mother of Our Good Lord, Who dwellest on the mountain of Kykko. The pines bowed themselves to earth as you passed by.

.

All you who are gathered here from the East and from the West, listen to the story of a bad woman called Mariekou of Eftakomi. She fell deep in love with a Turk, Ahmed Agha, and hated her husband Antoni, as he knew full well, and bitterly resented his dishonour.

SCENE I.

(*Moullali's house with window L. Moullali seated smoking a hubble-bubble. Enter Antoni*).

ANTONI.—Moullali Effendi, whose hairs have grown white with your wisdom. Bid your son cease to torment me thus. Do me this favour and I will make the way to your house into a fine carriage road.

MOULLALI.—(*laughing derisively*). My boy is a great *palikhari*. If you and he came to blows he would soon make short work of you.

ANTONI.—You know well enough it often happens to strong men that the quiet ones are able to beat them. Do not try to come over me with your beautiful eyes, for I swear to you if you do not restrain your son you will bring sorrow on your own head. Your house and the courtyard around it will be darkened by mourning. I will cut off his head as one severs the stalk of a melon, and you will pluck out your hair with grief.

MOU.—Go home. I'll talk to my boy and if he does not obey me, I'll beat him.

(*Antoni lingers outside and listens, standing by the window*). (*Enter Ahmed Agha*.)

AHMED.—What have I done, O my father, that you cast such angry glances at me?

MOU.—Nay, dear boy, it is you who are angry with me. Why are you so late? You must never be vexed with me just as I am never really vexed with you, my dear son.

(*Antoni, on hearing this, draws his dagger and feels the edge of the blade. It is very bright and sharp. Ahmed Agha comes out of the house*).

AHMED.—Hullo! What are you going to do with that dagger? Who's it for?

(*Antoni gently feeling the blade is very grim and silent*).

AHMED.—Only God and you know. Answer man!

ANTONI.—(*Slowly at first, then with growing excitement*). True! very true. God and I alone know, but now you shall know also. It has just been sharpened for you. I've told you in Turkish. Hear it again in Greek. It's just been sharpened for you. Ten times I shall stab you with it and when you're dead, I'll kill my wife.

(*Ahmed backs into the door of the house. He calls to Antoni from the window*).

AHMED—(*tauntingly*). Come along, Antoni, come in! I've bought some nuts. Let's eat them together and drink *raki*. You'll soon forget your woes.

MOU.—Welcome my son! Come, sit beside me. If you want my blessing eat with me in peace and hearken to my words. Hear me, boy, and take heed. Cut yourself adrift from Mariekou.

AHMED.—It suits me to have a mistress, a great *palikhari* like me. Sweet Mariekou, she's so pretty, star of all the town. So beautiful, so slender and so graceful, why, I chose her out of all the women of the place.

MOU.—Give her up my son. Antoni's wife. He'll kill you.

AHMED.—Give her up! Never! Let him try, if he likes. I've spent 1,000 *riali*¹ to make her love me. Now she's yielded to me, do you think I'd give her up?

MOU.—Do you want money? I'll give it to you. I've four pairs of bullocks. You can have them. Take off your fez and I'll fill it with gold.

AHMED.—I don't want your money, nor your bullocks. But you might go to *Hora* to-morrow

¹ £100.

and tell the best tailor in the Bazar to make me a splendid suit. If you have such lots of money, give him a pile so that it may be of the very best cloth. Take fifty-two *liras* with you and buy me a horse with a red saddle and bridle. Get me a wine-coloured fez with a long, heavy silk tassel. Then I'll go to the Fair of Ayios Lukas and show myself off to everybody. But first I'll ride through the Bazar and past Antoni's house. And on Saturday there'll be the wedding feast when the mattress will be sewn for Michael and Efrosyni, who'll be married on Saturday.

MOU.—Yes, yes, my boy. That's right. But keep away from Antoni's house and Antoni's wife.

AHMED.—O! . . . as for Mariékou . . . Antoni's wife . . . I'll make you a present of her.

SCENE II.

(The Market Place at sunset. Eve of wedding. Antoni's house with an outside staircase leading to the upper floor L.C. Table spread under trees R.C. Peasants eating and drinking. Mariékou with them. Antoni comes to door of his house sharpening his dagger). (Enter Ahmed R. Crosses over swaggering).

AHMED.—Hullo, Antoni! Sharpening that dagger of yours again! Who's it for?

ANTONI.—*(In surly tones, without looking up).* For you. I'll stab you fifty times. I've told you so in Turkish and now I'll tell you again in Greek. I'll kill you first and my wife afterwards.

AHMED.—*(Laughing loudly).* Nonsense, man! Dear Antoni of the red mouth and black eyebrows. Come to the wedding feast, eat nuts with me and drink *raki* to drown your grief.

ANTONI.—Nuts! Are they so precious? I, too, bought some in the Bazar. Nuts are not like honey.

(Ahmed turns to go to the table and Antoni follows in his steps like a dog. Ahmed seats himself beside Mariekou and begins shelling nuts and giving her the kernels. Antoni stands watching them. He goes back to his own house and comes out with a long cloak which he wraps round him, and flinging himself R. on ground pretends to sleep. The peasants get up, clear away table and begin to sing "The Wedding Song" and to dance.¹ In the background the mattress is being sewn for the bridal pair).

(Mariekou crosses to Antoni and bends over him).

AHMED.—(Dancing, makes signs to Mariekou). Take me to your house.

MARIEKOU.—I'm afraid. I don't think he is in a sound sleep. (Putting her arms round Ahmed's neck). If he should kill you, Ahmed!

AHMED.—Not he! I'm too big a palikhari. Come . . . come with me.

(He takes her by the hand and together they go into Antoni's house and close the door. Ahmed comes to window and looks out cautiously. Antoni still lies sleeping. Peasants go into house R. with mattress. Exit crowd). (Antoni gets up and crosses over L. stealthily).

ANTONI.—Quiet! Not a sound. Perhaps after all she's alone in her bed. No! No! I hear them whispering. I'll kill her. I'll kill them both.

(Door L. opens and Ahmed comes out).

AHMED.—(Jeeringly). Hullo, is that you Antoni? Don't quite kill me, man. How sweet Mariekou's kisses are; like honey and sugar.

ANTONI.—Curse you, you dog! you swine! you Turk! I'll kill you like a dog for taking my wife.

(He stabs Ahmed between the shoulders. Mariekou leans over balustrade and shrieks).

¹ Appendix, Note 10.

ANTONI.—(*Stabbing, muttering and crying*). Ah ! ah ! From a Hodja and a Mulla I'll make you into a Dervish.

(*He takes off his pestemale, wraps the body in it, and flings it across the path of two peasants who are passing*).

Come and help me throw out the pig of a Turk. I'll give him to the dogs to eat. Fling him under the carob tree and put a stone under his neck as a pillow.

(*He turns back to the house and sees his mother who has come downstairs*).

Mother ! Mother ! I've killed Moullali's son ! I've killed him. He lies under the carob tree with a stone for a pillow.

MOTHER.—(*Dazed with sleep and shock*). My dear son, my dear son, whose blood is this on your clothes ?

ANTONI.—I've told you in Turkish and I'll tell you in Greek. I've killed the Turk and now I'll kill my wife.

(*She tries feebly to push him back. He seizes her by the hair and pushes her aside*).

MOTHER.—My dear boy ! Why did you kill him. Had you no mercy ? no pity for Ahmed ?

(*Mariekou rushes into her bedroom and bolts the door. Enter Moullali, followed by the first Agha and watchmen*).

MOU.—My son, where is he ? Alas ! what a trouble he is. I'll beat him. I'll give him a hundred strokes of the bastinado.

AGHA.—Poor man ! He thinks his son is still alive. (*To Moullali*) Alas ! you think your son is still alive. Give me paper and ink that I may write the news to you.

(*Gives orders to arrest Antoni who is bound and carried off cursing his mother because she stopped him from killing Mariekou*).

(*Exeunt Omnes*).

APPENDIX.

NOTE I. PAGE 1.

A DIARY OF CYPRUS AND ITS RULERS.

Prehistoric era—Cyprus under the influence of Cilicia, Phœnicia, Egypt and Mycenæ.

About Conquest of Cyprus by Thothmes III. (18th 1450 B.C. Egyptian dynasty).

Colonised by Phœnicians.

„ Assyrians.

„ Ionian immigrants.

B.C. 569 Conquest of Cyprus by Egyptian King Amasis.

569-525 Ruled by Euclthon, King of Salamis (tributary to Egypt).

525 Conquest of Egypt and Cyprus by Persian King Cambyses.

502-387 Unsuccessful revolts of Ionians against Persia.

Ruled by Gorgos, King of Salamis, great grandson of Euclthon.

Gorgos deposed by his brother Onesilos.

Onesilos killed in revolt against Persia.

411 Ruled by Evagoras, Prince of Salamis (tributary to Persia).

Revival of Hellenism under Evagoras.

387 Peace of Antalcidas. Persia confirmed in her possession of Cyprus.

374 Death of Evagoras.

374 Ruled by Nicocles and subsequently by Evagoras II. as vassals of Persia, but both supporters of Hellenic ideals.

- 350 Unsuccessful revolt against Persia.
- 333 Cyprus declares in favour of Alexander.
- 323 Death of Alexander. Cyprus given to Antigonus.
- 306 Conquest of Cyprus by Ptolemy, son of Lagus (administered by a Viceroy).
- 107-83 Ruled as an independent kingdom by Ptolemy Lathyrus.
 - 81 Ruled by Ptolemy the Cypriot.
 - 58 Cyprus becomes a Roman Province.
 - 47 Given by Cæsar to Arsinoe and Ptolemy.
 - 41 Given to Cleopatra as dowry by Mark Antony.
 - 22 Administered as a Senatorial province of Rome by a proconsul.
- A.D. 45 Visited by St. Paul and St. Barnabas.
- 115-117 Massacre of Greeks by the Jews.
 - 117 Expulsion of the Jews.
- 395 Cyprus transferred to the Emperors in Constantinople and ruled as a proconsulship.
- 632 Invaded by Arabs.
- 969 Finally freed from Moslem invaders by the Emperor Nikephoros Phokas.
- 1184 Isaac Komnenos establishes himself as King of Cyprus.
- 1191 Conquest of Cyprus by Richard I. of England.
- 1191 Sale of Cyprus by Richard to the Templars.
- 1192 The Templars resign their sovereignty.
- 1192 Sale of Cyprus by Richard to Guy de Lusignan.
- 1192-94 Guy, King of Jerusalem, Lord of Cyprus.
- 1194-1205 Amaury (brother) King of Jerusalem and Cyprus.

- 1205-18 Hugo I. (son) King of Cyprus.
- 1218-53 Henri I. (son) King of Cyprus, Lord of Jerusalem.
- 1253-67 Hugo II. (son) King of Cyprus, Lord of Jerusalem.
- 1267-84 Hugo III. (cousin) King of Cyprus and Jerusalem.
- 1284-85 Jean I. (son) King of Cyprus and Jerusalem.
- 1285-1324 Henri II. (brother) King of Jerusalem and Cyprus.
- 1306-10 Amaury, Prince of Tyre (brother) Usurper.
- 1324-59 Hugo IV. (nephew) King of Jerusalem and Cyprus.
- 1359-69 Pierre I. (son) King of Jerusalem and Cyprus.
- 1369-82 Pierre II. (son) King of Jerusalem and Cyprus.
- 1382-98 Jacques I. (uncle) King of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia.
- 1398-1432 Janus (son) King of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia.
- 1432-58 Jean II. (son) King of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia.
- 1458-60 Charlotte (daughter) Queen of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia.
- 1460-73 Jacques II. (natural son of Jean II.) King of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia.
- 1473-74 Jacques III. (son) King of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia.
- 1474-89 Catherine Cornaro (widow of Jacques II.) Queen of Jerusalem, Cyprus and Armenia.
- 1489-1571 Venetian Occupation, (Cyprus administered by a Lieutenant and two Councillors).
- 1571 Conquest of Cyprus by the Turks. (Administered by Pashas nominated by the Grand Vizier).

1870 Cyprus placed under a Mutessarrif responsible directly to Constantinople.

1878 British Occupation under an agreement called a "Convention of Defensive Alliance between Great Britain and Turkey." (Administered by a High Commissioner).

1914 (Nov. 5.) Declaration of war against Turkey by Great Britain.

Annexation of Cyprus by Great Britain.

NOTE 2. PAGE 7.

In the early years of the occupation, the British administration was welcomed as the advent of a golden age of equity, prosperity, and security. Writing on June 19, 1884, the Commissioner of Larnaca reported that on his last tour through his District the answer of the villagers to the question "Have you any complaints?" was invariably "What complaints should we have? God save our Queen!" But the generation that remembers the old order of things is passing away. The old evils are forgotten. The Cypriot of to-day, educated and living under conditions where every man's rights, whatever his creed or nationality, are carefully guarded, where women are safe, and justice is administered without corruption or favour, remains, in many cases, wilfully blind to the progress of which he himself is the most conclusive proof. It will be for him to decide whether it shall be with or without his co-operation that further steps are taken to bring Cyprus into line with the more civilised countries of Europe. The future of this island should be a bright one, if only the Cypriot will whole-heartedly and energetically extend to the Administration the co-operation which is so sorely needed and so constantly solicited.—*From "The Handbook of Cyprus."* (By kind permission of Messrs. Luke and Jardine.)

NOTE 3. PAGE 10.

His Excellency the High Commissioner received His Beatitude the Archbishop of Cyprus and the Greek Members of the Legislative Council, who with loyal expressions presented an Address for transmission to the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

The Address expressed their deep emotion and their gratitude to the British Throne, and to the British Government and people for the magnanimous offer to cede Cyprus to Greece; and added that the Greek people of Cyprus followed with wholehearted sympathy the struggle of England and her Allies on behalf of the great principles of liberty and civilization which had in all ages been the guiding ideals of the Hellenic world.

After thanking His Beatitude and the Members for their loyal expressions His Excellency observed that having regard to the reported official statements that such an offer had been made and refused, and had lapsed, the Greek Cypriots would doubtless now recognize in the fullest manner their obligations as British subjects. In particular he desired that they would avoid at the present juncture any public expressions of racial sentiment that might be interpreted as derogating from their political allegiance, or might disturb the susceptibilities of any of their fellow subjects, or lead to disquiet among the more ignorant and excitable classes of the population.

His Beatitude assured His Excellency that the Greeks would give no cause for unrest among the people, and other Members of the Deputation reiterated their acknowledgment of their status as British subjects and asked for a continuance of the liberal attitude maintained towards them by the British Administration.—*8th November, 1915.*

NOTE 4. PAGE 34.

There seems to be some confusion of ideas connecting St. Paul's Pillar with St. John's Column in Greece, which is credited with healing powers.

GENEALOGY OF THE LUSIGNANS.

Hugues VIII. Seigneur de Lusignan dit Le Brun
m. en Syrie vers 1165.

Echive d'Ibelin (1)=Amaury=(2) Isabelle Reine de Jérusalem
de Rama C'mte de Jaffa en 1193

Seigneur de Chypre 1194 ;
Roi 1197 m. 1205

Guy=1180 Sibylle de Jérusalem
Roi de Jérusalem 1186
Seigneur de Chypre 1192
m. 1194

Hugues I=1208 Alix de Champagne
Roi de Chypre m. 1246
né 1195 ; m. 1218

Henri I=(3) 1250 Plaisance d'Antioche m. 1261
Roi de Chypre, Seigneur du Royaume de
Jérusalem né 1217 ; m. 1253

Isabelle=Henri d'Antioche
m. 1264 m. 1276

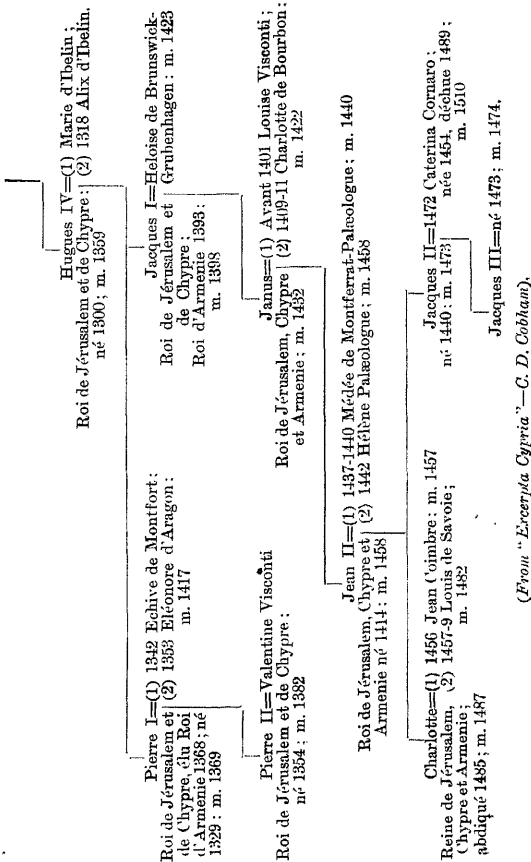
Hugues II=Isabelle d'Ibelin
Roi de Chypre, Seigneur du Royaume de
Jérusalem. 1253 ; né 1253 ; m. 1267

Hugues III (Antioche-Lusignan)=Isabelle d'Ibelin
Regent de Jérusalem m. 1324
Roi de Chypre 1267
Roi de Jérusalem 1268 ; m. 1284

Jean I
Roi de Jérusalem et
de Chypre ; m. 1285

Henry II=1317 Constance d'Aragon-Sicile
Roi de Jérusalem et de Chypre ;
né 1271 ; m. 1324

Guy=Echive d'Ibelin
Connétable de Chypre ;
m. 1302-3



NOTE 6. PAGE 136.

" Il portait entre toute gent
 Un épée de fin argent
 Qui avoit le pommel desseure
 En signe de croix qu'on aeure,
 Assise en un champ asuré
 De toutes couleurs espuré.
 Et s'avoit lettres d'or entour.
 Qui estoient faites à tour
 Disant bien dont m'en souvenir
 " C'est pour loiauté maintenir,"
 Car je l'ay mille fois veü
 Sur les chevaliers et leü."

Guillaume de Machant.

NOTE 7. PAGE 141.

As a matter of historical fact, the king's mistress, Jeanne l'Aleman, was subjected by the Queen to hideous torture during Pierre's absence abroad. She was then sent by Aliénor to the Convent of the Clares at Famagusta. The King on his return discovered her whereabouts, and as her beauty had not been impaired by her sufferings, he took her again.

NOTE 8. PAGE 200.

Earth from a grave is also thought to be efficacious in court cases. A near relative of a litigant, or criminal, will strew it on the floor of the room hoping that the Judge may be hoodwinked and have dust thrown in his eyes.

NOTE 9. PAGE 251.

A seller of *pastelli* is in reality an old-clothes man, who gives the sweetmeat in exchange for cast-off garments.

NOTE 10. PAGE 277.

In kindly giving me permission to publish this extract from his collection of "Cyprus Songs and Dances" Mr. Christos Apostolides states as follows:—

"I particularly am pleased that my plain work attracted your attention, as through this you will have one more proof of that origin so safely attested by the character and the rhythm of the people's music. Paeon (5 rhythmic foot, $\frac{5}{8}$), Epitritos (7 rhythmic foot, $\frac{7}{8}$ the Kalamatronos of to-day) and the compound form Spandeion and Paeon, (9 rhythmic foot, $\frac{9}{8}$) which are met in the Cyprian Music, are those measures that were in practice in the old Greek measure."

ΤΟ ΤΡΑΓΟΥΔΙ ΤΟΥ ΓΑΜΟΥ.

THE WEDDING SONG.

Ὕμνος Χρ. Ἀποστόλιδου

Andante lento. ($\text{♩} = 76$) *p espress*

u - sa - xi - li - ti - o - ti - so - ti

Violino

ti - so - ti - so - ti - so - ti

dim *f marcato*

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef. The bottom two staves are a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

The second system of musical notation continues the piece. It includes a vocal line with Greek lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The word "Violino," is written above the vocal staff. The lyrics are:
 σου - τη - σου - λα - κά - πό - νε - ψα - μέν
 κοῦ - τό - α - γέν - τρι - τόν - Χρί - στόν

The third system of musical notation continues the piece. It includes a vocal line with Greek lyrics and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are:
 καὶ οὕτως
 καὶ θανά
 πη - οῦ - σε - α - μέ - νη
 εἰ - λο - η - μέ - νη

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